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By

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YASAL DÜZEN
YTD ZARFAS
ON

ARGENTINA: *Pivot of Pan-American Peace*

On the whole, from beginning to end, herein will be found some indication of the way and the why South America in general and Argentina in particular think of the United States of North America; with interpolations.

Book One
BACKGROUND

CHAPTER I

CORN TO BURN

During the height of the Neutrality controversy in 1941, when the United States Government was exerting a discomfoting pressure upon Argentina to force that country into battle-line alongside all the other Latin-American nations, I talked with an Argentine trader.

"We have no quarrel with any nation on earth, and wish to do everything within our power to continue to avoid any international unpleasantness," he said earnestly. "With the United States in particular.

"Our chief concern at the moment lies in the fact that we have more corn and beef to sell than ever before. The war has cut us off from our markets. So we are already engaged in a desperate war of our own, fighting for our economic life. While you proclaim Hemispheric Defense and promulgate World Democracy, we disclaim them both. We doubt the possibility of a German Invasion and either the existence or the probability of an all-out world democracy. We believe that democracy begins at home and that our own democratic practices could not stand up in the event of our economic collapse. Unless we can continue to sell our corn and wheat and beef, today, tomorrow and the day after, we can't exist economically. We would disintegrate as a world power.

"We learned a lesson by experience in one world war. In World War I we had a President whom many Argentinians considered very stupid. True, he made many mistakes. Not like your President Wil-

son, who employed the phrase only as a campaign slogan, 'he kept us out of war' actually. When the war was over, we realized that he had been a very wise statesman. At least our economy had not been disrupted for generations to come by ripping it away from our domestic life and harnessing it to the international juggernaut of war. We had remained neutral, as we are trying to do today, with at least 80 percent of my countrymen favoring the cause of the United Nations. When the First World War was over, our system was intact. Without open wounds or evil memories to rowel, we did good business with all combatants."

In accord with our policy and its propaganda, America resentfully accused Argentina of international "politics." Argentina persisted in maintaining that her greatest concern was economical, rather than political. When we demanded, "Why aren't you with us, Argentina?" she was constrained to retort, "Because you Yanquis are not with us!"

It is only within the past few years that the man in the Main Street of the United States has evinced any real interest in South America and its ten republics. By unofficial proclamations the Roosevelt Powers benevolently dubbed all Pan-Americans together as Good Neighbors.

Herbert Hoover, however, deserves full credit as the originator of both the term and the spirit of "Good Neighbor," when in December, 1928, as President-elect, on board a great gray battleship he made diplomatic visits, then without parallel, to many of our new-found relatives, including Argentina.

Our interest was quickened noticeably by crucial events and needs leading up to World War II. They came to a head when the United States plunged directly into the war as a belligerent, declaring that the whole hemisphere was in jeopardy!

From that of benevolent Good Neighbor our attitude veered to one of a slightly domineering Big Brother. As head of the hemispheric household, we became the traditional South American Caudillo, or Leader. In and out of diplomatic circles and Conference assemblies, we issued a call that amounted to a command, for all

patriotic South Americans to rise and join us in our defense of *their* continent—or else.

The threat was a bloodless one—economic; not military. Senator Connally, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, sounded the tocsin, by comparing Argentina's arbitrary foreign policy with "a gambler attempting to play both black and red at the same time." He closed his diatribe with a veiled threat of boycott, that pernicious mustard-seed of a future harvest of hate.

The quick-tempered and somewhat arrogant American public, shocked and angered at this shameless exhibition of perversity and pro-Axisism, came to the conclusion that Argentina was Pan-America's problem child, and should be dealt with accordingly.

America washed her hands of Argentina. She elected to remain uninformed and ignorant of the Whys and the Wherefores that gave form and substance to such contrary and "arbitrary" opinion, which was really the collective voice of a people. In effect, Argentina had maintained that she was less interested in fighting for a theoretical world democracy than in her struggle to keep up her particular brand of domestic economy that adapted every ounce of energy to her own industrialized resources and spread them out for the benefit of the greatest number of her own inhabitants.

In the long run, a nation's system of economy not only molds a scattered population into an orderly nation, but also it shapes its politics and political regimes. A successful government is one that systematically organizes and profitably administers the nation's economy to the greatest number. In time, the Czar's autocratic economy gave bloody birth to Bolshevism. Germany's seemingly insoluble economic straits led to a defeatism that created Hitler. Hoover's administration fell when he could no longer make ends meet and a wave of bank failures brought in Roosevelt and the New Deal. President Castillo, of Argentina, abdicated because he could no longer continue to uphold a balanced economy. His successors will remain in office only so long as they can functionize Argentina's corn and chilled beef economy.

The author's task shall consist in presenting within the pages of this book a *raison d'être* for Argentina's current attitude, and opinions, and the bases of her present-day welfare and economy.

The time has arrived when every American, from schoolchild to sophisticate, general public to business man, should take steps to learn just how "good" his South American Neighbors are, in addition to the profit motive urge.

Argentina, for example, is a worthy fellow-American republic, with a colonial and revolutionary, pioneering and progress career that is often a striking counterpart of our own United States of North America in the making. We shall have to offset our calculations and estimates some fifty years, which is the approximate number of years that had elapsed after our Revolution, before Argentina won her freedom from the mother-country, Spain. This half-century lead of the United States is reflected in Argentina's unfinished provincial growth and lack of extended frontiers. The differentiation is mainly one dependent upon the normal length of time it takes two very similar nations to develop their respective resources, pros and cons considered.

Furthermore, Argentina not only is the leader of the South American continent, just as we are the leader of North America, but also must be considered an important segment in the New World, in which all the nations on earth are about to make a fresh start, with a brand-new set-up of ideas, ideals and *economy*—with equity for all and malice toward none! Our hemispheric destinies have been bound together and forged by a second World War. Our economy has become inextricably linked with theirs.

Before the Peace can be transmuted into Hemispheric Progress, we must "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" all these things. It will best serve the purpose of understanding if we can come to know Argentina largely from her own point of view.

Argentina was well within her sovereign right when she sought to maintain an economic design that was a composite of all her lines of energy and production. Her stability as an independent nation was wholly dependent on the profitable sale of the bulk of her production, in export trade. Any prolonged interruption in the voluminous outpouring of her enormous riches threatened ruin.

Agriculture—coupled with its rich pastoral potentiality, cattle-

raising—is the basis of Argentina's economic existence and the broad horizon of her destiny. The pursuit of peace promised its continuation; war had already become a menace to it.

Less than a year before the United States came into World War II as a combatant, I was invited by our Agricultural Attaché at Buenos Aires to accompany him and a Commission of Western farm leaders on a tour of study and inspection of the great estancias, or private estates, in Argentina's corn and cattle belt.

Our destination was the Pampa; the *deus ex economica* of all Argentina; the grassy tail that wags the dog.

To say that Argentina is the continent's wealthiest country is only paradoxically true. Several other South American lands could buy and sell Argentina, if their incalculable buried and "frozen" resources were converted into cold cash. Argentina's wealth is contingent mainly on an industrialized economy that she has ably developed through stupendous effort and brilliant enterprise; through the conversion of a vast wilderness into rich estates and an infinite source of common wealth. Utilization of this created abundance, however, was dependent on the collaboration of the outside world; of both Allied and Axis nations.

This latter-day marvel of industrialized agriculture and cattle-raising is of comparatively recent origin. Seventy years ago, the housewives and bakers of Buenos Aires were making bread from wheat imported from abroad and slaughtering cattle chiefly for their by-products. Meanwhile what at one time seemed a tameless wilderness has been fenced into orderly pastures and farmlands, so vast and so productive of both grain and beef, that they fix or fluctuate the price of bread and meat in the markets of the world. The Argentine Pampa, with its 300,000 square miles of improved "land without horizon"—and still growing!—has become one of the world's most amazing industrial spectacles; all within the memory of many a living Argentinian.

Seated in a Pullman palace car, speeding over the Pampa at the rate of sixty miles an hour, we were approaching the answer to the question that had so perplexed and irritated the front-page readers of Good Neighbor North America.

It was harvest time, late in May, with a frosty hint of approaching winter in the air.

We left the train at Pergamino and set out into open country by motor. We had been warned not to travel, due to unusually heavy autumn rains. Argentina had not yet learned the lesson of good roads, that had long since swept back America's last frontiers and led to our nation's most rapid and spectacular advance in all its brilliant history. We found the unmacadamized public highways barely passable time after time. Later on, while driving over hundreds of miles of private byways that followed the American-made wire fences that divided the whole land into innumerable rectangles, we were often bogged hub-deep in mud and had to be hauled out.

We motored for nearly an hour outside the wire fence of our first estancia, before we came to the entrance. The gate was opened by the English lodge-keeper, who directed us down a mile-long avenue of shade trees to the "office." There we were welcomed by the superintendent. Like all the other overseers we met, he too was British.

First, we studied an old colored wall map showing the original royal grant of the property, perhaps three centuries ago. It gave the noble ancestor—of the present proprietor in the majority of cases—his heirs and assigns forever, a vast and oftentimes indefinite tract of Pampa wilderness. At the time of the grant, this land was of comparatively little value, save as a reservation for the increasing herds of wild horses and cattle that roamed the boundless Argentine prairies.

Next, we saw a later map, showing the land roughly divided into broad ranches, or farms, each with a religious name—"Santa Cruz," "La Familia Santa Sagrada," "San Francisco." A still more recent chart divided the property into three hundred tenant farms, or *colonas*, of approximately fifty hectares each. Behind the roll-top desk of the superintendent was a big blackboard recording the day-by-day production history of each and all *colonas*. Every producing acre on the estate was accounted for, from plowing under to harvesting; so much flax, birdseed, alfalfa, wheat, corn. This was the methodical outline that we found in the offices of practically all the other estancias we visited.

"Look here," said the superintendent, illustrating his remarks on

the blackboard with a pointer as though we were his pupils in a lesson in rudimentary arithmetic. "Here you see last season's yield of corn. Corn is not moving out at all. Most of it is still lying in the bins and cribs. The war has cut us off from our best markets and curtailed the few that remain. Down below is a record of this season's bumper crop, not yet harvested. Perhaps it never will be, with prices not high enough to pay the costs. Furthermore, running expenses have increased, with many essential materials impossible to get. For instance, we need thirty miles of fence wire and a dozen windmills, to keep up normal reparations and our idle tenants employed."

For days we wallowed through muddy lanes that followed the wire fences that neatly divided 150,000 acres into square sectors, made accessible to the main highway that ran through the center of the estancia. Traffic and produce flowed through this principal artery going to and from the rail-shipping point or, in the case of wheat, to the flourmills in the nearby town.

One hundred square miles of corn—most of it still standing on the stalks, or piled in great yellow mounds where it had been left by the huskers—was a spectacle that made even our corn-bred Westerners whistle! Occasionally some of our party would stop, enter the fields and strip some husks from the ears, as though to make sure that their eyes were not deceiving them.

Seen from a distance across the Pampa cornfields, the circular type of Argentine "cribs" gave the appearance of groups of hundred-thousand-gallon water-tanks. There were also huge square bins as big as barns. In the majority of cases, the side walls were made of cornstalks ingeniously woven together, set firmly on an earthen floor. The roofs were corrugated iron with a trapdoor through which the ears were emptied from a traveling carriage on a pulley, operated by horse-power. The storehouse was emptied through a small sliding door at the bottom.

Our American corn experts had had little to criticize until now.

"I've been raising corn ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper," said one of them. "Even on our small farm in those backward

days, I was told that the only safe way to store corn was in an open-slat crib raised several feet off the ground, with inverted milkpans on top the posts, or else rats and worms, fungus and disease, would get into it."

"Very likely," confessed the superintendent. "But this is the way they've been doing it since the beginning. Furthermore, we move it so fast that we make use of the bulk of it before anything can happen to it. This season it's different. What you see has been lying there for more than a year. I'm afraid it is rotten beyond salvage."

"Why, out in the Golden State of Iowa, where I come from," another was saying, "we lead the nation in the production of corn. One reason for that is, we have a railroad within ten miles of every farm in the State, most of them with grain elevators handy. Why, we'd have this corn moved out of here in a jiffy! And on the market!"

The superintendent smiled sadly. "Not if there wasn't any market to ship it to."

"Don't your people consume corn?"

"Consumption of corn is growing among us, but not to the extent of two hundred million bushels."

"Don't you eat corn by-products?" asked another Commission member. "Corn flakes? Corn meal? Corn syrup? Corn oil?"

"What about corn whisky?" chuckled the man from dry Kansas.

The superintendent was in no joking mood. "There is but one answer to your questions, gentlemen. One answer to all questions concerning our corn economy. We are geared only to enormous *export*. The corn you saw today rotting in the fields and molding in the bins has no home-market value. Maybe a cent a bushel; maybe ten cents. The government is giving away corn for the hauling! Government-owned railways are burning corn for fuel! The public is compelled to purchase one-tenth grain-made alcohol with every liter of gasoline and ten percent weight in corn with every ton of fuel!"

All said and done, Argentina is leagues ahead of any other South American country in respect to agriculture. Externally and in the mere bulk of acreage under cultivation, and in the matter of gross

production, the great estancias of Argentina resemble the big farms and grazing ranches of the northwest and southwest United States. With the exception of several super-ranches in Texas, like the famous million-acre King Ranch, they are generally larger in area than ours.

From the outside, at least, there seems to be little difference from the familiar North American farming community. As soon as we enter the lodge gate, however, the estancia turns out to be as foreign and as unlike our ranches as can be.

In effect, we found among the score of estancias visited, two general types: one devoted wholly to agriculture, the other to grazing and the raising of cattle for beef, or of registered livestock with part of the acreage cultivated in fodder. The first group seemed often hard put to it to make ends meet. The second were in the main "gilt-edged" affairs, with all the lordly and rich appointments of aristocracy and great wealth.

Our initial visit was made to an estancia in the first category. It was one of the poorest of the lot. Despite every evidence of good management, including the most businesslike arrangements and strict accounting, there seemed to be something lacking in the welfare of the workers that depreciated the value of their long hours of hard labor. Most of the farmers were of Italian, Czechoslovak or Hungarian stock. They all had large families and none of them presented an appearance of prosperity, although some of them living on the better estancias were said to have hoarded considerable wealth.

We made a long visit with an old Italian on the first estancia. He lived with his wife and eight children and five grandchildren and twelve dogs, in a rambling, tumbledown house of one story built of mud, adobe style, with galvanized iron roof. Everybody was friendly, including the barking dogs. The smaller children were a bunch of ragamuffins running around in the outworn hand-me-downs of their elders. All the furniture and furnishings were badly worn. The old man told us that he had brought them over with him from the Old Country thirty-three years before.

From my personal knowledge of the peasantry all over Italy, as well as Czechoslovakia and Hungary, I could not see where the poorer peons of Argentina had improved their lot. Those who

owned cows usually used them as work animals. Each family was allowed to keep two cows, but the majority of them had none. They simply did without fresh milk. As far as we could judge, the staple food was pork. The only apparent luxury was eggs. They claimed that even the chickens did not like corn. The peasants shared the prevalent idea of the nation, that corn was "commercial," reserved for the foreign markets. The principal domestic commercial use that the whole nation was making of it at the time was as fuel. Corn to burn! While millions of people, in places like Mother Spain, for instance, were at that moment starving to death for the want of a daily handful of grain, or a loaf of bread! Something wrong in the distribution of world economy—and *mercy*—war or no war.

Evidence of the lack of proper diet was obvious, but there were many other deficiencies in human welfare to be accounted for. It turned out that the "colonials" were nomads.

The superintendent explained the "system." "Every four years they move, not to return to the same premises. They have always done it on this estancia, and many others. The idea is to keep the farmers from getting into a rut. Every fourth year, the crop is rotated into alfalfa and flaxseed for its linseed-oil."

"Their house never becomes a real home, then?" ventured one of our party.

"They take their houses with them. That is, they tear them down and take the wood, not the trees. They are allowed to trim the trees only. Wood and trees are precious on the Pampa."

"Then you build their houses for them?"

"Oh, dear, no. They're not permanent affairs. Mud walls and corrugated iron roof, built just to last a few years. Rather dirty and buggy at that. Only takes them about three weeks to rebuild." This was all said in a matter-of-fact way.

"Don't you think it does something to the people?" We could see it in their eyes. "And it is such a loss of time and energy."

"They don't seem to care about time. They don't mind anything. They've always done it."

In our opinion they made poor timber on which to build a country's economy; restless tenants imbued with the idea that sooner or

later they would have to move on. What was the use of building up a place for other people to enjoy?

It all amounted to about the same thing as our share-cropping system, with many of its evils, but probably not so desperate, for all that, as the spectacle in our South with its "Tobacco Road" conditions. Before becoming too critical of Argentina's failure in this particular, it will be well to take into account also our own Dust Bowl chaos, with its Okies and jalopy caravans of hapless, hopeless, homeless and starving migrants.

English managers had excelled in that sort of "caretaking" of estates "at home." Both managers and overlords have a *laissez faire* way of leaving tenants to their own devices, often to the point of extreme poverty. The practice extends itself to all the far-flung colonies in the British Empire.

We stayed on until long after dusk with the Old World Italian colonist. A certain homey atmosphere enveloped the broken-down farm. The troughs of the pigs, the chickens and the horses were all filled from an iron barrel lowered into a huge well by means of a horse-drawn pulley. The ragged barefoot children played noisy hide-and-seek among the rickety bins and barns. We were invited to be seated beneath the grape arbor, where some wine was brought to us. Some neighboring farmers dropped in. The women stood in the background. All the men squatted without touching the ground. They neither drank wine nor smoked, but everyone sucked at his tiny gourd into which boiling water from the kettle on the open fire was poured on a sprinkling of yerba mate, the tea of the country. Like Russians round their samovar, they continually refilled the tiny bowls and slowly sucked out the brew through a *bombilla*, or metal tube, with small holes to prevent the leaves from entering. From peon to potentate, the Pampa Argentinian carries his mate outfit always with him. The *bombillas* of the wealthy are of gold and silver highly ornamented. It is their constant brew that "soothes but does not inebriate." The south Atlantic countries consume 90,000,000 tons of mate a year, harvested mainly from the cultivated forests in the vicinity of Curytiba, Brazil.

Under the soothing influence of the mate the men conversed, expressing freely their views. They seemed strangely content with

their lot. They were in no sense the familiar gauchos of the Pampa wearing a picturesque costume. They were rather farmers than cattlemen, in dungarees and overalls. They talked about turning their farms back to grass, if the corn slump kept up another six months. They laughed when we suggested corn flakes, corn fritters and corn on the cob, and turned serious when told about the tortilla, the national corn dish of the Mexicans.

"They won't eat it!" they cried. "Corn is animal food!"

"Even Argentinian animals won't eat it!" said another.

This wisecrack made them all laugh until the tears came.

They talked about weevils, dry rot and the increasing army of rats, and agreed that one of their inevitable drought years would have been more welcome than the bumper crop awaiting storage.

We were glad to be off, for already frost was beginning to form. In the growing darkness the vast flat Pampa took on infinite proportions. Mile after mile of rustling corn, going to waste. We wondered if all this Argentine corn would still be wasting away with a world famine rapidly approaching. Even with American bumper crops filling sheds and barns and vacant buildings with the over-plus, they were beginning to tell us that there was an ominous shortage of all foodstuffs all over the world. Now would be the time to play around with Argentina, without losing our shirt, or face, or farmer votes. Instead of bickering and calling Argentina names, why not buy up all her corn, old crop and new crop. That would have changed her Axis front right-about-face overnight!

In the cases of the majority of the "gilt-edged" estancias, we might well be on one of the great sporting landed estates in England. The impression is heightened by the fact that most of the superintendents as well as the key men, from trainers to lackeys in the horse-breeding, and experts in the blooded cattle sections, are British, carrying out the age-old English traditions surrounding the County Esquire, with a fitting sense of being a "gentleman's gentleman" when in the more personal service of my lord and my lady.

From gate lodge to least or last of 150,000 or so acres, there was a parklike aspect and well-groomed quality to one of these great

estancias that is rarely found outside the cultivated elegance and graceful culture of that patrician Old World of Europe that is either rapidly dying with the rise of the democratic spirit or being bombed out of existence. Every prospect was pleasing. Even the acres of paddocks, each with its grove of shade trees and grazing horses or cattle, formed a perspective as lovely as a Rosa Bonheur. It was as though the Englishmen had brought with them a bit of pastoral England.

We became the house guests for several days of the English manager. His "cottage," as he called it, was a twelve-room brick house, as English as Stoke Pogis, to the smallest detail. We had bloaters for breakfast, and were served tea with crumpets and genuine Stilton cheese before the fireplace every afternoon after coming in out of the raw wind. The day we came in cold and wet from the rain, we had hot toddy. There'll always be an England wherever an Englishman is!

Every day a show was put on for us that was worth traveling all the way to Argentina to witness. It was a toss-up between the Parade of the Bulls and the Prancing Stallions. Thirty Hereford bulls with beautiful bulky lines, valued at not less than \$10,000 a head, were led across the paddock, each with a silver ring in his bulbous snout. Then came the stallions, followed by an interval, and the brood mares, led or ridden by English lackeys in jodhpurs. Thirty gorgeous creatures with glossy coats, whinneying, arching their necks, shaking their shapely heads and showing off generally. A half-million dollars' worth of horseflesh, each with a pedigree and a record as long as your arm, set in a silver frame at the side of its boxstall. The trim was of polished brass; the pails and troughs and feed-boxes of copper and bronze. The huge barns beyond were palaces of an agricultural sort, with every device to breed, pet and pamper the high-bred stock. Even dead thoroughbreds fared sumptuously. We were taken to "Horse Heaven," where the more distinguished animals were buried, their graves marked with marble slabs fittingly inscribed.

There were one hundred square miles of corn on the estancia, the manager told us. Some two thousand "colonists" did the farming and provided and cared for the stock. They were hired on a

five-year contract and could not be discharged during that period. In contrast to the other estancia mentioned, once they came on the place, they never left it. We found a surprising number of American household gadgets in several of their homes. An enterprising pedlar came round with them once a year. Each family was allowed two horses, a cow, chickens and two pigs. Apparently they had ample to eat; beyond that, they seemed very poor. The manager explained that, due to the bad corn and beef situation, in which the entire nation were more or less share-croppers, their condition was approaching downright wretchedness.

The cattle were all carefully bred Hereford shorthorns, each specimen a show-piece. They made a specialty of raising a type of razor-back hogs, weighing under two hundred pounds and famous for their bacon. They were a clean lot, living in open lots with A-shaped shelters scattered over the grounds and were inured to the winter climate.

This building-up a gentleman's model farm and show-place was as profitless as maintaining a gentleman's estate in England, the manager confessed. They had been studying the rotation of crops, but found it a ruinous business, he said, with their permanent set-up designed to handle certain fixed crops.

The American Commissioners were unable to comprehend the Argentine-European abhorrence of change and lack of flexibility and adaptation to new methods, even though they had to scrap the whole antiquated system, which they confessed was no longer either practicable or profitable. When maladjustment required readjustment, the Commissioners told the manager, they switched over, although the immediate result was both sacrifice and loss. Constant improvement through innovation was the basis of America's rapid Progress.

We came to the conclusion that the Argentine Pampa, potentially through extraordinary gifts of Nature, had about everything to make it the foremost granary and pasture land on the globe. Two phenomena were holding it back from taking world precedence. First, it lacked the modern methods and implementation. Second, an antiquated social system of feudalism held back and hampered the human ingenuity and performance from attaining a maximum of

supreme effectiveness. In the approaching New World of Peace in which every commercial nation will be on its toes and straining every last nerve in exhaustive competition, the leaders will have to throw overboard every vestige of archaism, medievalism and even Victorianism!

I remember once talking with a landlord in Hungary who was wise enough to see World War II coming, and could still sell his vast holdings. He asked me if I did not think he could repeat the same thing if he came to America, by buying up thousands of acres in the West and so become the lord of the manor while the work would be done by tenant farmers?

"Too late," I told him. "That sort of European vassalage will no longer work in America. What little share-cropping there is left is rapidly on its way out. Americans have too much gumption. They will work for hire and then save up and buy a farm of their own, maybe by instalment payments. They want to be free agents; on their own. In our case each farmer is content with nothing less than becoming lord of the manor. There the parallel ceases."

In every case, the contrast between the bare and sometimes beggarly surroundings of the Argentine share-cropper and the princely and always luxurious environs of the lord of the manor were a bit shocking for these proletarian days.

The design was generally the same. The pattern differed according to the personal background and taste of the original proprietors. In every case it was more Continental than English, with particular emphasis on the French, in architecture and *ménage*. The main residence varied all the way from *château* to sumptuous villa. It consisted usually of a green-swarded island, surrounded by a sea of shade trees that completely isolated it and its life from that of the industrial part of the estate.

While the general impression sought and maintained was that of a miniature Versailles, the manor was usually a composite: a courtyard to the castle, of Spanish tiling giving it the feeling of Spain; both French and Italian gardens; and the whole surrounded by a typical English park. Tennis courts, golf links, a swimming pool, an

outdoor theater and in one instance an open-air chapel, with aisles, altar, reredos, pulpit and pews, all formed from clipped hedgerows. In every case there was an attractive chapel for Catholic services. There were always telegraph and telephone connections. In one case the master had his own airplane, using his polo field as an airport.

The estate was run then in a strictly feudal manner, the proprietor living largely in the princely, lofty and aloof fashion of an eighteenth-century nabob. Oftentimes, the overlord was not on the premises and never had been. In one instance, his excellency was an all-out absentee landlord, having been born in Paris and never having taken the trouble even to visit his native Argentina. That sort of thing cannot continue in this unromantic and commercial day and generation, not if a country intends to attain a competitive level among its democratic fellows.

The Argentina feudal estancia, then—like its English estate counterpart—where the thoroughbred horses and cows are treated with the tenderest consideration and the human laborers responsible for the maintenance of all the wealth and luxury are oftentimes deplorably badly off—is altogether a most undemocratic affair, from end to end.

The history of the estancia, in a great measure, gives the line of Argentina's development in political economy. To this day, for example, the nation is largely under the domination and rule of less than 20,000 wealthy families, the majority of whom are great land-owners.

The first Royal grant saw the setting up of an establishment in imitation of the identical thing in the Old World, together with all its old order and appurtenances, serviced and served by white vassals and black slaves—today become tenants and share-croppers. From the beginning it was operated on a system of grandiose patronage; the lord received patronage from the Crown, which he passed on as *patron* to the slaves. When slavery was abolished all the rest of the class system remained.

Under a republican form of government, landholders no longer enjoyed Royal bounty and patronage. They had to operate entirely

at their own expense. The feudal aspect was slightly weakened. General government economy began to cut in, for good and for bad, in the form of taxes and the typical Iberian "squeeze."

With the introduction of highly commercialized agriculture and methodical fenced-in cattle-raising, economics were no longer hit-or-miss but became a mathematical problem. Scientific farming required careful management; a commercially capable overseer and strict accounting, farm machinery, miles of fences, windmills, good roads. Conversely, as the production, bulk and handling increased, the proprietors' profits lessened; his troubles increased and his powers diminished year after year. Great estancias were no longer just a playground, but a source of headaches as well.

Meanwhile, the status of estancia retainers had been rapidly "improving." From vassalage they had advanced to the rank of tenant-farmer, or share-cropper. The situation resembled somewhat that of the American slave after he had been freed. The more free they became and the less paternal the landlords, the worse things seemed to become for them. There is a question in some people's minds whether or not the well-cared-for slave of the Old South was as badly off as the present-day half-starved, miserable share-cropper—except as an object of Democracy, of course. True, the tenants had become sharers of the estate. If there was a bad crop year, a drought, a scourge of locusts or an epidemic of disease among the stock, they shared the loss. However, the vestiges of the paternal system that remained saved them from the pitiful fare of American migrant Okies and Dust Bowlers, who are entirely on their own. The paternal obligation obtains, whereby they may remain on their farms and are provided for by the Master Farmer.

With the rapid advance of labor consciousness and humanism in our twentieth-century civilization, however, tenant-farmers and farm workers seem to be getting on better. Nevertheless, the system remains semi-feudal: they still remain peons in both estate and spirit, and seem to like it. Czechs, Italians and Hungarians who go to Argentina land-hungry, are so accustomed to the feudal idea through centuries of dwelling among great landlords that they, too, readily fall back into step again. The very responsibility of owning land irks them after having so long been protégés. After a few years of living

on and "off" the land, they become inert. They are in no sense independent in our American interpretation of the term. They are imbued with the peon reluctance of assuming responsibility, and actually shirk ownership of land with its responsibilities. Here we have an example of the European viewpoint of social economy, which Argentina still encourages. The United States' atmosphere effaces it from the very soul of the immigrant from the first moment he sets foot on American soil.

CHAPTER II

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND

"Misunderstanding?" Nonsense. The United States and Argentina have always perfectly understood what the other was about. Both countries have been playing a painful game of domestic politics under the guise of international diplomacy.

On official paper, in the press and in public opinion molded under the high pressure of explosive current events, mutual relations were made to appear profound reasons and grave provocation on the part of Argentina for a serious breach between the two nations. As will be revealed in this and the following chapters, Argentina's reasons and provocation for a breach with us are far graver and more profound than any reasons we ever may have had for a breach with her.

There was much overheated palaver about hemispheric defense, unpanamericanism, non-patriotic co-operation, pro-Naziism, together with the use of other less savory clichés, that were leagues distant from the true underlying issues. As a matter of fact, Argentina would have been among the early signatories of the Pact, had there been no corn, no wheat and no beef competition questions at issue. "For the want of a nail a kingdom was lost!"

Going back to bedrock, for example, there was the "hoof and mouth disease" clamor against the admission of Argentina beef into the United States market. There were probably plenty of cases of hoof and mouth disease to be found among Argentine beef cattle.

There are no doubt cases of the disease among American cattle slaughtered every day. It is doubtful, however, if the infection was any more or any less prevalent later on during the war, when our beef stocks became insufficient and meat was being niggardly rationed. Argentina was asked then to submit bids to supplement the beef supply and our precious soldiers ate tons of Argentine beef every day. The best families of England had been eating thousands of tons per diem for generations!

Erase the "beef-and" issue from the record and there remains little earthly reason, on our side at least, why we should not be the best of "Pan-American friends" with Argentina.

It seems incongruous to say, but it is true nevertheless, that our late diplomatic overtures and relations with South America in general have been subject to especial scrutiny if not actual suspicion, particularly since the "inauguration of the Good Neighbor Policy," which is the Administration's precise definition of these proceedings. After one hundred and sixty years of signal neglect, with the exception of a series of gold-chain Pan-American gestures of fraternity carried forward with more or less formal and judicial conferences, the neighbor in the White House suddenly calls out, "Howdy, Good Neighbor!" and extends a welcoming hand.

South America was flattered, bowed politely and accepted the implied compliment, but suspected the itching palm. "What is the Colossus up to now?" all Latin-Americans said to themselves. Editorially, they frankly expressed it, "Good neighbors are, as good neighbors *do*."

Without question, very much was done, and from the heart too, for we are a warm-hearted and genuine people and easily become friends. We not only opened our hearts but we opened our national purse as well. We clogged the airways and South American chambers of commerce with Missions and Commissions of Greeters and Good-Willers. We darned near overdid it.

But when it came down to cases, like making some more satisfactory tariff adjustments in favor of import corn, wheat and beef, for example, Argentina claimed to see indications of our insincerity. With the corn, wheat and beef blocs in Congress continuously fulminating with their fictitious "hoof and mouth disease" accusations,

she was inclined to view our Good Neighborliness as nothing short of phony.

The Argentine contretemps brings to mind the precious words spoken to me one afternoon in Lyon's Piccadilly Corner House, in London. It was the tea hour and a passing Englishman sat down at the same table with me. On learning that I was an American, at length he informed me bluntly, "You Americans are just green grass, you know. We English are turf. It takes at least a thousand years to become turf."

Though rude, the fellow was quite natural about it. He wasn't bellowing, he wasn't boasting, he wasn't boosting. He was just a plain English shopkeeper. He had no idea that his utterance might have been a sage one. He was quite impersonal, as though it were not he speaking, but England.

The phrase, "green grass," marks the beginning of a discussion of the marked differentiation between the foreign relations and policies of England and America. It also serves to bring England into the Argentine scene, where she remains intrenched, an important figure to be reckoned with—by the United States particularly—throughout Argentina's past history, current events and especially in the career of the future Argentina of the Peace. The information may prove to be a palliative over the inevitable headaches ahead when we come to ponder why Britain is always getting all the big pieces down Argentina way.

England orders her international relationships so differently from us.

Englishmen—king and commoner, statesman and diplomat—have a way oftentimes of appearing to be stupid, like the shopkeeper in Piccadilly, and of bluntly saying the wrong thing—at the right time! By contrast, the utterances of Americans seem so much more glamorous and brilliant. We usually speak or act for America, as partisans. The Englishman always speaks and acts for all that all England stands for, which includes the Empire.

We always feel the urge to finish everything *now*; to have it over with this year! To plant sweet corn that can be eaten in the fall. Such a hubbub as we made when Argentina refused to bend to our

somewhat hastily prepared and rather arrogant terms demanding the surrender of her sovereign right of decision!

The English excel in planting acorns, that may take a hundred years, maybe two hundred, before they grow into mighty oaks, thereafter to give gracious shade and comfort to the whole nation for centuries to come. England bides her time; and her timing is nearly always perfect. In brooding silence, she let Mussolini's Italy kick her all over Europe and Africa for several years, while she "muddled through" "blood, sweat and tears," to encompass Italy's complete downfall, in September, 1943. With the whole of India like a pack of coyotes at her heels and a thousand German planes overhead threatening to blow their bally Island to smithereens, England never flinched. No outcry, no wail was heard. The Plan of Empire never ceased to function.

It will be well for our statesmen and diplomats to observe and study England, the Rock. Making the law for herself and for those she rules and those she deals with, and adamantly sticking to it through thick and thin. Don't let's get the sentimental idea that because of blood-ties, of lend-lease favors or of life-and-blood aid that beyond peradventure saved the Empire, England is going to swerve an inch from her trade-plan of Empire—in Argentina, or elsewhere. "The war of guns is off," she will say, "the war of trade competition is on. Let's carry on!"

England and all of South America are quite familiar with our strong and admirable points as well as with our weak puerilities. When we suddenly hail Latin-America as Good Neighbors and press them to our bosoms, they take into account that we are an impulsive people, who quickly make new friends and new heroes, and coddle them, and just as quickly become angry with them if they do not follow the dictates of our whims and fancies. They recall Admiral Dewey, President Wilson and Colonel Lindbergh as victims of our fickleness. They all know and appreciate and accept our warm-hearted generosity, wherein one hundred thirty million of us are ready to give our shirt to help any propagandized Cause or Country. But they also remember "Uncle Shylock." And they are perfectly aware of our naïveté and lack of finesse when we in-

vent a strange game of benevolent imperialism. England knows that international friendship cannot be bought merely by saying, "We'll give you millions, if you'll become our friend." Trying to buy the domination of a continent by loose loans of a billion! Green grass! Or, as Congresswoman Clare Luce designates our attempts at world diplomacy, "Globaloney!"

We will become turf someday, Mr. Englishman. In less than a thousand years, too. Every world crisis brings the United States closer to mature world leadership, just as we have long since been hemisphere leader—which is one thing that irritates Argentina.

Centuries ago, when it became clear that a superior race could not exist, survive, progress and realize the full stature of her destiny, cooped up on the tiny fog-bound island of Albion, the Empire was conceived. It took many centuries to fabricate, patient England always biding her time. As my shopkeeper said, it took a thousand years to become turf; from Edward I and the acquisition of the Isle of Man, to Edward VIII and the acquisition of Mrs. Wallie Simpson, the first serious crack in the infallible structure.

The Plan of Empire was simple. The keystone was Conquest. The objective was territorial acquisition without end, "on which the sun never sets." The chief instrument was an invincible Fleet and the battlefields the Seven Seas. The purpose was a paramount world trade. The process was one of perpetual elimination of rivals, or contenders for supremacy. The downfall of nations was planned from the first moment they began to show promise of preeminence. The system worked with uncanny precision, without regard to time, space or human obstacles. One by one, as rival nations rose to the status of World Powers, according to long-hatched plans they were eliminated on sea and land and reduced to second-rate: the Netherlands, France, Spain, Napoleon's France, the Kaiser's Deutschland, and finally Hitler's Naziland. Although they all know this—Germany, Italy, Russia, the United States—yet notwithstanding, they would tell you, if asked dispassionately, that England is magnificent!

It seems to us today in the United States, like an incredibly long journey from Marlborough's victory at the Battle of Blenheim to chilled beef in Argentina, and thence to the Argentina of the Peace and future trade treaties and competition in that country, between England and the United States. It is just another exemplification of the Tortoise and the Hare; of the American republic in her seven-league boots being overtaken and outsmarted by lordly Old England plodding along in her unswerving Course of Empire in which a decade is often like a tick of time.

Spain, together with her once-flourishing whelps of New World empire, had been gradually brought to bay by a patient, relentless and indefatigable Britain. Porto Bello, the Isthmian harbor whence the treasure fleets of galleons bearing the year's pelf of the Continent sailed through the waiting gauntlet of English buccaneers, was sacked by the British again and again: by pirate Morgan in 1668, by other English brigands of the sea in 1679 and finally by Vernon, in 1739, opening up for Great Britain for the first time trade routes round the Horn, and breaking the backbone of Spanish mercantile monopoly in her own New World. Nearly all of the West Indies had already fallen prey to her ceaseless, waiting and fighting tactics. It had taken more than two hundred fifty years!

The Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim saw England emerge as grand champion of the world. That War of the Spanish Succession turned out to be a titanic struggle for the Balance of Power. Great Britain was playing her recurrent old "Allies" game, with Holland, Prussia, Savoy and Portugal composing the current United Nations set-up and helping her defeat France, the contender of the period. The crux of the whole bloody business was that Britain would not allow France or Spanish-ruled Austria to become united with Spain, including her American possessions, and thus become a world super-power. England had already emasculated Spain, who as a bankrupt with neither money nor men had sided with France in the hope of rehabilitating her fortunes.

The denouement of the ensuing Peace Treaty of Utrecht (1713) was as far-reaching and drastic as that following World War I, with England at the Peace table in the role of conqueror with her own Empire interests to be cared for. Portugal received additional slices

of Spanish America. Savoy (Italy) took over Sicily from Spain. It meant the extinction of the Hapsburg Dynasty in Spain. Prussia was recognized as a kingdom. Great Britain was given Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, time paving the way for the seizure of France's last remaining stronghold in North America a half-century later. Also, Minorca and Gibraltar were ceded to England, thus giving her an impregnable foothold on the Iberian Peninsula. Finally, she was given *asiento*, or contract, for supplying the Spanish colonies of America with African slaves. She was allowed to bring in four ships with twelve hundred Negroes a year to be bartered for produce of the country.

Herein, we find Britain for the first time breaking down the jealously guarded barriers of Spain's colonial trade. England coveted that trade more than she did the golden cargoes of the Spanish galleons. The Plan of Empire—which has never changed—put trade before all other things.

"Trade" has been a precious term down Argentina way since the very beginning of its history as a Spanish possession. Some other power has always been interfering with and obstructing Argentina's trade. By the same token, trade has always been the very essence of Argentina's life.

For three centuries Argentina suffered because of her name. It was a misleading misnomer. "Argentina" never was a "Land of Silver," any more than her principal stream, the Rio de la Plata, was "the River of Silver." Spaniards lured to Argentina in the primary pursuit of treasure, never forgave the country for not being blessed with silver or gold.

In search of a western passage to India's riches, Juan Diaz de Solis, in 1515, discovered the La Plata, called by the Indians "the Sea-like River" because of its broad mouth, that was later to play such an important part in Argentina's commercial growth and prosperity. The exploration of this remarkable river was left to an *Englishman*—though born of Venetian parentage in England—Sebastian Cabot, already famous for his discovery of continental North America in the name of his sovereign, Henry VII. His services later, however, were

more appreciated by Emperor Charles V of Spain. Sailing some eight hundred miles up the river, he found a settlement of friendly Indians. Seeking further funds and favors of the Emperor, he sent home some of the Indians to do homage to their imperial master wearing gold and silver ornaments. The officer bearing his message was *another Englishman*, one George Barlow, who told the Emperor of "the vast riches which might be looked for from these newly discovered regions."

The gold and silver ornaments worn by the Indians, as well as "the vast riches," had come from Peru, and possibly Bolivia. Later, Cabot was duly censured for giving the river the name "River of Silver." In time thousands of lives were risked and lost in a vain hunt for Argentine treasure, because of Cabot's report. Both the Crown and its treasure-hunting conquistadores eventually lost interest in the "barren" country of Argentina, except as an eastern gateway over the Andes, and almost contemptuously withdrew any Viceregal favors.

The most formidable "gold rush" of the period was led by Pedro de Mendoza. His fleet was composed of fourteen ships bearing twenty-five hundred Spaniards and one hundred fifty Germans, all gentlemen, beside the crews—the largest armament that had ever sailed from Spain to the "Indies."

The expedition suffered great hardships from the day of its arrival in Argentina. They were so harassed by hostile Indians that it was impossible to obtain provisions from a region teeming with them. Famine overtook them. Horses, dogs, cats and rats were eaten. Beef cattle were unknown as yet! Eventually some of the settlers escaped and obtained a supply of Indian maize, but not before two thousand persons had perished.

We pass over a century of severe trials and tribulations to a time when colonists had finally managed to get a secure foothold on the soil. We find them suffering something worse than neglect from the Mother Country because they did not produce the objects most valued by the ruling powers. An imperial embargo forbade them to send their produce, such as it was, to any outside market, and so receive in exchange from Spain such European articles as they required for the supply of their own wants. The merchants of Seville

had already contracted for a monopoly of colonial supply from Peru and Mexico and successfully exerted their influence in obtaining prohibitory and restrictive enactments against all trade with Buenos Aires, lest it should become the channel for the introduction of European goods via the La Plata River to the West Coast.

In vain the Buenos Aireans petitioned and remonstrated. The best they could obtain was the annual export of 2,000 bushels of wheat, 50,000 pounds of jerked beef and an equal quantity of tallow. Permission was granted later to send two vessels of 100 tons each per year to Spain upon which a duty of 50 percent ad valorem was levied. Commercial intercourse with all the other Spanish colonies in the same hemisphere, however, was absolutely prohibited. Thus for the first century of the existence of Buenos Aires 200 tons were deemed by the Mother Country sufficient supply of European commodities of civilization to supply and satisfy the wants of three growing provinces. It left a large part of the population in want even of proper clothing.

Re-enter England.

When England by grace of the Treaty of Utrecht had forced Spain to yield the lucrative contract for supplying African slaves to the Spanish colonies, mainly through the port of Buenos Aires, she inaugurated a contraband commerce that continued prosperously for twenty-five years. It is recorded that when Spanish Customs officers went out to hold up H.M.S. *Duke of Cambridge*, richly laden with European goods, Captain King of the English vessel threatened to blow them to Kingdom-come. Another ship, the *Carteret*, left Buenos Aires with \$70,000 worth of hides in return for European goods clandestinely sold in the colony.

This was the beginning of British trade relations with Argentina. It was interrupted in 1739, when the two countries were led into open hostilities, which likewise put an end to the slave contract.

British contraband, however, had broken the blockade. The Portuguese, through their neighboring colony of Brazil, took it up. At length foreign traders and foreign goods superseded those of Mother Spain. The yearly freight of the Spanish galleons shrank from 15,000

tons to 2,000. The all-powerful Viceroy of Lima ordered the Governor of Buenos Aires to punish severely all those involved. Trade difficulties led to an open breach with Portugal also. This went on until 1776—significant date to all Americans, North and South!—when the Home government decided to give the three provinces of Rio de la Plata (Argentina) their independence from Peru and set them up as a new Viceroyalty, making Buenos Aires the capital.

Unfortunately, many of the old edicts protecting Spanish trade interests at the expense of the colony remained in the economic structure of the new Viceroyalty. The cultivation of several outstanding products was restricted, lest they should compete with the same articles grown by the Mother Country. Vine growing, olives, hemp and flax, were nearly suppressed. European Spaniards were given preference in public offices over colonials. Buenos Aires became a nest of commercial smugglers and political malcontents. Bitterness grew among loyal supporters of the King as they saw their colony, manifestly destined to become the trade center of all of eastern South America at least, being suppressed into a state of inert vassalage.

The times were ripe for revolution. Like today, a New World was in the womb of an exhausted civilization, struggling to be born. Then came the French Revolution, stirring all of Europe with a new sense of freedom. The unrest came closer to Argentina when the North American colonies, under parallel conditions with their own of suppression, cut loose from Mother England and fought their way to freedom against the strongest Power in the world! In 1808, their sense of loyalty was outraged when their King abdicated in favor of a hated Bonaparte usurper for whom they could never feel any true allegiance. Finally, when Spain revolted, they were at a loss what to do. They were a people without a king, without a government and without a plan. Paradoxically, it was the Old Spaniards who first rose against the Frenchified Viceroy! On May 25, 1810, a public meeting appointed, in place of the Viceroy's authority, a Provisional Junta in the King's name! The Old Spaniards sought to name their man as president of the Junta. The people set aside all deliberations. They established an all-American Junta, ex-

cluding Old Spaniards from membership. From that moment, the fat was in the fire. The real Revolution was on.

It is significant that trade restriction and limitation on the exportation of goods and products essential to the sustenance and maintenance of the nation's economic balance, were at the bottom of their War of Independence. Again, in 1940, we find the United States not merely restricting and limiting but demanding a total cessation of trade with one of the nation's best customers for products that the Americans, at the time, did not want themselves. It was to Argentinians the old, old story of obstructing their trade and frustrating their independence, to gain which they had fought the bloodiest war in their history.

There are extenuating circumstances on both sides, of course. But, after all, it was Argentina's ox that was being gored, which revived the foregoing very cogent reasons for resenting and even resisting any foreign coercion.

On perusing the Pan-American Union's booklet, "Argentine Republic," I was intrigued by the fact that the accompanying map of South America clearly labeled that speck of the British Empire lying uncomfortably close to the shores of Argentina, and known as the Falkland Islands, as "Islas Malvinas." Further investigation disclosed that these islands are one of geography's outstanding anomalies. Both Argentina and Great Britain claim ownership. Great Britain is in full possession of them, however, having seized them in 1833, *ten years after the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine!*

The historical record of "claims" is as follows: Amerigo Vespucci claimed to have discovered the islands early in the sixteenth century. The English mariner Davis said he was the first European to "see" them, in 1592. Sir Richard Hawkins sailed along their north shore in 1594. Sebald de Wert, a Dutchman, seems to have been the first navigator to have actually visited them, in 1598, claiming them in the name of his government, and calling them the "Sebald Islands," by which name they still appear on some Dutch maps. In 1690, the British Captain Strong sailed between the two principal islands and called the passage Falkland Sound. He landed and named them the

Falkland Islands. No one seems to have done anything more substantial than to have a look, until 1764 the French explorer De Bougainville established a colony and took possession of the islands in the name of his country. In 1767, France ceded the islands to Spain. Meanwhile, in 1765, England's Commodore Byron also took formal possession of one of the remote smaller islands and claimed them all for England! The French and English settlers remained in ignorance of each other's presence for five years. The upshot led to the brink of a renewal of war between Spain and England. Already Spain was on the skids and decided to yield the islands to Great Britain without a battle.

Now we come to 1820, when the "Republic of Buenos Aires" became a sovereign power. She laid claim to all islands lying within her coastal waters, disputing England's claim on the grounds that they had never been actually colonized.

The Falkland Islands dispute remained quiescent though smoldering for more than a hundred years. When I visited Argentina in 1936, it had flared up again and the whole nation was aflame. The occasion for the outburst had been the issuance of a postage-stamp by Argentina in which several small dots off her coast had been included in her "possessions." When the matter had been called to the attention of Mr. Anthony Eden, then Foreign Secretary, he admitted that official claims had been put forward by Argentina for a century, but for reasons of mutual amity between the two nations they had been ignored. *La Nacion*, of Buenos Aires, commenting on Mr. Eden's statement, remarked that "only by violent usurpation, against which we have protested, has Great Britain taken possession." The consensus of opinion was that Argentina will never renounce the right to consider the islands as part of its national territory. Finally, a British newspaper settled the matter with references to "irresponsible Argentine publicists and bureaucratic subordinates who appear to believe that parts of the Empire are to be had for the asking or will be surrendered at the first protest."

This Falkland Islands interlude is analogous in its significance to the demands of the United States on Argentina that she relinquish her sovereign right of decision.

Taken cumulatively or individually, the point of the whole Falk-

land Islands business reveals the oftentimes violent and ceaseless efforts of all of the world powers in trying to wrest away from Spain juicy slices of her fabulously rich American empire. Again and again they sought to gain a foothold to serve as a bridgehead for more extensive seizures of territory.

Gradually, England succeeded in driving out Spanish, Dutch and French in the North American continent all the way from Baffin's Bay to the Rio Grande. They had dislodged the same nations from the majority of the West Indies. When they came to the continent of South America, however, their invasions failed signally, with the minor exceptions of the Guianas and the Falklands.

England's incursions were many, both before and after the Liberation. Along the whole Spanish Main, from Darien to Port-of-Spain, Spanish-American strongholds were repeatedly attacked, captured and sacked, when they became untenable. Down the West Coast, Sir Francis Drake seized and briefly held Valparaiso, Chile. Portuguese Brazil's long coast line was invaded many times.

Be it predatory or friendly, England has always had a peculiar fancy and affinity for Argentina. It was the successful resistance of the Argentinians to the British invasions of 1806 and 1807 that surprised them with a realization of their own power, and gave them confidence a little later in taking up arms against the superior forces of the Mother Country. Again, in 1845-47, we find the British naval forces, aided by the French, blockading the port of Buenos Aires.

What, then, are the extraordinary powers that enabled the Spanish colonies and republics in general, and Argentina in particular, to resist and finally defeat the mighty armadas sent out by England and the other great powers to take possession of them? The colonies seem to have been stronger before the Liberation than after it, due no doubt to Spain's military skill, armaments and fortifications, plus enormous garrisons augmented by a native Spanish population endowed with a fierce sense of patriotism that still flares and will flare even brighter in a growing outburst of nationalism! It is this spirit, so long suppressed and restricted in Argentina, that blazes forth with such seemingly unwonted ardor over a little thing like giving up her Right of Decision on the matter of Neutrality.

Substantially weakened by splitting up into ten republics pro-

tected by second-rate armies and third-rate navies, they would no doubt have been easy prey to any major foreign power bent upon aggression. This probably would have happened had there been no Monroe Doctrine. At least South America has the United States to thank for their continental solidarity. Since the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, in 1823, not only did England seize the Falkland Islands, but also France made war upon and occupied Mexico, with Austrian Maximilian as emperor; and Spain seized and held the Dominican Republic—both while we were in the throes of the Civil War and so in no position to uphold the Monroe Doctrine. France and Spain got out. England remains, in the Falkland Islands.

The outstanding violator of the Doctrine, according to the unspoken Latin-American consensus of opinion, has been the country that originated the Monroe Doctrine, the United States. In less Neighborly moments of irritation and instigation—as in the case of Argentina—they are wont to hark back to incidents like the annexation of Mexico's Texas, to certain collusion, instigation and support given to the creation of the new Republic of Panama, to the acquisition of Puerto Rico and the seizure of the Philippines, thus violating in principle the "Monroe Doctrine" of another continent. And so on.

Meanwhile, the Course of Empire, having been slightly jolted in its violent contact with the southern hemisphere, did the next best thing. "Let's see," the British asked themselves, "what would be the next best step to bring the greatest benefit to the Empire?"

As usual, the way had been cunningly paved by a series of politico-naval operations in Chile, Peru and elsewhere. For "humanitarian" reasons and in the righteous cause of Freedom (the synonym for Democracy in that day), England materially aided in the Liberation in the same stroke that she gave her old enemy Spain the coup de grâce in South America and so ended the long struggle of "elimination."

For example, at the most crucial moment in the Liberation of the southerly colonies of Chile and Argentina, the struggling Chileans managed to build a small navy and placed it in charge of a British

officer, Lord Cochrane. Had it not been for the timely co-operation of Cochrane and this navy, in 1820, the brilliant strategy of the Argentine General San Martin, who marched his army over the Andes and surprised the Spanish army in Chile, surpassing the exploits even of Napoleon and Hannibal in crossing the Alps, the cause of Liberty might have been lost, or at least delayed for generations. It was this same Lord Cochrane, two years later, who materially aided the Brazilians in defeating their Mother Country! Thus all three countries felt that they owed England their eternal gratitude! Lord Cochrane is looked upon as a national hero in Chile. Thus, territorial conquest having failed, the soil was prepared for trade expansion.

Thenceforth Mother Spain, that so jealously and tyrannically had suppressed the trade of her South American colonies, her eyes always fixed astigmatically on today's main chance of gold and silver treasure, disappeared from the economic picture. Patient Britain, with her Course of Empire always extending beyond the horizon, took over.

Today one cannot think intelligently of Argentina without its vast Pampa and incalculable produce of corn, beef and wheat. The granary, the bread-basket and the slaughterhouse of the world!

Let us consider the nature of the problems that confronted Argentina at the time she won her independence. She found herself in possession of 1,112,743 square miles of land; almost one-third as large as all of Europe in area; more than a third as large as the United States.

It bears repeating to say that Argentina was blessed with less natural resources and God-given treasures than any of her fellow-independencies, with the exception of Paraguay and Uruguay. Her single great heritage was the Pampa, the vast grassy, stoneless plains that occupied more than half of the country. A large part of the plains consisted of shallow basins, the floors partly covered with salt, said by some to impart a certain quality to the grass relished by livestock.

Already the Pampa furnished a partial answer to the new nation's problems of domestic maintenance. Stray cattle and horses from stock brought over by earlier European settlers had multiplied into numerous wild herds. This circumstance at least indicated the di-

rection that was at length taken by the proprietors of the estancias. The first, wild stages of the Pampa did not approach true economical control until the lands were finally fenced with wire. From that point, agriculture and stock-raising took a decided spurt. Even through the 'Sixties and 'Seventies, before the coming of the railroads and the Italian immigrants, frightening the wild birds away, the Pampa was a disordered, barbarous region corresponding to our own Wild West, with gauchos taking the place of cowboys.

It is only a few generations ago when the people of Argentina had more meat than they could eat. Men went out on the Pampa and killed an animal to make a leather strap out of its hide and left the carcass to be devoured by the vultures. Tallow and hides were more profitable to export than jerked beef.

The famous beef of Argentina did not attain wellnigh perfection by haphazard. The genius and trade instinct of the English were responsible in the main for the 75 percent of the "roast beef of Old England" that comes from Argentina. The British had made great strides in their Argentine progress. "If you can't capture a country, don't decapitate it, but captivate it!" they had said. One of the first official acts by the Argentine government was consummated in 1825, the year of the first National Congress. Scarcely had Bernardino Rivadavia been elected as first president of the republic than he signed a Treaty of Friendship, Commerce and Navigation between Great Britain and Argentina! The First Argentine Loan was made in London! Again, in 1851, when the Argentine army had cleared the hostile Indians out of the Paraná and Uruguay Rivers, an agreement was made with Britain giving her free navigation and exploitation of the regions.

The perspicacious British trade colonist had long before sighted the potentialities of the millions of pounds of beef going to waste on the Pampa, while meat was both scarce and expensive in England and all over the Continent. But Europeans could not be made to take kindly to sun-dried jerked or pickled beef. It was not until 1877 that the first experimental cargo of frozen meat was shipped to Europe.

Out of the success attending that shipment, a New Argentine industry rapidly came into being. The rise of cattle-breeding, scientific herding and the more profitable occupation of waste lands took

on a steady advance. Five years later, in 1882, the first meat freezing plant, or *frigorífico* was built. Freezing led to an improved process of "chilled" meats, whereby they were shipped to European markets in refrigerator ships, at a uniform temperature of 29 to 30 degrees Fahrenheit, retaining full flavor for an indefinite period. Chilled beef did it! Argentina took the world lead, with no prospective rival at producing such good quality beef at such a low price.

Cattle herders went about it in the right way, by importing the best British bulls regardless of cost. \$5,000, sometimes \$10,000 each! In 1882 and 1884, two other great *frigoríficos* were opened. The industry expanded into freezing mutton. In 1883 seventeen thousand sheep carcasses were shipped out of the country. By 1900, more than three thousand sheep a day were being slaughtered for the foreign market. Argentina was supplying 60 percent of the meat on England's table, while Australia was sending only 40 percent. By 1929, Argentina's home-bred cattle had improved to such a degree that the country had produced the world's champion milch cow—Esther, by name—grand champion of champions, that brought \$12,700 at the National Livestock Show. By 1937 the herds had multiplied to 33 million head of cattle and 44 million head of sheep. Production of wool had increased correspondingly not only in quantity, but also in quality. English rams had been imported at a cost of \$2,000. Both Canada and Australia were being run hard for first honors. 14 million acres of land had been salvaged and planted in alfalfa to help feed the growing herds. By the aid of intensive farming and irrigation, as many as ten cuttings a year were made.

Beef and mutton were leaders among the economic forces that were gaining momentum and paving the way for what is today the rich and virile Argentine Republic. Nevertheless, the Pampa is the tail that wags the dog; that dominates the Republic!

For all that, Argentine is "The House that John Bull built." 75 percent of the beef consumed on John Bull's table comes from English stock cross-bred with native Argentine cattle and raised on the Pampa. British capital is mainly responsible for the development of that cattle industry. Large numbers of Argentine horses have been

purchased by the British government for War purposes. Of the million pigs being slaughtered annually, they are for the most part Duroc Jersey and Berkshire breeds. Nearly all the sheepherders in Patagonia are British, of Welsh and Scotch sheep-raising families for generations, which accounts for the amazing success of the Argentine sheep industry—hides, tallow, mutton and wool. They now produce 10 percent of the world's wool. Thus, it may be seen that stock-breeding is one of Argentina's principal sources of wealth. With the exception of Nature's gift of the Pampa, Great Britain may truthfully be said to be the *deus ex machina* of its great period of expansion.

In other words, Great Britain is Argentina's great Benefactor and Best Customer. When Americans visit London and smack their lips in Simpson's over the tasty "roast beef of Old England," and relish mutton chops, they should be made aware that they were frozen months before in the *frigoríficos* of Buenos Aires. Or when they come chortling home with English bags made of unparalleled leather, it would be well to know the source of most of it was the Pampa of Argentina! England owes some small tag-line to Argentina in her world announcement that "British Goods Are Best."

By far the largest amount of foreign investments in Argentina are of British origin. According to figures of 1937, they had reached the enormous total of two and a quarter billion dollars. Most of the railroads were capitalized by British funds and built by British engineers. The same with street railways and other public utilities. Steel rails, locomotives and rolling stock all came from English shops. The average profits were very large, although the expense of building others was so high that the net result was a deficit. On more than one occasion, however, there was a wild speculative outpouring of English money that resulted in huge losses when a bubble burst. Nevertheless, the British risked their pounds and pence unstintingly on Argentine investments and contributed largely in building a substantial, practical and handsome foundation that surpasses that of any other country on the continent.

As we have seen, England planted one of her acorns in Argentina. In 1850 the Royal Steam Mail Packet Company began its regular passenger, freight and mail services. In 1912, the British So-

ciety was founded at Buenos Aires. The following year, the British Chamber of Commerce was formed. In 1925, the Prince of Wales paid an official visit on his "warming up" world cruise to the colonies and dependencies. A British Economic Mission went down and arranged an equable trade program. This was followed by a British Trade Exhibition, opened by the Prince of Wales. Argentina was in the bag! President-elect Hoover had recently paid a cordial call and we were on the eve of saluting them as Good Neighbors! Great Britain had been Good Friends with the Argentinians for more than a hundred fruitful years!

And this is the way, in a large measure, that the Argentinians of intelligence consider the sequences of their country's relationship to the Beef of Old England.

Old England thought out all these things a hundred years ago, or more, in keeping alive the Course of Empire. It is just one of the routine motions in the making of Turf.

And it will be well for the people, the press and the diplomats of the United States to give it a thought, too, when in the trade years of the Peace, they find England intrenched in Argentina, getting all the big pieces of trade, goodwill and praise. It can't be accomplished overnight. That is "green grass" philosophy.

CHAPTER III

THE PATIO OF OLD SPAIN

As it became more and more evident to the people of the United States that Argentina was of quite a different mind and was acting with peculiar opposition and arbitrariness to North American opinions and convictions relative to hemispheric solidarity in the matter of Neutrality in World War II, we Americans began to ask irritably in the jargon of the day, "How do they get that way?"

The Argentinian might well ask the same question concerning the ways and mentality of the irritating and often exasperating Yanqui, whose ulterior motives he also feigns to understand. Actu-

ally he has but little comprehension of the intrinsic quality, nature and principles of that really extraordinary human species, the American. Nor does he take the trouble to make a study of the complex elements, experience and forces that molded our peculiar personality as well as our rugged national character.

One may not readily observe on the surface some of the most potent agencies or phases of hewing and chiseling, of influencing and building, the national type. It took generations, maybe centuries. At length, what they think, what they say and what they do, becomes what they *are*. In such manner has our Anglo-Saxon culture plus generations of New World experience and solidarity made us United Statesians what we are today. It functions in our daily life actions and reactions, and is reflected in matters of breeding, of morals and conscience, and all the other idiosyncrasies of nationality that differentiate and identify us among peoples.

In like manner, it would be difficult to put one's finger on precisely what, when and how our South American neighbors merged from the Spaniard into the Argentinian, for example. Nevertheless, the mark and mold of Spain is grafted indelibly in them, with all its implications, which accounts for so many things they do and say that are oftentimes difficult for us to comprehend, and to swallow.

Therefore it behooves us both to understand things, both right and wrong, concerning each other; to make some estimate of just how each appears to the other and just what he thinks the other is or is like—the Yanqui as the American of the South sees him; the South American as we of the North see him, or fancy he is. At the outset, we should be made to realize that we don't even approximate the true worth of the other! We cannot progress profitably very far on the road to Peace on such a basis and lack of understanding.

"We are all Americans together!" we often hear stated in Pan-American holiday get-together speeches. As though they could all be classed together in one lump! Just what do those words mean? Nothing. Except as a grandiloquent, though probably sincere, gesture. It is nothing more than a geographical figure of speech and of the continental population.

Spain in Spanish America is persistent beyond any other factor. It must always be reckoned with in terms of its own denominator

—by the foreign tourist, student, business man and diplomat. What a tough fiber was Spain's, that seems no more, at this moment, with Alfonso XIII moldering in the Royal palatial vault at Philip II's gloomy Valhalla of Escorial. The last of the kings of once-glorious Spain, who died in obscure exile, with scarcely a flutter of international interest!

Although the tomtoms of Africa may be heard along the Caribbean shores, and the pad of Indian feet throughout the northern republics, and the haunting faces of Inca breed may be etched on every Andean peak and aborigines may peer out of tropical jungles, and Gringo mills may grind the peons into industrial grist, yet Spain everywhere persists. In the atmosphere, in the language, in the customs and habits of thought, in the codes of conduct and ethics, in the Church, the plaza and the architecture—all strung together like lovely beads on an unbreakable wire, that is Spain!

Spaniards were the best city planners in the world. Our Civic Center planners of today would do well to take a seared leaf from the book of the architects of Old Spain. The general design was always the same. In execution, I have never seen two plazas in the widespread Iberian world whose architectural lines, patterns and structures in toto bore more than a typical resemblance to one another. The Plazas of Sevilla, Salamanca or Toledo, in old Spain, or of Potosí, Lima or Buenos Aires, in the New World, were planned and built according to the accepted pattern. The plaza was intended to be the core of the spiritual, the governmental and the civic life of the community, as often as not the commercial center and marketplace as well.

The building of practically all the capital cities in the Iberian New World was begun in the Plaza Mayor, usually with the laying and consecration of the cornerstone of the future Cathedral. The Cathedral faced west with the altar at the east end, of course. It occupied one side of a rectangular "square," in time to become a beautiful park, ornamented with flowers and statuary. A foundation for the church having been provided for, with a palace for its potentate, next a Government Palace was erected, then a Palace of Justice and

finally a mansion for the Alcalde, or Mayor of the city. Only a single detail was missing from the Plaza Mayor. A beautiful spot on the outskirts of the city was consecrated as God's Acre. Thus was an intrinsic portion of Spain settled, imbedded and planted on a firm foundation, for all time! With all the community vicissitudes of a baptized Christian Catholic subject of his Most Catholic Majesty provided for, from the cradle to the grave!

Only a decade ago, we took up residence in a newly built suburb of Sevilla, Spain, called Ciudad Jardín, the ground-plan of which was not intrinsically different from that of ancient Avila. Again, we lived for months in Lima, Peru, with a family having impecunious difficulties because they had built their home so impeccably and expensively Spanish, even to a patio paved, walled and fountained and with a cold seat—all of imported Valencian tiles! In all Spain we never met a family more Spanish than this one, nor did we come across one more nationally Peruvian in all Peru!

Travelers via air through the length and breadth of South America cannot help but be impressed on observing this ground-plan of the typical Spanish city again and again, boldly outlined when seen from the air.

Another feature of city, town and even small communities built in colonial days and even later, is especially observable when seen from above. The long blocks of tiled roofs are regularly interspersed with courtyards, or *patios*. Throughout the Iberian world, the patio is universal.

The patio is an architectural feature assimilated, through long captivity and contact, from the Moors. It is a court open to the sky and surrounded by the house. Larger buildings accommodate several patios. To the Iberian and his colonials and his annexed peoples, the patio became something infinitely more than a merely architectural device. It is a symbol of the extremely individualistic character of the Spaniard and his cousin, the Portuguese, whom we should always include by implication in any wholesale estimate of the South American continent. The patio implied inclusion, seclusion and exclusion. It housed the inner, private and family life and protected it from the profane gaze, the idle curiosity and the unwanted intrusion of passers-by, outsiders and foreigners. Spanish people are as meticu-

lous as the British in another way and as resentful of meddlers in their private life and affairs. Violating the patio and interfering with their sacred rite and rights has always been considered a criminal offense.

To many of the people of the United States, all this powwow about the patio may seem a petty business; almost ludicrous, you might say. Nevertheless, to the Spanish-American it is a big thing and a sacred one. The South American in general accuses the North American visitors and agents of not showing proper respect for the whole "patio" principle. Argentina, for example, considers us meddlers and violators of the patio in many of our demands contrary to her private interests, following the beginning of World War II.

Often I have rubbed my eyes, wondering if I were not really in Spain—the same plateresco church façades, the same mellow rusty bells for the Angelus, the same padres passing with a swish of their cassocks, the same lottery vendors everywhere, the same ubiquitous photographers in the plaza park with the same little Brides of the Church in their white First Communion finery having their photographs taken, the same soft, sibilant Spanish on every tongue—then an Indian would pass, his back half bent to the earth under some White Man's burden, and the spell would be broken. It was not Spain, but Spanish America, oftentimes more Spanish than Spain itself.

Just as the courtyard in every Spanish house is the patio of the home, so the Coro is the patio, the Holy of Holies, of the Spanish church, where only members and servitors of the holy family of the Brotherhood may enter, like the prisonlike cloisters of the Spanish monasteries and convents to be found all over Spanish America. The patio principle was the same—the sequestration of the individual, which one and all seemed to love and respect.

The Plaza Mayor itself was designed as a grand patio, for the One Big Family, that formed the community. Three of its sides are arcades. Depending upon the conditions of the weather, the One Big Family assembled, usually at sundown, for the daily Promenade. In far-off Portuguese Santarem, nearly a thousand miles up the

Amazon, surrounded by deep jungle, I have sat on the sidelines with hawk-eyed parents watching their marriageable sons and daughters, the sexes carefully separated, flirtatiously promenading round and round the plaza, arm in arm, while the band played! Again, I have joined the procession of more Indians than whites, in equally remote Potosí, sealed up 15,000 feet high hundreds of miles from anywhere in the tin mountains of Bolivia. I could mention scores of other communities where I saw the Promenade being pleasurably observed with slight modifications fitting in with the local temper, temperament and temperature. Finally, I offer Argentina as an outstanding example.

Daily between ten A.M. and noon, Calle Florida, the smart show-window street, the Fifth Avenue of Buenos Aires, indulges itself luxuriously in the Old Spanish Custom of the Promenade. Vehicular traffic is shut off and a large portion of the downtown population goes completely Spanish in a combination of siesta and fiesta! The narrow thoroughfare is thronged from wall to wall with promenaders—brokers, business men, boulevardiers, pretty women, hawkers of gadgets, vendors of sweets and newspapers. I could fancy myself in the gay throng along the Rambla in Barcelona during the “coffee hour” Promenade.

Here is a Spanish institution that too-busy Americans might well copy. It would give them an opportunity to take their noses from the eternal grindstone and to mix and rub elbows with the other influential members of their community.

There are times and places in South America when the image of Old Spain seems very dim, but it never completely fades from the picture anywhere. Thus it becomes incumbent upon us when considering any part of the continent to include the whole that is the sum of all its Spanish parts. They are all linked together in the spirit, that is Spanish, and the unbreakable chain is as strong as its weakest link.

In the marketplace of Recife, where there are more blacks than whites, I heard the same song contests, or duel of wits in verse, that

I had heard sung and chanted in the same African wailing manner that they had learned from the Moors centuries before.

The Iberian funeral in its Grand Gesture surpasses that of all other Latin peoples. In Argentina they are especially grand functions. The average funeral for either rich or poor costs more than a wedding and is carried on with greater flourish. "Pompous Funerals" are advertised. Funerals are first, second and third class, each with fashionable accompaniments befitting its rank. Palaces costing fortunes, with complete chapels, are built to sepulchre the dead of the wealthy, who lie according to class in restricted aristocratic sections. The dead of the poor lie in vast tenement sepulchres from which they may be ejected if the rent is not paid.

The dead are highly revered by the living kin, who spend much of their time offering up prayers for the repose of their souls or, they believe, in actual communion with them. I have mingled with the throngs, that include almost the entire population, on All Soul's Day, when the living commune with their dead as though they were living—amidst bowers of flowers for which the poorest peon spends his last penny. It is a most impressive and beautiful sight. An Old Spanish Custom!

When I started out on my long journey from Pergamino, Argentina, to remote places in the northeast bordering the Pampa, I was stirred to see them playing pelota, the Basque ballgame of jai alai, in large and small towns, on the same high back-wall courts familiar in northern Spain. Each night I managed to drop in somewhere where I heard the Flamenco-Moorish type of singing known only in the Spanish countries. The Gauchos particularly, most of them with an Indian strain in their blood, sang in that peculiar manner that is more like a whining pipe than the human voice.

The Spanish siesta carries on somnolently everywhere. No non-Spaniard seems to resent it, except the tourist, whose brief sojourn for shopping and sightseeing is thereby curtailed. I remember dropping into the dignified Phoenix Club in Peru with Claude Guyant, a former U. S. Consul, during siesta, and finding many prominent English and American members sound asleep in the big lounging chairs!

Go outside of the heart of Buenos Aires urban downtown district,

particularly into some of the provincial large cities, and you will find the Walls of Spain, the Walls of Individualism, preserving the old Moorish patio idea.

I remember one memorable occasion of penetrating the Walls into the patio and inner sanctum of a near-great family. It was like contemplating a baroque jewel taken out of a casket from a corner of a dim hall of the Past. The neighborhood of the city had undergone a complete change, suffering from both progress and deterioration. The Walls remained. The life within was going on very much the same as it had from generation to generation. Only the coach had become a limousine, chauffeured by the son and grandson of a long line of family coachmen. Open sesame! And I stepped from a modern slum street into a patio. There was enough room and shade beneath the arbor of jasmine and the papaya trees for the whole family, grandpère and bellemama, their children and grandchildren, numbering about twenty, to gather during the coffee hour. Fourteen of us sat down to a dinner that was like a Flemish feast. The dining-room was like a dim chapel with stained-glass windows, lit only by candles in great silver candelabra, which with all the other heavy plate had been mined in the New Spain and fashioned in the Old. Four daughters and two sons were present with their spouses. Each had the Catholic quota of offspring, of one a year. Grandmama had asthma, so was handled with respectful care as though she had been a piece of sweetly animated Dresden china, embroidering a perpetual string of christening robes in a thronelike chair from which she ruled the family with a nod. Grandpapa spent most of his time studying his many hobbies from huge volumes in many languages, stacked to the ceiling in the library.

Museum piece? Not exactly. There are thousands upon thousands of them all over Iberian America. True, the times and a major portion of the nations are against them and this aspect of life to which they are clinging. Little by little the People will chip away the aristocratic and elegant veneer, only to find beneath it the same vital foundation, bedrock and roots that are at the bottom of them all—Spain. From certain aspects, it is just as though Spain had moved over to the New World, body, soul and spirit, or at least had given the better part of herself to the colonies.

The eternal presence of Spain throughout South America is going to affect all our relations, making them more than commonly difficult, through our lack of understanding, appreciation and sympathy.

Spanish Americans are an inordinately proud people—proud of their race, lineage and ancestors: namely, Spain, with a fibrous, stubborn, mystical streak running through it all that is more than half Oriental. These are the grass roots of their fertile imagination, their religious superstition; all combining to flower into a familiar Grand Gesture. Wherever there is Spain, there will you find the Grand Gesture! I have seen it shining in the eyes of the swarthy tall-story-teller in the steaming twilight of the jungle along the upper reaches of the Magdalena River, Colombia; and again in the sweeping gesticulation of the Gaucho squatting on his haunches in the firelight on the Argentine Pampa. Perhaps this clinging to and envisioning a past glory may be the secret of their marvelous endurance and survival, personally and psychologically, as well as of their decay, nationally and politically, in a forward-looking proletariat world.

Scratch an Argentinian and you will find a Spaniard, although it might be difficult to put one's finger on just what, when and how he is Spanish. Follow a Spaniard home and you will find yourself at the gate of the "patio."

Catholicism was so hand-in-glove with Spain that it often becomes difficult to say which was Spain and which the Church. The Viceroyalty ruled the colonies, but the Church ruled the people.

Catholicism in Spanish America was more than a religion. Visibly, as well as in matters less discernible, the Church was a Culture. It adorned with beauty every spot in a New World wilderness on which Spain set foot. In time, it molded and left a lasting impression on the body and soul of every human being—white, brown, black and mixed—with whom it came in contact on the entire continent. The Church embodied their code of ethics. It imparted and inculcated definite character to every body and soul. It prescribed a specific form for every building and plaza.

Came the Discoverers, then the Conquistadores, and finally the Colonials. The Cross of the Church always went before them, the

banner of his Most Catholic Majesty followed. The foundation of the plaza of the future city was solemnized by laying the cornerstone of the cathedral or the church. Bit by bit, the continent was taken over, in the name of God, the Church and the King. The magistrates proceeded with government and politics; the conquistadores went off in search of gold; the priests of the Church took over the people.

Spanish America became the most perfect colonial set-up of any day. Whatever shortcomings it had were no particular fault of the system, but rather of the general cruelty, mercilessness and inhumanity of the times. A parallel reading of the administration of the colonies and the treatment of their natives by English, French, Spanish and Portuguese will disclose that atrocity was the order of the day. The record will show likewise that by comparison, the vast majority of the doings of the Church were on the side of mercy, and the deeds of the Fathers were among the most heroic and sacrificial. On highest Andes or in deepest jungle, across barren deserts or in fever-ridden swamps, with every adventurous band of treasure-seekers, always trudged a priest, sharing the hardships and perils and administering to the bodily and spiritual extremities of his "flock."

South America is the outstanding and single example wherein the people of an entire continent simultaneously became adherents of a single (Catholic) religion—and still cling steadfastly to it. This tie has always bound the countries and people of South America together in an indissoluble, though intangible, union.

The Church still holds its spell—a most significant phenomenon which must not be forgotten and ignored!

Spanish civilization and culture in the New World were closely bound together with the Church, if indeed they did not emanate from it. Certainly both came to full and luxuriant flower in and with the Church rather than because of any other source of motivation.

With the decline of Spain began the crumbling of the Church, and vice versa. Moreover, retrogression becomes obvious simul-

taneously in the whole crescendo of community life, especially where Spanish-Catholic culture had often sprung up, luxuriantly and lovely, in the crudest of virgin soil. It is possible frequently to observe and date the exact spot and time of a community's beginning to "go back to the jungle" when the influence of the Church waned.

Today, there are sections of the continent where once lovely churches and other remains of Spanish-Catholic civilization and culture are but crumbling ruins. Nevertheless, it is astonishing often, although the Church's rite and holy practices have been absent for generations, yet to find the spirit of Catholicism still surviving! While this phenomenon reflects no credit on the administration of Church affairs—local or from the Holy See itself—yet, it should stand out as a significant fact to proselyting Protestant foreigners.

One cannot comment on the glories and exploits of the early Catholic Church in the New World without adding many of these unhappy footnotes. I remember my first visit by motorcar to the lofty base of the enormous statue of the Blessed Virgin who stands benignly on one horn of a new moon with arms outstretched, blessing the nearly million people of Santiago, the capital of Chile, 2,000 feet below.

"When I first came here, only a dozen years ago," said our English Protestant guide, "thousands climbed up here to worship on Sundays and Saints' days. Holy Week they marched up in long processions, many of them barefoot, from every church in the city. It was a wonderful sight to see them winding down that zigzag path at eventide, streamers of flickering light—for each pilgrim carried a candle. Rich and poor, cripples and the blind! Why, in those days they used to do everything the priests told them to do. They actually kneeled in the street and kissed the hand of a passing padre. Not any more!"

It was also in Santiago that the greatest strides were being made by the Leftist, often anti-Christ, movement. They were building centers of education and welfare for the poor, largely on the properties purchased from decayed and impoverished monasteries and churches! In this same category, I found the Indians parading the streets of La Paz, Bolivia, one May Day waving flags bearing the

emblem of the hammer and sickle and singing Communist songs, where formerly they had carried banners of the Sacred Heart and chanted "Hail Mary's."

As a prominent and devout Catholic with whom I talked on a long train ride, put it: "The Church is in wretched shape in South America. Rapidly going to the dogs, inside and out. Losing its spiritual and political influence. What it needs is a good house-cleaning."

If some new St. Francis would only rise in the Church, I have often thought, and found a new religious Order, filled with zeal, holiness and sincerity, and come to the rescue of the Church in the New World before it is too late! If the Catholics were only filled with the same fervor that is being shown by the invading Salvation Army! I remember being in Osorno, Chile, once during Holy Week, and seeing a parade of the Salvation Army that quite outdid the *Semana Santa* procession of Catholics.

I am happy, however, to cite just a few instances in proof of a notable retention and revival of the ancient spirit of the Church.

In the Indian trading village of Pisac, away off in northern Peru, I attended a Sunday High Mass in the seventeenth-century church where the mode of service had not changed in character for more than three hundred years. A white gentleman cacique read from the same enormous hand-illuminated missal, the priest intoned with the doubtful aid of a gasping organ of the type familiar in the painting of St. Cecilia, the dirt floor was crowded with prostrated Indians and the "mayors" of the surrounding communities marched in a body to Mass and at the Elevation of the Host gave a loud blast on their conchshells!

Again, there is São Paulo's splendid Gothic cathedral in course of construction, whose lovely clerestory has just been completed after twenty-five years. Or, the equally fine and expensive new cathedral going up on the top of the hill overlooking Porto Alegre, Brazil, that will be one of the largest churches in South America.

So often a church in the wilderness—or so it seems.

I look out of the car window on my dismal way up to Bogotá, Colombia. All I can see are the eternal Andes mounting ever higher.

Endless banana groves like a green miasma covering the valley. A drowsy, dusty town looms in sight. An ancient hack and a couple of listless Indians. There seems to be nothing humanly beautiful until my eye rests on the church that dominates the community. The church is always lovely. It may seem dead, but it is a living thing.

An American expatriate in Ecuador was taking me out to his cocoa farm across a high valley suspended like a green hammock between two snow-covered peaks. Suddenly we came upon a chapel just being completed.

"The priest just told the Indians that he wanted a church," explained my companion. "Ten thousand of them each brought one hundred liters of cut stone. A thousand tons! Can't you see what a hold the Church has got on 'em?"

The ex-American was a prosperous farmer, paying his Indian workers ten cents a day, Sundays included.

I remember attending a pontifical High Mass on a Feast Day of the Church in the great cathedral at Santiago—the largest edifice of its kind on the continent. In all-around splendor, the ceremony equaled anything I have ever seen in any cathedral. Later, I joined the kneeling throng waiting to kiss the ring of the passing Cardinal. I saw His Eminence enter the waiting gilded coach that had carried all his holy predecessors to and from the Bishop's Palace for generations.

The most extraordinary demonstration of a living and flourishing Church, however, I witnessed in sophisticated Buenos Aires.

I have often heard the remark that the Church in South America no longer retains its appeal and power save among the more simple, ignorant and benighted folk.

The occasion was the Feast of Corpus Christi. Early in the morning I had journeyed to a local "Lourdes" a little distance beyond the city and seen thousands of devout believers in solemn observance of the Day. Fortunately, I was stopping for a few days at the Avenida Palace Hotel, and my room included the use of a balcony that extended out over the Plaza Mayor. When I returned to it late in the morning I found that I had a box seat directly above the stage on which was being projected an ecclesiastical spectacle, with a

faintly modern touch, that could scarcely have been outdone in medieval times.

Below us lay the Plaza Mayor, with the classic cathedral on the left the focal-point. A high altar had been erected in the open square directly before it. As though at a given signal, processions began entering the plaza from the many thoroughfares. The marchers massed in the broad paved spaces. The smaller parked area in the center was a solid body of worshipping onlookers.

It took several hours for them all to march in and be compressed into their proper places. Finally, not less than 50,000 had marched in. Orders of Nuns, Seminarians, Boy Scouts, First Communicants, Acolytes and Altar Boys, secular and sacred Orders, Women Perpetual Prayer Societies, secular dignitaries of the Church in silk hats and evening dress; parish after parish with a full turn-out of membership, Sacred Heart and other Societies, Priests and Bishops in full regalia, and finally the Cardinal and the Blessed Sacrament borne under a rich baldachin. Hundreds upon hundreds of richly woven and embroidered banners; huge brass candlesticks and church lanterns, tens of thousands of lighted candles carried in the hands of marchers; scores of crucifixes, each heavily jeweled, as were the croziers carried by the Bishops. Every person and group wore regalia, from tasseled sashes and prayer plaquets, to red cassocks, belaced cottas, rich vestments of the Mass, and the gorgeous copes and mitres of the Pontiffs. There were lines of white-clad First Communicants as far as the eye could see.

Each group entered the plaza singing, chanting or with band playing. Intermittently the massed choirs sang or an opera singer rendered a solo; all microphoned through numerous loud-speakers. Suddenly all was silent. The President of the Republic, escorted by his Cabinet, appeared. Then the Pontifical High Mass was begun, the Cardinal officiating just below us at the open-air High Altar. The music of the Mass of one of the great composers was accompanied by the great organ broadcasting from inside the cathedral, and an orchestra.

Following Mass the throng, now numbering more than 100,000, joined in responsive service and ended by singing several simple hymns.

The whole affair was a revelation. I had suspected that these Buenos Aires people were too sophisticated for such an unabashed demonstration of their most sacred religious emotions. Instead, I had seen 100,000 Argentinians of all classes spiritually united. From President to peon unashamed openly to declare for Christ and kneel for an hour on the hard, dusty pavement.

Protestant North America often has a way of speaking too hastily, and too harshly, about the Catholic Church in South America. True, they may know *this* that seems derogatory, but they do not always know *that* which is altogether praiseworthy.

"Yes, the Catholic Church is on its way out in South America!" I was told by a Protestant American tourist who had made a complete and rapid circuit of South America via air, apparently searching for flaws in the fabric.

Commentators of his kidney, while they are harmful, are not as dangerous as the practical missionary type who are bent on nothing short of tearing the "wicked" Catholics out of South America—and the rest of the world, for that matter—root, trunk and branch, and supplanting them with a newer, shining and upright Faith.

A studious visit with American Protestant Missionaries in Cali, Colombia—one of the strongest and most benevolent strongholds of the Church on the West Coast—gave me a pretty good idea of the extent to which this form of well-intentioned mischief and ethical lack of taste has been carried on by us in a Catholic country. It was a sharp-edged wedge thrust deep into the emaciated side of the Church. No one could deny its practical, robust efficiency and welfare objectives. It was not merely a grand dazzling bait, but the children had hot luncheons and the parents evening entertainments in a building of stone as fine as any church, that had cost the Missionary Society at home \$150,000! It was the old Jesuit method in reverse of catching them young! It was a great success for the Society, but an even greater failure for the cause of American diplomacy.

I remember on visiting the Ford Rubber Plantation at Belterra, six hundred miles up the Amazon River, finding an exhibition of Protestant bigotry. Ford had had a run-in with the Catholics because

he refused to let the Catholic priest take residence on the plantation and take care of the Catholic souls of several thousand natives working there. In addition to his Yankee Protestant dislike of Catholicism, he had the same distaste for their meddlesomeness in interfering with his working plans as he had exhibited against organized labor.

Less than a hundred miles down the river, at Santarem, Brazil, I stumbled upon a most amazing Protestant invasion of Catholic South America. There I met David Riker, one of the four survivors of the Confederate expatriates who sailed from the United States immediately following the Civil War to get away forever from the "damned Yankees." The majority of them seem to have been Baptist fanatics. David grew up with a fixed idea to establish a Baptist community in Catholic Brazil. He stuck to his guns all his long life. He organized a congregation and carried on for years under cover, aiding the visiting missionary to baptize converts in the Tapajoz River after dark. When the ban against Protestantism was lifted, he built a chapel. I attended service there one evening where nearly a hundred townsfolk, black, white and mixed, held a B.Y.P.U. meeting in Portuguese.

These are no short-cuts to encompass the much-desired hemisphere allegiance.

Catholic zealots are no less prejudiced than Protestant fanatics. Regardless of what we may think of them, they regard us as anti-Christ. Each of us has our hidebound tradition regarding the other, with propagandists at hand always ready to foment prejudicial public opinion. All Iberian America is traditionally, theoretically and actually Catholic by sovereign right of the Church. It is an unwritten law. The people as a whole are both subject and subjective to the most powerful influence, both spiritual and temporal, that still continues to sway the Christian world.

Spain, the Patio and the Church! Call them legendary, if we will, but they cannot be ignored, they cannot be thrust aside and they cannot be injured, with impunity.

Just as any serious consideration of an Iberian-American country on the continent of South America is inadequate without taking

account of its relationship with all the other lands of which it is really a fragment, in like manner no full-length picture of a South American national, body and soul, suffices without the inclusion of his kindred of native stock. The chief differentiation between pure Spaniard and pure Portuguese and Spanish-American and Portuguese-American, lies in his association and intermarriage with the Indian and the Negro, rather than in a mere exchange of habitation.

My friend, Señor Obregon, of one of the great property-owning families of Colombia, gave unconscious proof of this fact when he told me, "We have nearly as many Spanish-Americans [he fell into a common error of including the Brazilian Portuguese] in Latin America *speaking one language*, Spanish, as you have Anglo-Americans in North America, speaking English!" Señor Obregon's implication was an important one, though erroneous. "We are one people!" he was implying. He reckoned that there were more than one hundred and twenty millions of one blood. What he meant was, that they all belonged to the Patio Clan.

As a matter of vague statistical record, there are and always have been millions of Indians in Spanish America and hundreds of thousands in Portuguese America who know neither Spanish nor Portuguese. There are about two hundred stock languages that are still being spoken by various natives. An uncountable number still live in "undiscovered" country in a semibarbaric state.

I once stood in the midst of a great cathedral throng that overflowed the church and spread over the street. This was in Medellin, the trade dynamo town of Colombia. Every race seemed to be well represented: pure white, pure black and pure Indio, with every intermediate shade resulting from mixture and cross-mixture. Yet they were all Spanish-Americans. This *was* South America; a perfect cross-section, more typical, indeed, than "all-white" Argentina. All were held and bound together by the Church in one spiritual ideology.

Of all peoples, the Iberian alone could successfully intermarry with the Indian and carry on. Their natural and native ideologies had a common streak. Both were lacking in that inborn vibrant energy and ceaseless ambition to get ahead (except the Spanish com-

plex to become a *Caudillo*, or general) which so irks them with the *Americano del Norte*, or Yanqui.

The all-white Spanish-American, like his brother the white North American, is inclined to give his red half-brother all-American entirely too little credit in the development of the future nations. In fact, on every hand, with the possible exception of Mexico, the Indian has been robbed of his possessions and driven from his homelands. Patriotism, resistance to the point of death, and guerilla warfare in defense of his home, his land and his sacred and sovereign rights—esteemed the highest virtue among civilized peoples—was universally condemned by the white invaders and predatory aggressors as a vicious offense. All Indians were branded as “savages.” The more patriotically incorrigible Indian nations, or tribes, were slated for extermination.

This plan of settling once for all the troublesome Indian problem especially appealed to the more civilized nations, like Uruguay, Argentina and the United States. A great deal of our “mopping up” of “bad Indians” in our Wild West days, was the old Indian “massacre” in reverse. The motto among the Indian fighters, we Americans may remember, was, “The only good Indian is a dead Indian!” In the same vein runs an old chronicle, dating back to 1575, relating how the famous Indian cacique Tabobá bravely fought for his people’s lands in the vicinity of Buenos Aires. There was a desperate encounter with the Spaniards, “with individual valor on both sides,” it is related. Finally, Tabobá was killed and decapitated. His brave followers fled, pursued by the victors “till they fell weary of killing them.” Such was the slaughter of Indians that the place was thereafter called “Matanza,” or the killing-ground. Two hundred years later, we find General Julio Rocco employing the entire military force of the Republic of Argentina, carrying on “organized war upon the remaining native tribes” that resulted in making good their proud boast of being the “whitest country in South America,” with a population of only one percent of colored blood.

What is wrong with the American Indian?

If we probe deeply enough into this problem of the Indian we

shall discover the very *foundation of all Spanish-American economy*.

At first glance, it seems odd that with the countless millions of Indians found here by the conquistadors, they and their colonial successors were never able to make practical and effective use of this enormous manpower. In the first flush of their conquest, it no doubt must have appeared to them that their manpower problem would easily be solved. Having robbed them of their gold, occupied their more fertile lands and promising points of vantage, and deprived them of their independence, it seemed a simple matter to enslave them and shackle them to the wheels of hard labor, production and commerce. Had the plan been successful, they could have turned the continent inside out. They might have stripped the earth of the rich resources that it has always been known to contain. With these treasures they could have changed the history of the world! They might even have so far outstripped the progress later made by the United States and gained such a lead that we might never have caught up with them. Our relative positions in world power and importance might have been reversed today.

None of these things came to pass however, chiefly because of the inertia of the Indian. The Indian proved to be a deadweight on the wheels of industry and progress. The more of them there were, the greater the handicap to a locality.

For centuries, the New World was regarded almost solely as a field of exploitation. It was the Pilgrims who first gave it a practical meaning as the Land of Opportunity. That was North America, however. All Europeans were hell-bent on *taking away* the riches of the good earth! South America has not even yet completely recovered from the realm of exploitation.

The West Indian Islands, for example, were inhabited by millions of Caribs and other tribes of Indians. At the end of the first century of their exploitation and forced labor less than 70,000 remained.

The seemingly hopeless dilemma at length was worked out on an entirely successful basis by the importation of the black African slaves. Within a decade, the whole picture began to change, with social as well as economic implications. The haughty non-laboring Spaniard resumed his Grand Gesture as the lazy lord of the land. Feudalism took a new grip on society, which it did not relinquish

even after black slavery had been abolished. The social and economic position of the peon still survives, with modifications.

Now that it had become clear that the Indian was useless in promoting any large-scale intensive program of exploitation, and beyond peradventure a practical substitute had been found in the Negro slave, the remaining millions of Indians became a drug on all markets and in all walks of life. Argentina and all the other progressive provinces—and republics later—slew them like slugs. In a different way, they were treated as badly as the Negro slave. The difference lay in the evaluation: the Indian was looked upon as worthless; the Negro was considered a valuable piece of property. The human equation was wellnigh absent, except from the always tender consideration given both of them by the Church, who ministered to them as though they were the whitest lambs in their flocks—and were rewarded by unswerving devotion.

So, the useless Indian was relegated to the status of the lesser brother of the ox, or the ass or the llama, as the case might be. In nearly all the places where you still see Indians in great numbers in South America, you will find them—especially in the mountains—as packhorses for their masters, bearing the white man's burdens. It is in this minor way that the Indian is tied up actively with the economic system.

Once the Indian realized he was no good, the bottom fell out of his morale. His proud spirit was broken. His backbone melted and his head, once carried so erect, was bowed, so that his eyes that had always looked to the heavens as a guide became fixed on the earth as he plodded along with a heavy load on his shoulders. In many parts of South America today, the Indians bear an almost perpetual burden, from birth to death, their eyes ever bent on the earth—the good earth, the soil, their land, that is their only hope, friend and succor. Children of the dust. It gives them rest, food and burial-place; the only alternatives left them in life. The men forever carrying on their backs pottery, wood, fodder; the women, babies.

We met two Indians once in the heart of the Bolivian Andes, carrying a piano on their shoulders overland to La Paz, for \$2.75!

I met up with another case wherein a couple of Indians were transporting a knocked-down Ford car that had been unable to negotiate the roadless way across the mountains. You can look down the street of any mountain town and see a barrel, a crate or a case moving slowly along, with an Indian under it. They are the local freight, express and all-purpose trucking service. Every motor truck introduced deprives a dozen Indians of their livelihood and furthers an already intolerable condition. In this fashion, the great majority make a couple of cents a day, barely enough to keep rags and tatters, body and soul together, but not always enough to buy sandals, usually made from discarded automobile tires.

In some of the larger cities, like Quito, Ecuador, they are in many particulars like the stray dogs, squatting on curbs, in gutters and alleyways; motionless and emotionless, unnoted and unnoticed, as though they were part of the dust and mire. They are a race apart. In Ecuador and Bolivia they are everywhere; never getting anywhere. In Bolivia, for example, with a population of 3,000,000, there are only 600,000 of pure white blood. I remember one Sunday morning sitting in the plaza in Potosí, Bolivia, trying to get the chill out of my bones at 16,000 feet elevation and watching the Indians pass one by one, bent almost to the ground with loads I could not lift. They knew no day of rest, nor any pleasure, except excessive drink and cohabitation. Never have I seen such human rag-bags and such signboards of abject poverty.

The average Indian just plods along. He has no ambition, no direction. His soul has a subconscious vision, but his eyes see nothing ahead. As civilization advances he refuses to go along with it; he is averse to Progress. It is not for him! His resistance is Oriental, however; passive. In several countries, at least, here is certainly a race problem. When I remarked in one of them that the Indian is bearing the white man's burden, a citizen replied, "But we are carrying the Indian on *our* backs!"

One should not be too hasty in pronouncing a blanket judgment to cover *all* Indians. Much indeed depends on latitude, elevation, climate, surroundings, treatment and tribal character. One fact re-

mains, that he has deteriorated from *something*. To estimate just what that something is, it becomes necessary to travel and study far and wide, finally visiting such high spots of South American Indian civilization and culture as the environs of Cuzco, Peru, and the royal Inca city of Machu Pichu.

While it is true that some are meek, cowed and shiftless, it is also true that others are proud, haughty and industrious. I found this to be the case in the great Otovalo market less than a day's journey outside of La Paz, where the members of that tribe were clean, intelligent and hardworking, and prosperous to a degree. Most of them are simple, while certain tribes are cunning, cruel and belligerent.

Nor are they hopeless. I remember well the gorgeously beautiful Church of the Company of Jesus, built almost entirely out of the genius of the Indians, who executed every little line with great artistry. It is a gage and a hope of what the Indian is capable of doing when given the proper treatment, sympathy and incentive. It is a lesson in tolerance, and pity, to see the stout, lovely Inca walls of the Temple of the Sun upholding the fragile Catholic Christian church, in Cuzco. What a revelation is Machu Pichu, a dead city in the clouds; an architectural wonder for the whole world to study with profit. Here is something *new* in public squares, fountains, aqueducts, irrigation, arches, doorways, windows; built without mortar! Finally, there is the Fortress, over which the greatest military engineers in the world have marveled. And yet, the white man has cowed the descendants of these same Incas into coca-chewing robots and rum-soaked clods; one day seen performing unbelievable feats of heroic endurance in the highest Andes and the next lying drunk and asleep in the cold dust like a dog.

The South American Indian is so often man-into-beast. He has the grit of a faithful dog, or the fatalism of a thoroughbred horse; unflinching in pain, never crying out. It is not bravery, for that implies purpose; it is not courage, for that connotes hope. The Indian has neither.

Mixed blood may be the answer.

The Cholas, or half-breed women of La Paz, are among the smart-

est business people in the world. They are the commercial arbiters of small businesses and the shopkeepers and marketeers. I often dined with a Chola who owned a taxicab service, a block of modern houses and who was sending her son to the University of California to study law!

The Number One man of all South America during the Second World War period was of Gaucho stock, said to have been well-mixed with Indian—Getulio Vargas, President of Brazil. Truly the greatest genius of his time, and the cruelest, Juan Vincente Domez, President of Venezuela, was more than half Indian. Today, the majority of the real Gauchos of the Argentine Pampa are of Indian stock mixed with white.

An intelligent American living in Venezuela once voiced the challenge to me: "Wherever I have seen the Indian in contact with the white man's so-called civilizing influence I have noted his being taken advantage of by his white brother, and deterioration setting in."

My friend, Señor Santos, in Quito, gave this answer: "We, too, have a race problem. Until we can raise up the Indian who composes 80 percent of our population, to our level, we shall not be getting on. There is but one way: intermarriage."

The shadow of Africa casts a penumbra over the Caribbean shores of the Spanish Main, penetrating deep inland; into Colombia, down the West Coast as far as Peru, over Venezuela and far into the jungles of Brazil, abruptly fading at the borders of Argentina, the "white country."

No story of South America—of the whole or of any part—would be complete without a commentary on the *Afro Influence*. Indeed, no study of our North American United States, both of the North and of the South, could be called conclusive without considerable reference to the Negro. The dialectics of Dixie have been revocalized by the African drawl. The cultural inheritance from the Negro may be clearly traced in not only our language, but also our literature, folklore, religion, eloquence, music, the dance and drama. In other words, it is evident throughout North American mentality.

In South America, we may call it the Caribbean zone of Afro influence. This is not precisely correct, because the great African slave marts were Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Bahia, Brazil, both far down in the South Atlantic. Bahia is still the blackest spot in point of numbers, on the continent; Buenos Aires the whitest. The reasons for this phenomenon bring us back to the field of economics. The Negro working slave was found ideally fitted for the tropics. Whether because of slave-driving or of choice on the part of the Negro himself, the race movement of the black was ever in the direction of the "hot countries." It was their terrific toil in unhealthy climes and under a broiling sun that no white or brown skin could endure that produced the sugar White Gold of the Indies and the rubber Weeping Wood of the jungles.

The Afro culture and influence was second only to that of the Hispano-Portuguese. I remember being particularly impressed with this fact during an extended stay in Maracaibo, Venezuela. The tempo and temperament of the whole population was markedly affected by it. Even the Church was distinctly "colored" by it. On entering the Plaza Mayor for the first time I found a large crowd gathered on the cathedral steps. A Negro wearing a skirt was dancing in a wild African manner. He held above his head a small box containing the figure of San Benito. The cathedral was the local shrine of the "Black Virgin." The architecture was Afro-Caribbean, of a type common throughout the Black Indies; a sort of a *petit palais* in gingerbread adapted to approximate an African dream.

Always at dusk would I hear all the undertones and overtones of Africa. Along the Caribbean shore-towns, there was usually the accompaniment of the tomtom. Behind the lawful scenes Voodoo rites were carried on, sometimes to the point of human sacrifices. Over the doors of most of the native workers' houses on the Ford Rubber Plantation I saw the familiar Voodoo colored paper curlicues "Warding off the Devil." Wherever the Negro is found in any number, there you will find active evidences of his emotional mentality: some form of witchery or Voodoo practices and regular séances; the rabbit's foot and sundry charms. In Manaos, in Caracas, in Baranquilla, in Harlem.

The great mass of the South American Negroes is indigenous to the sea-level, the plains, the hotlands; the shores of the tropical seas, the swamps and the jungles. Seldom do you find them climbing the high mountains into the region of cold, snow and ice, where hard labor is the price of subsistence. They are nature's Children of the Sun!

In Brazil, the Negro is 100 percent "as good as the white man." In Peru, Colombia, Ecuador and Bolivia, about 90 percent. In Uruguay, Chile and Argentina, they are *persona non grata*. Let the claim and balance of 100 percent be threatened by a black invasion and then all sense of democracy seems to vanish. Take the notorious case of our own Poll Tax Southern States, wherein ten million—mostly blacks—are deprived of the most sacred democratic blessing, for which the Civil War was fought—suffrage, with a right to vote for him who shall rule you!

A curious paradox has developed among *all* the nations on the South American continent, including "white" Uruguay, Chile and Argentina, in regard to our paradoxical attitude, legislation and treatment of our black citizens. It reminds me of the feud between the cities of San Francisco and Los Angeles many years ago, when a "population contest" was on. While they were running neck-and-neck in an annual increase, there was acrimony, slander and even bloodshed. But, let the fair name of California be ridiculed, and they would lovingly walk arm-in-arm to the border and defy the whole Union!

South America has a Negro complex. I have seen it manifested again and again in every corner of the continent. They listen to our passionate protestations of democracy and ponder over our invitation to fight for the Four Freedoms of all peoples, near and far, while at home we stubbornly refuse to accept the Negro on even a fifty-fifty basis and often persecute him, for no other apparent reason on earth than that he is *black!* With resentment they feel the impact of every injury suffered by the Negro as though indirectly it had been aimed at and delivered on their own bodies.

Such is the profound breadth and depth of the Afro-Caribbean influence throughout South America.

All this space and time given over to a discussion of Spain and the Patio, of the Church, the Indian and the Negro, may seem to some readers extraneous. Such cannot be the case, however, for those among us who are earnestly and honestly seeking the Good Will of our South American neighbors, which is the only path to Good Business.

The Master Key that opens the nearby door of Colombia is the same that unlocks far-off Argentina. The Key hangs just outside the Patio. Respectful strangers and bosom friends are always welcome. Spanish-American hospitality is remarkable. The señor, the padre, the Indian or the Negro, will give you his shirt, *if he likes you!*

CHAPTER IV

EUROPEAN SET-UP

Argentinians are literally Europeans only once-removed. In all but Spanish heritage they are "Europeans" living on this continent. Europeans in thought, word and deed; in viewpoint, action and reaction. This fact is important because it has a practical bearing on all her relations with the United States; what she thinks of us and how she evaluates us.

Any tie-up or affiliation, therefore, she makes with Europe is likely to be more mutual, more understandable and more sympathetic, because all bonds are stronger to begin with. They are already in more or less perfect accord, culturally and spiritually. Argentina is a full-fledged child of the Pope, whose Chief Executive must be a Catholic in good standing. Likewise, the shadow of Feudal Europe still hangs over Argentina, especially in the provinces remote from the capital. There is little or no middle-class; only the very rich and the very poor.

Not only was Argentina invaded to a greater degree by Europeans than any other South American country, but also Argentinians more numerous invaded Europe. Europeanization as a result was twofold. A never-ending stream circulated between Eu-

rope and Argentina, keeping up a lively and living contact with the Old Country. When we speak of Europe we have England in mind as well; although England came to Argentina more specifically than Argentinians went to Britain. And the Argentinians came not at all—in a seasonal or tourist capacity—to the United States! Culturally and spiritually, the United States has never existed for the Argentinian! This hemispheric race superiority strain which they display with all the ostentation of the Spanish Grand Gesture, is based upon their being Hispano-Europeans. They consider themselves first as Spaniards, with a venerable tradition and rich culture behind them, and second as time-honored Europeans. With such a purported background, naturally Argentina resents being dictated to and told what she should do, by an upstart! It is inconceivable, on their part, as “Europeans” of thousand-year “turf,” to accept advice, let alone criticism, in matters of diplomacy, from “green grass”!

Argentina's attitude of cultural superiority is nothing more than an involuntary reflex of her European complex. Europe has always looked at us askance in such matters as refinement, breeding and culture.

Be that as it may, all true Americans would no more think of becoming Europeanized—or Anglicized, for that matter—than they would of being Indianized. It is not at all a matter of sour grapes or of being swell-headed ignoramuses. We simply know “we’ve got something,” in search of which millions of Europeans have come to our shores seeking and claiming to find it! Just being such an American seems to pique Argentina and all the other “good neighbors.” Vaunting over it fetches them to the point of nausea—an unhealthy condition for “good neighborliness.” Going about the world calling ourselves “The Americans.” It is almost too much!

Our failure to become, like Argentinians, transplanted Europeans, was in a large measure due to Mother England's policy of cultural non-interference with her colonials. She always puts them on their own, and only asks their quota of native products. Whereas Spain kept her colonial offspring tied to her apronstrings, squeezed them for gold, and thereafter compelled them to observe meticulously the

Sacraments of the Church and constantly to express themselves through Spanish culture. Little coercion was needed. In consequence, as we have seen, they brought the Church and priests, palaces and plaza mayor and their Spanish souls intact to America and created a Spanish world, that still remains to an amazing degree. Like Sheffield plate, coated with European silver but always wearing down to basic enduring Spanish copper.

We English-American colonials broke away from the Established Church at the start. We brought over Sir Christopher Wren's designs, but were soon off on our own. We hewed a new architecture out of our stones and trees, like a four-square Connecticut farmhouse; homely, original and sturdy. To a great degree, we chucked Europe overboard, beginning with Mother England. We had a job to do, a pressing human need to fill, that was too coarse, too common and too vital for the delicate strokes of European culture alone. We borrowed liberally, but the result was largely a home-made job.

Our structure was something new in civilizations. A free-hand affair, with an English base and an Anglo-Saxon foundation.

This is in no sense true of Argentina. From its very beginning, Argentina was "Made in Europe" and proudly continues to bear that trademark. Nearly everything may be included: culture, education, customs, manners, mentality, opinion and viewpoint. Therefore, any evaluation, parley or negotiation, discussion or decision, between the United States and Argentina must *always* be approached, deliberated and arrived at with a full consideration, reflection and solicitude for the certainty that a European-minded Argentina will carry on.

Thus we find Argentina more closely tied to Europe than to America. She lives and thinks in the Old World. Argentina "faces East," which means Europe, and seldom takes her eyes off Europe. In this particular, Argentina differs greatly from all the other South American countries, especially those anchored in the tropics of the New World that are materially bound and profoundly influenced by "natives"—brown, black and mixed. Any disregard of all this

tends to make Argentina more and more a riddle to us yardstick-thinking Americans.

Paradoxically, Argentina has a less pronounced individualized national character than any of her fellow South American republics. In fact, she is a hybrid; a European-composite, rather than a New World Spanish-American. Fundamentally she is Spanish; spiritually, Spanish-Catholic; culturally, predominantly French; industrially, Italian; economically, British. In behavior, Latin-American. This last amounts to an important injunction, ever to keep in mind.

When the general "spheres of foreign influence" are narrowed to include visible agents, there is a slight change in the classification. In point of numbers, the Italians take the first place. Rigidly and formally outstanding are the British.

With all these states, conditions and influences, the United States has had nothing to do, except to take cognizance of them. And as usual, when America appears on the scene, it is a signal to shove aside museum pieces and to get out the old cash-register!

Whether anybody likes it or not, World War II has given the coup de grâce to the Age of Culture and has set the Age of the Machine firmly on its feet. Not men, but machines, won the War. Not men, but machines, will win the Peace! Machines on the Atlantic and Pacific Seas; machines in the Pan-American air; machines on the earth, along a Pan-American Highway.

Ideas will not be scrapped; on the contrary. But they will have to gravitate toward and around the Big Idea, Economy. Global, hemispheric and national economy.

Already, in the very midst of the War, we have seen Argentina launching forth into that great forthcoming battle of the Peace, Economy. Argentina has had to abandon her cultural front and squarely face the issues of the day. She has been brought up with a round turn, together with the whole troupe of European nations whom she so slavishly aped and followed, to face the New Issue—which means that she cannot live by a Grand Gesture of the past glories of noble Spain, or upon her imported sophistication or any other white-blooded reputation. Wheat, corn and beef; industry,

commerce and export; these are the materials of life and living, in the hard days and years of Peace to come.

Argentina was gentle-born, but she never became continental leader on that passport to distinction. She is like a proud aristocrat who has gone into "trade" and hates to be called a tradesman. As a matter of fact, as we shall learn, Argentina is a darned good tradesman; the best in South America.

The United States shall not be concerned with the Old Cultural Argentina, except as a landmark with a "No Trespassing" sign on it.

The New Argentina registered not only a turnover in the fortune and fortunes of the country, but also a complete change from a typical lackadaisical Latin-American nation into the only hard-working, wide-awake and *ambitious* country on the continent! The general atmosphere is so different in many respects that a chance visitor would not suspect he was on the same continent with her sister Spanish-American republics.

The first impulse began with the establishment and rapid growth of the sheep industry in Patagonia, around the middle of the last century. This New Argentina made its entry into the field of global economics in the late 'Eighties with the establishment of the chilled-beef industry. Both industries were founded by the British. Each British foothold was solidly cemented by British capital.

British capital alone, however, was not wholly responsible for Argentina's remarkable commercial progress. Foreign immigration injected new red blood corpuscles into the sluggish blue-blooded arteries of Spain. More important still, navy energy and horny-handed labor, always distasteful and disdained by the Spanish-American, was introduced. Remember how we, too, invited and welcomed foreign immigration? We also considered ourselves a grade above the coolie labor job, the back-breaking drudgery, the dirty work and the "body servantry." It was no social experiment on our part, but the level-headed, hard-fisted solution of a problem in national economy. Our pioneering days were over. We were on the threshold of a great industrial empire! There were wagon and horsemen trails across the continent to be turned into ties and rails for the iron

horse; canals to be dug and rivers to be deepened, and barges and ships built to sail on them; dirt streets to be laid with cobbles, sewers to be put in and ditches to be dug for the gas just coming in to enlighten the cities; bricks to be made and mortar to be carried on hods! Empire building, wrought in the main by waves of foreign immigrants. Irish and Italians to build the cities with their hands and later to become their Bosses! Chinese coolies to build the railroads and toil from dawn to dusk for a few cents a day, and then finally to be forever excluded from the America they had helped build because they could undersell our way of life!

All of this data is offered lest we forget that we have a prelude to progress in common with Argentina. Foreign immigrants helped build both our empires and gave our races new blood and impulse.

Problem, execution and set-up of foreign immigration in Argentina were quite unlike those of the United States. Assimilation and social aspects, too, were different. Italians have composed the overwhelming majority of immigrants entering Argentina. From the middle of the nineteenth century to the outbreak of World War II, two and a half millions of Italians went to Argentina. The result is that more than 30 percent of the people in Argentina are either Italians or of Italian extraction.

Here, again, we have a marked difference in immigrant assimilation between Argentina and United States. In the latter, all foreigners instantly become "Americans," whereas in Argentina immigrants, at least for a generation or two, remain non-Argentinians and, like all foreigners, are not admitted to the Spanish patio. The door is reluctantly opened only in case of marriage with a foreigner. In the higher circles each family is run like a close corporation. When a son is married he usually brings his wife home, but the in-law remains an outsider. Children of such a union become full-fledged members of the patio.

At the opening of the century 100,000 immigrants a year were pouring into Argentina. In this way, more than one-third of the population became foreign. 70 percent of the immigrants were Italian. Only 8 percent were continental Spanish! The remaining 22 percent was made up of scattered nationalities: French, British, Russians, Danes, Swiss, Slovaks, Hungarians, Poles, Germans. Americans

were so few as hardly to deserve a rating. Many of the immigrants married the very attractive Argentine women, whose influence—plus her family's domination—was so overpowering that they became all-out Argentinians. All except the British. The others merged into the "Argentine type."

Even Italians are divided into two groups. Those from northern Italy are termed "Italians"; those from the south, "Neapolitans." The latter are drawn mainly from urban districts and the former from the "land" and so make better workmen.

At least there was no difficult race problem, as so often confronts the foreign immigrant to the United States, in trying to change over his mentality, psychology and religion into the Puritanical Protestant Anglo-Saxon mold. The basic Latin strain of the Italian gave him an instantaneous fraternal feeling, even though he was not received into the bosom of the family. The eminently European feudal atmosphere of Argentina made even the Poles, the Czechs, the Slovaks and the Hungarians coming from the intensely Catholic and often medievalized section of Europe feel somewhat at home and become assimilable without the need of text-book and "melting pot"!

Nevertheless, even the Latin Italians were outstandingly non-Spanish in one particular. They were an egregious folk, with the instincts of the herd, too easily inclined to "follow the leader" at the drop of a hat, be he Benito Mussolini, or what have you. The American Spaniards, like their forebears, are rank individualists. They gather together only as a family, not as a herd; revolutionists loath to follow a leader, because each one considers himself the leader, only awaiting The Day.

The English furnished the money for the railroads, but they were built by the Italians. The Italians built nearly everything else in the Second Argentina, for they were—and still are—the masons, the carpenters and the mechanics of Argentina. English engineers in the main bossed the job. So we may say that England and Italy collaborated in the building of Greater Argentina. Likewise, as we have seen, the wheat and corn farmers were immigrants—mostly Italians—who were mainly responsible for filling both the domestic

and export bread-baskets; again, mostly under English management. The smaller farmers, too, throughout the Pampa area were mainly of immigrant stock. Thus the patio Argentinians, with an inborn preference for their beloved plaza and Caudillo status, owe an eternal debt to English enterprise and immigrant toil. Unfortunately, both forces have been weighed and paid for solely in terms of national economy of a past era. And again, at some future time, they will be put down as "bought and paid for" and their splendid service and services lost sight of in the urge of a current national economy that at sometime makes a shopkeeper of the most cultural of nations.

While Argentina is almost as large as one-third of Europe—2,300 miles from north to south—over a million square miles of this vast area was shunned by the mid-European immigrants. Like the Argentinian of all times, they chose—and were chosen—to settle and develop the rich heart of the country.

The actual cowboys of the pastoral plains portion of the Pampa are the Gauchos. Gauchos are Argentine "natives" of Spanish-Indian mixture. On spending a few days among them in remote parts of the Pampa, I was reminded of an experience that was strikingly similar on the wild Puzsta of Hungary. There, too, all men "walked on horseback" from babyhood; a reckless, almost savage breed of nomadic plainsmen. Instead of the ubiquitous Puzsta pipe, the Gaucho off his horse was always squatting and sucking mate from his *bombilla*. Nearly every day we were treated to a *tarasco*, or barbecue, with fresh-slaughtered carcasses dismembered and roasted in trench fires, and left for us to go along and take our pick of a pound or two. It seemed to me that a Gaucho ate never less than ten pounds!

As far as I could judge, eating was their sole luxury. Beyond that, their possessions were meager and their actual comforts few. On learning that there was a half-million of these devil-may-care fellows, I asked my guide if the government did not sometimes fear a rising among them demanding better conditions.

"That is only a point of view, sir," he said. "They think they have everything! They love the Pampa and regard so-called civilized possessions as incumbrances. They are the happiest and most satisfied

people in Argentina. One Gaucho to every two hundred acres of open spaces! Take the Pampa away from them and you would have a revolution!"

The case of the immigrant was different. He came to Argentina specifically to better himself. Viewed superficially and among large numbers, I failed to see that he had done so. Conditions in the large were not unlike those he had left behind, even to the public opinion being feudalistically European. Good farmland, for example, seemed so often to be in the hands of the great landlords. Italians who had risen high above their fellows were mainly those with a *padrone* talent for organizing and gaining political and industrial control over large groups of fellow Italians. Others excelled in commercial lines already familiar to them at home and had so become rich and powerful.

The Argentine Chaco still remains only half explored. And there is plenty of room in Patagonia. In both sections land may be had cheap, but they demand the pioneer incentive and spirit that are lacking in the modern Latin temperament. The gold-seeking conquistador was the world's prize pioneer. The early American and the all-time British empire-builder have always excelled in it.

In Patagonia there is room for pioneers only. It is fit only for men prepared and determined to live for their descendants and spend their days perhaps grubbing what they can out of the soil for themselves. Hence, we find dreary, damp and chill Patagonia, which occupies about one-third of the republic, pioneered and settled by hard-headed and hard-fisted, tough and weather-beaten sheepherders, immigrants from similar home terrain and climate in Wales and Scotland. Today, the second and third generations are richly coming into their own.

And yet for all these hordes and millions of honest and hardworking foreign immigrants from central Europe, the destiny and fortunes of Argentina, past, present and future, have been to a tremendous degree under the guidance, if not control, of a handful of fifty thousand or so Britons who reside there. These superarchitects of Argentine industry as well as public opinion, are also European, although I never heard a Briton called an "immigrant."

Were this book a political treatise, instead of a socio-economic discussion of the Argentine, here would be the place and now the time to launch into a lengthy presentation of all the Nazi machinations in a seemingly not unwilling Argentine government.

The kaleidoscopic movements and political rearrangements of the Argentine governmental picture dating from early in 1944, could be described in the words of the once-popular song,

"Off ag'in, an' on ag'in;
Up ag'in, an' gone ag'in."

President Pedro Pablo Ramirez, who had succeeded President Castillo, was eventually forced from his pro-Axis attitude by the pressure of anti-Axis diplomacy. Finally, he agreed to break off relations with the Axis. Hardly had this been accomplished, when Ramirez was suddenly whisked out of his Presidential seat and office, when in a shady coup d'etat, Edelmiro J. Farrell was nominated to replace him, with the title of Acting President. The pro-Axis Party was in again, and hemispheric solidarity was shattered.

Any political rupture might happen after that. A not altogether bloodless revolution was not impossible. No matter what might transpire, however, it would serve to confirm the lines of the Spanish-American political pattern in which Argentina belonged.

We can quote no less authority than former Under Secretary Welles, who in a syndicated article in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, backs up what we had already written:

"The far-reaching importance of the step taken by the Argentine government in severing relations with Germany and Japan will be realized more fully as time goes on.

"... It implies no change in the sympathies or in the predilections of the military rulers of Argentina. . . . Several of the highest authorities were involved in the recent revolution in Bolivia. . . . This done, one can better overlook the transparent hypocrisy of the Argentine government." (But if it can be overlooked now, why was it not overlooked before?) "Unity in the New World now restored" (it lasted a week!) "is more important than the elimination of Axis spies and sabotage." (Which was what we have been saying all along.) "Without this, the Americas would have entered the post-war period a divided and not united system. (!) . . . Insure that continental unity which has been the goal of the Americas since the Rio Conference." (It should then

have been our prime objective. We disagreed with Argentina. First-rate diplomacy should have made her agree with us; not put it in reverse.) "That it seems to me is the paramount issue. Without such unity the Inter-American system could not undertake the great responsibilities which lie before it in the years to come, after the great victory is won. Nor could it long survive." (Precisely summarizing our Book.)

Under date of February, 1944, the *New York Times* in an editorial arraigns Argentina and her Axis activities,

Before there is too much cheering over the news that the Ramirez Government of Argentina is preparing to break off diplomatic relations with the Axis let us recall a few noteworthy facts about the Ramirez Government itself. Within the last three months that Government has—

1. Dismissed from public office all officials who recently signed a petition urging it to take the very step which it is reported to be preparing now—namely, carrying out the promises made in the name of Argentina two years ago at Rio to end relations with the Axis.

2. Dissolved by decree "all political parties existing in the whole state of the nation," which means the dissolution in Argentina of the machinery through which democracy has functioned.

3. Taken away charters from religious groups in an action so outrageous that it forced the great Buenos Aires paper, *La Prensa*, to protest against any attempt to introduce officially sanctioned religious intolerance into the Western Hemisphere.

4. Put all organs of opinion under a heavy-handed censorship designed to make certain that "press, broadcasting stations, social and political literature, moving pictures, theatre and in general all public performances unfold their activities in accordance with the intentions announced by the Government"—which means the death of free opinion.

5. Dismissed school teachers "who by their teaching, propaganda or publications, either inside or outside the classroom, appear to hold ideas contrary to public order," which is as all-inclusive and as drastic as any decree of Hitler.

6. Dismissed and threatened to dismiss all provincial and municipal employes "who publicly express opinions contrary to those of national or provincial authority."

7. Placed in internment camps and shipped to a little Siberia in Patagonia liberals, radicals, labor leaders and other dissenters found guilty, without trial, of vaguely defined offenses against the Government.

Why the Ramirez Government should suddenly break off diplomatic relations with the Axis is an interesting question, subject to various in-

terpretations. But on the record it must be clear that sending a note to Berlin would not in itself change matters much. The only way the Ramirez Government can effectively break with the Axis is to end its own existence.

A comprehensive review of historical and other reports fails to reveal any wholesale movement of German nationals into South America in general and the Argentine in particular, with the exception of a single immigration project carried out at the invitation of the Chilean government, at about the same time of the exodus of Carl Schurz and large numbers of political mal-contents who came to the United States. They settled in and developed part of the Lake region in South Chile. The second and third generations of this group no doubt exerted considerable influence in keeping Chile on the neutrality fence long after all other South American republics except Argentina had lined up against the Axis.

On a trip made several months after the beginning of World War II, I spent some days on the Lake Route borderline between Chile and the Argentine and found it not only solidly German but Nazi in sentiment. The hotels, the ferry and bus lines and all the local passengers carried on in the German language and freely expressed themselves in favor of the Axis. This state of affairs lapped over considerably onto Argentine territory.

Germans, I have found on my extensive travels through Latin-American countries, commonly fraternize with Spanish-Americans and adopt their countries as their own, more than any other foreigner. Nor does this mean the same sort of "fraternizing" practised by the Yanqui who shocks them on short acquaintance with a "Hi, Neighbor!" and a slap on the back, often followed in complete reverse should the recipient fail to measure up a hundred percent with his immature and sentimental estimates of him. It has happened so often—both individually and collectively—that the Latin-American, notoriously suspicious in temperament and not always sincere in his Grand Gestures himself, is mistrustful of the Yanqui *abrazo*. In contrast, our Briton fraternizes with none but fellow-Britons, with possibly only a "Aoh! There you are!"—and holds their eternal respect—and pulls off the best deal of them all in the end! A German so engulfed maintains a single Teuton mental reservation which is,

"*Deutschland Über Alles!*" This does not mean necessarily that he subscribes to a Hitlerian Nazi regime, as nearly every reader's acquaintance among Americans of more or less recent German immigrant stock, will attest. Both World Wars found the nostalgic American of German stock at the bitter cross-roads, at which there was but one turning.

It is quite unthinkable for a German to be long in a group or in a country before he begins to make known the importance of the Teuton mind in *Weltpolitik*. He will prove his point by quotations from Hegel, Kant or Nietzsche, according to his favorite school of thought.

Throughout South America the German Big Idea has best been served and spread by the Deutsche Schule, the most efficient and effective institution of foreign language instruction on that continent. These German schools not only kept alive and flourishing the German Idea among adopted Germans but also made large numbers of South Americans German-minded via the Jesuit principle of catching them young.

This widespread procedure of propagandizing and of holding the fort had keen competition from the British. British propaganda education was childish compared with the more adult system of the Germans. For all that, the British generally won out hands down—in trade, in small business, in diplomacy and on social standing.

This was outstandingly the case in Argentina, where the Germans outnumbered the English. While the German financial interests were considerable, British capital and ownership was practically a hundredfold. United States' holdings are far, far outdistanced by those of the United Kingdom. Despite Argentina's obstinate neutrality, Germany's capital and holdings in Argentina are now mere ghosts, with only a phantom, bomb-shattered nation to substantiate them. The United States may as well get it fixed in its commercial noddle, that German competition in Argentina is a myth, and always has been. Great Britain is our formidable trade and investment rival—and has every reason and right to be.

With a powerful German clique fulminating inside and out of the government and with several million Italians—no doubt largely Fascist in sympathies—located in and forming public opinion of, the capital-metropolis, is it anything extraordinary that we found the government clinging to neutrality, often on the verge of coming out flat-footed for the Axis?

I was in Buenos Aires the day war was declared by Italy. There was a deadly lull, then the factions broke loose. The drama takes place before your eyes in Buenos Aires, because there is no other city in the world where such crowds gather before bulletin-boards of the several great newspapers that line Avenida de Mayo. It was no uncommon sight to see 5,000 persons standing before the bulletin-boards in front of *La Prensa*. There would be intervals of tense, tight-lipped, anxious silence. Then a new and significant bulletin would be added and the crowd would burst into jets of flaming partisanship. Harangues, arguments and often fist fights expressed the Latin temper. A police guard looked on complacently. There were a few fatal encounters, but no popular riots, that I witnessed at least. A fierce headline and editorial battle raged among the subsidized foreign-language newspapers. The Spanish press was divided into enemy camps. Shop windows displayed pro or con day-to-day photographic history of the War. The government kept a watchful eye peeled for too flagrant or violent displays of partisanship and mildly protested, insisting that Argentina was neutral.

As usual, pro-English Allied propaganda and sentiment were weakish at the beginning, but gathered strength. By the time El Alamein had fallen, the Axis was licked, not only in Africa, but in Argentina.

A curious contretemps, however, had risen. Throughout, Argentina had been basically faithful to England. Her exasperation against the United States rose to the boiling-point. She was pro-English, but anti-United States. When America entered the War, and demanded that all South America follow their leader, Spanish-American Argentina of the Grand Gesture that would rather die than lose face, in her haughty resentment, was ready to become pro-Axis for spite.

Argentina neutral? She darned well had to be! Her position as well as her acts, both with and without the collaboration of the

government, were paradoxical. They wanted to be for England. They could not be for the United States. There was a half-hearted gesture at suppressing Axis un-neutral acts. There was surveillance and many arrests. But also, there was no end of sinister spy and U-boat-warning activity that no doubt cost many Allied ships and lives. The whole situation may be summarized in a single concrete instance that occurred as late as October, 1943. It was reported in the *New York Times*:

BRITISH INTERCEPT FIVE VESSELS SMUGGLING
VITAL GOODS TO AXIS—

\$48,000 Worth of Platinum, Food Extracts and Medicines
Found on Craft Bound from Buenos Aires to Spain

In all intercourse, then—in trade, in diplomacy, in Pan-American affairs—that the United States shall have with Argentina, it would be well to remember that we are dealing not only with a foreign country, but with a thoroughly Europeanized country. Argentina may be blessed with many of the cultural superiorities of Europe, but also she is cursed with many of Europe's deterrents that are a positive check to the progress of the New World. Furthermore, she has taken over the living and dead prejudices of her European inhabitants. Argentina is Europe once-removed and thereafter further complicated to a degree that would take a staff of Philadelphia lawyers and international psychiatrists to unravel her psyche. A Spaniard at heart, jealously guarding the sacred rights and rites of the Patio, while almost fanatically adhering to the anti-Protestant auto da fé of the Church, with every opinion colored by the eternal bias and fear of the Spanish-American for the Colossus of the North.

CHAPTER V

"OUR WAY OF LIFE"

Not the least among the dangers that jeopardize the accomplishment of friendly relations between the United States and Argentina is our insistence upon imposing upon them our way of life.

No two cases of nationalized conduct of life—of thought and emotion, of impression and expression, of viewpoint and opinion and of behavior and morals—among white peoples, could be much more different than the day-to-day span of experience of Americans and Argentinians.

The danger is a very real one because it has been always so consistently practised by us in the advanced stages of our international neighborliness. Once we have gained a toe-hold on foreign soil, whether by conquest or by more peaceful means, we begin "selling" our way of life! Long, long before World War II was won, practically every incorporated body in our land was drawing some kind of blue-print for making over the conquered or despoiled countries and remolding them according to our way of life.

Sorry, but it can't be done, absolutely. An imitation America could be wrought possibly after several generations had gone through the mill. But it would be a palpable imitation. You can only breed a cameleopard, which is neither a camel nor a leopard, but a giraffe. What a pity, if any other people in the world became exactly like us—Yankees! We would be the second ones to object to that, and they would be the first!

Let anyone try to change the Spanish way of life planted on once-Spanish soil among Spanish-blooded people! Wherever Spain dug in, there her culture remains, after centuries. It is not merely a matter of whether they themselves will or whether they won't. They *are*, and that ends it. No national fiber is stronger, tougher or more enduring. Already, there are signs that our Anglo-Saxon traits, character and institutions will probably vanish long before Spain disappears from Argentina! Much of the good Old English in our ways and habits, our behavior and our morals, is on the wane. Ag-

gressive immigrant races already are cutting deeply and injuriously into the integrity of the Anglo-Saxon strain.

An outstanding sample of the naïveté in our dictum is found under date of April, 1943. A double column in the *Times* announced: "AMERICA WILL EDUCATE EUROPE." Text and *Times* were both deadly serious. Occupying half of the same page was the summary of a Questionnaire on factual highlights of American history sent out to and answered by sixteen hundred undergraduates of America's leading universities. 6 percent of the answers were correct. 4 percent were nearly right. 90 percent were dead wrong, with many of the answers a near-miss to illiteracy.

Our way of life!

It is their way of life, in their own country, that should be the sole object of our concern. Their way of living will always be different from ours, thank God, for they are a totally different people. So often, we talk as though not only everything new in life, but also everything good and fine, sprang from "God's country."

True, we might become (commercially) instrumental in opening up the way for them to obtain, use and enjoy—not too fast—all the new things in our world, but they should be allowed to accept or refuse them and finally to live them in their own way. In other words, they should be permitted to keep their native and national life intact without our interference—their customs, traditions, Holy Days, and holidays, be they Catholic or pagan; and to get drunk in their native fashion, if they want to.

We should find it profitable reading to review hemispheric American history of the sixteenth, seventeenth and even eighteenth centuries while Mother Spain was at the top and riding high, and all Spanish America was then enjoying everything new in life, as well as everything good and fine; all the latest gadgets and inventions, all the arts and artistry of the then modern world! We English colonists were the crude ones then and they pitied and condemned us and our log-cabin civilization, while their higher-ups were playing the game of feudal lords with the Spanish Old World Grand Gesture. Meanwhile, we English provincial colonists, high and low, were too

much occupied in digging in and hauling and hewing with our own hands, and whittling our own necessities. We had no time for fooling or tomfoolery. No time for lovely plazas, gorgeous cathedrals and exquisite plateresco churches in the darkest interior! Furthermore, unlike refined Mother Spain, Mother England has never been much of a hand at providing colonists or natives with any more luxury than an efficient and severe administrative body from and responsible to, the Home Office. In the Course of Empire, trade is their only demand.

Approximately a hundred years before Jamestown was settled many schools for higher learning were well under way in the Spanish New World. By 1600 there were eight universities. San Marcos University, at Lima, Peru, antedates our oldest college, Harvard, by nearly one hundred years!

Culture is a two-way acquisition: you get it through background or from being born that way. Self-culture and "going through college" is "cultivation" of the field on the road to culture. In this day and generation, we Americans go to college in order to qualify for a better job, rather than to acquire culture or polish. But nearly every boy and girl goes to college nowadays, which evens things up and takes us back to the days when only a few went to college. We are the most educated country in the world, but are still far from being the best educated, for that implies cultural education. We have *a* culture, to be sure, but that is something other than being a cultured nation. Europeanized Argentina scarcely has a national culture, but she considers herself a cultured people, perhaps rightly so.

Now, having arrived at that viewpoint, it becomes shockingly inept on our part to try to foist upon them our way of life. At best, "our way of life" is an ambiguous term. Whose way do we mean; for we have many ways of life, and not all of them are desirable.

I remember discussing this very subject with an intelligent, world-wise South American, in January, 1943. In partial reply he picked up a copy of that morning's newspaper. One by one, he pointed out: "President Roosevelt Offers [convicted citizen] Flynn Office

of Minister to Australia." "Former Mayor [of New York] Walker Ousted from Government Job for Graft." He indicated a half-dozen other choice news items: Negro muggers, a Negro lynching. "Most of these items are copied in South American newspapers," he said simply.

It was our way of life, perhaps, but only a minute cross-section of it, collected at great expense for the consumption of newspaper scandal-mongers. The worse the crimes are, the greater the international circulation. Crime and calamity are almost the only things that the vast reading public abroad knows about us!

Existence is so diverse everywhere. That is the spice of life! Our way of life has a hundred facets. The doings of the pre-war millionaire, and so on through all the strata down to the flophouse bum, are all our way of life.

It is folly to think that we can standardize in foreigners that which we can neither see nor touch, or alter their native or national life. We come home from abroad the same American as we went away. If by chance, we bring anything foreign with us, be it a French poodle or an English accent, we will be sure to be scorned by our fellow-Americans, because if there is anything we hate it is to adopt anything that is foreign. "Oh, so this country isn't good enough for you!" they will say.

Erico Verissimo, the Brazilian novelist, summed it up for me one afternoon while sitting in the Commercio Club in Porto Alegre, his home city: "My first impression of your country," he said, "was shock at your lawlessness. It seemed almost smart if you could break the law and get away with it. But I soon got over that, when I came to know America at heart. Really the finest people in the world!"

No one can adequately know what Argentina is really like until he has lived among Argentinians for a little time at least. Until one goes to Argentina, the general character of the people is bound to seem hazy; a mental figment of an unfamiliar land peopled with strange inhabitants.

I found Argentinians in the flesh about as normal, as natural, in

their own way, and as handsome as any other nationals on earth. As in the case of all other foreigners in their homeland, they underwent a major mental operation when I came to know them personally in their native habitat.

The story of Argentina written entirely from the American angle and viewpoint, would be scarcely more than a rehash of the propagandized or highly editorialized United Nations press. It seems vastly more important to know what Argentina thinks and feels about herself, than what we surmise, without knowing about Argentina. Our opinion of Argentina unsupported by eye-witness knowledge or documentary evidence, especially in times of mutual tension, is nothing less than a mischievous purveyance of information.

Generally, we think of South America all in a lump, of "Spanish people." One-third of South America (Brazil) is not Spanish at all, but Portuguese. In fact, none of the continent is either, except in a hyphenated sense. If priority means preemption, they were "Americans" long before we staked a blanket claim to the title.

As a nation feels, so it thinks; and as it thinks, so its people act and are. Argentinians being a Europeanized people, their way of life will follow European trends.

There are actually three Argentinas, socially and geographically. Patagonia, the Pampa and Buenos Aires. Patagonia, comprising one-third of the country, is still largely an undeveloped waste; a chill, cheerless "sheep country." The Pampa is made up of 100,000 square miles of sea-level pasture and farmlands. There is in addition, a considerable area on the mountain slopes of the Andes. The shepherders, the gauchos and the mountaineers seem satisfied with their lots. Each group has its own scattered society. They are "provincials" in quintessence. Considered by themselves, we think of a big country with too few people; with room enough for more millions of immigrants. With the peoples of none of these Argentinas is the United States concerned in our problem of interrelationship.

The real Argentine, the European metropolis in America, the heart and the soul, the brains and the banking-house, the legislative halls and the star chamber of diplomacy, is inextricably lodged in Buenos Aires, the capital. Buenos Aires *is* Argentina.

My appreciation of and admiration for the twentieth-century wonder city of Buenos Aires and its rapid rise to sixth city in the world, was heightened no end after reading the following, in a small volume entitled, “Voyages and Travels in South America,” published in London in 1829:

Captain Head did not find the town of Buenos Ayres that terrestrial paradise, which from its sounding name and the advertisement, “Fat beeves for the catching,” he had been led to suppose. The town is dirty and badly paved; water is inferior in quality and deficient in quantity; and the houses are mean and comfortless—the walls are damp and mouldy, there are no ceilings to the rooms, and the floors are bricks badly put together. . . .

The ladies stick themselves against the walls, without conversation; they do not raise themselves from their chairs to welcome a stranger; they do not walk out with the other sex; and even in the theatre, there is a total and formal separation. . . .

The town is illy stocked and provided with provisions. Milk, vegetables and bread are brought in on horseback by the guachos, or peasants, who come on at a gallop with their load. Various kinds of native produce are dearer than the same articles in London. Even in summer fruits are not always to be had. . . . The hackney coachmen are very different from those of our country—they will not ply during the rain. If you go out to dine and engage a carriage to fetch you home, you may have it if the night is fine; but if it rains, you must either stay where you are or trudge on foot. . . .

Viewed in the perspective, this eye-witness account of Buenos Aires of nearly a century and a quarter ago is no calumny, but a genuine though unconscious boost. If you will notice, no mention was made by the practical Englishman about the plaza, the cathedral and the churches, or that other monumental requisite of Spanish urban existence, the *Recoleta*, or gorgeous City of the Dead.

The Buenos Aires depicted was not the populous world capital of today, but a very typical Spanish provincial town with but a few thousand inhabitants. The social aspects, including the separation and segregation of the women, Spanish-Moresco fashion, still largely remains. Architecturally, only the eternal plaza, cathedral and churches still stand unchanged.

Presto! Buenos Aires has become a grand, beautiful city as European as they make them. It is anything but Spanish externally.

Indeed, it would be most difficult to say to what school of architecture, or to what genre of national personification it belongs. Here and there you will identify copies of this or that European metropolis, but before you can put your finger on them the resemblance has merged into some other landmark that seems equally familiar. Nevertheless, it is never spotty, nor a mass of rank imitations, but more of a composite of European design resulting in a sea of masonry with a definitely pleasing character that is all its own.

"B-A"—as the British have renamed it in their passion for abbreviations—has always struck me as a model city; too perfect to be true. But it is true! Like its sister South American capital, Rio, it can lay claim to being one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The difference between them is the same that exists between the two countries: Nature has been prodigal in her gifts in Rio's case; Buenos Aires is a self-made city, erected in monumental design on a river-bank of no more natural beauty than the flat of your hand.

In 1880—the date which marks the dawn of the new Buenos Aires of the chilled-beef era—that city was even then the metropolis of the continent, with 300,000 inhabitants. Sixty years later, the population had multiplied itself ten times! In 1935, its area was given as 115 square miles, or greater than that of Paris, Berlin or Vienna. I remember being especially impressed with Buenos Aires's hugeness on being driven at breakneck speed, frequently interrupted by traffic lights, for more than an hour through the busy streets of a solidly-built city, from the airport to our hotel, a distance of twenty-five miles. We passed by an almost continuous succession of attractive park areas. Few of them bore more than a faint resemblance to the Spanish plaza pattern. There is a total absence of the low one-story structures of Old Spain. Nevertheless, there are many patios behind the walls of one-family residences.

I have always had the feeling that it was a brand-new city, modern in a European sense. You had to penetrate behind the walls of the city before you could be made to realize that Buenos Aires was Spanish. The moment you got down under the skin of the people, however, you began to realize it. Superficially, you would never guess it, despite the fact that it is the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world; twice as big as Madrid.

Buenos Aires is not comparable with any other world city in its relationship with the state or nation of which it is capital. With London, Paris, Berlin or Tokyo, for example, in whose class it belongs. From any place or point in the United Kingdom, be it north, east, south or west, one always "goes up to London." In Argentina, if one is anywhere worth mentioning, one must already be in the capital. The United States is hydra-headed in respect to its cities. New York is the metropolis in which is located Wall Street, the focal-point of the nation's finances; Boston, though only a state of mind today, remains the hub of intellectual origins; Chicago is our soft belly of pork and beef; Philadelphia is the Cradle of our Liberty; Miami is the saltwater playground; Washington is the battleground of the Congress—and so on.

Buenos Aires is all these things to Argentina: the grand Head. Only the toes and the tail of the republic are acknowledged to be outside the metropolitan area. If there be exceptions, they are considered negligible. To repeat: B-A is Argentina. The implication is gospel and has a profound bearing upon all that the country is and shall become. It is like one of the ancient Temple Cities, for which the people of the nation have sacrificed much to make of it a fitting casket to contain their ideals.

Buenos Aires, of course, is the only Argentine with which most foreign visitors and readers are acquainted. It is the only Argentine which most native Argentinians know! The fact that the capital is tied so tightly to the whole country's apron-string, or vice versa, accounts for a rare amount of national sophistication. More than a quarter of the population actually are metropolitans!

This fact brings us abreast of an important circumstance wherein Argentina substantially differs from all other South American nations. Even in Brazil and Chile, great cities or centers of population are more or less isolated islands, separated from one another by vast perilous oceans of mountain, jungle, desert or sea, oftentimes with no connecting lines of transportation.

The whole of Argentina, from Patagonia to the Chaco plains, and the mineral and wine country higher up in the Cordilleras, is riveted to Buenos Aires by steel rails. A series of great railway lines spread out fanwise and tie-in even the outlying populous centers, giving

an urbane fluidity to both rural and provincial sections. The chief reason, of course, for this broad national intercourse, denied all the other republics—with the exception of Uruguay—is the great plain, where Argentina is spread out almost at sea-level, making the construction of railways with scarcely a curve or an undulation a simple matter. All that was needed was great sums of money; which England readily furnished.

By 1920, the government had begun a railroad connecting the capital with central Patagonia. In many cases the railroad was laid deep into such a newly opened country before there were people in it, or even a bullock road had been built. A great deal of pioneering was done by rails in preference to oxcart! The object was to empty every known product of the land into the world market through the single portal of Buenos Aires. The objective was the Mercado Central de Frutos, the biggest wholesale produce and export marketplace in the world. The great metropolis of Buenos Aires had been built and its fortunes were acutely balanced and banked upon the steady unknown outpouring of goods, and the profits thereof.

On more than one of my visits to Buenos Aires, I resided in the twenty-two-story City Hotel. Under such a skyscraper roof, one would expect American service. But there was nothing North American about it. I could well fancy myself in a caravansary in Nice, or Munich, or Zurich. Indeed, it was more modern in many respects than most American hotels of its class, but somehow less efficient.

I took my breakfast always in the Bolívar Café, just beyond the hotel, built in the point of the triangle that jutted out into the Plaza de Mayo. It was like taking a memory bath in half a dozen of my favorite little European cafés that probably have been blown to bits. Through my window on Plaza de Mayo I could see the busy news man in blue denim, cap-à-pie, carrying his papers in a leather envelope. I could read the headline of the *English Standard and Herald*. "Crete Abandoned!" it said. The bootblack left his tiny footstool outside as a decoy for the next customer who would take

his breakfast *al fresco*. We all ordered the same: *Café con leche completo*. It consisted of two large rolls, two cubes of butter, jam, and a large cup of excellent coffee with hot milk; 35 centavos, or about 10 cents, with tip.

The plaza outside was aroar with traffic: stumpy little buses mainly—red, tan, blue, black, green—darting by from at least ten directions. In this single respect, of flocks of disreputable jitney-jalopies, B-A was singularly trailing even the small cities of the West Coast, and that is saying something awful. I have torn down the full-length of the grand Avenida de Mayo in one of them, careening and holding on for dear life in the midst of a six-lane mad traffic, paying two cents for a two-mile ride. Pedestrian and vehicular traffic is as heavy as in any other place in the world, and as confusing; vehicles seem bent on running down every jaywalker. The traffic policeman in his elevated dais is as mechanical as a window dummy. At regular intervals he faces "Go," then "Stop," frowning down traffic to a standstill, Italian style. Bulletin-board crowds overflowing into the street in front of *La Prensa* and *La Crítica*, seem to bear charmed lives by grace of their St. Christopher medals.

Eight and eleven in the morning, and seven and eleven in the evening, are the "coffee hours," although everyone abroad in town seems to be dashing in and out of the many coffee saloons throughout the day. It is the South American substitute for our soda-water fountain. With the exception of breakfast, coffee is served in tiny one-swallow cups, black, with plenty of sugar. Nearly every business man stops in his favorite café on his way to the office every morning for his first spot of coffee, as though he had been served no breakfast at home. He sips his coffee, takes a bite of roll and a headline from the morning paper, which is selected with great care according to one's language and politics. You can tell exactly what a man thinks in Buenos Aires, by the paper he reads.

The all-out social hour is celebrated in the cafés, beginning at seven. It corresponds to our cocktail hour, and is later because the customary dinner period is an hour or two later than ours—an old Spanish custom. At this time, and later at the popular snack-hour of eleven P.M., a man is known by the café company he keeps. Cafés are classified according to groups: Nazis and German sympathizers;

Italians, pro or con Fascist in sympathies; Anglophiles or English; Americans or anti-Americans. Every shade of public or political opinion has its representative cafés. In the larger cafés and also in most of the restaurants, there is a "family entrance" to a section reserved for ladies unaccompanied and families. Here only may lone women eat or drink; and lone men—all of whom seem to be in the habit of annoying lone women—are frowned upon.

From the exterior and on the interior, it is all so nostalgically European. From the outside, you cannot say of just what Continental thoroughfare you are reminded. Is it Veneto Vittorio, Rome? Or The Ring, Vienna? Maybe it is Kurfürstendam, Berlin? Could it be the Boulevard de la Paix, Paris? And this gay, chattering clientele lingering over apéritifs, croissons, coffee? Wherever you look down the Avenida de Mayo, the sidewalk cafés are spread out to the curb; insouciant, long-aproned waiters stand in the purlieus. At least, there is nothing like it elsewhere in the western hemisphere. It is altogether a foreign city, as far as we Americans are concerned. The overtones and undertones, the smells, the street cries and newsboys, are all in a different key, another genre.

In some respects, whole chunks of metropolitan Italy, France and Germany have been imported, always to be modulated according to the B-A pattern.

There is something in the air that makes me think of B-A as an Italian city. Yet at the mere sight of Harrod's great department store, about as large as the parent shop in London, with its typical English restaurant, together with other great English shops on the London pattern, take me back to New Oxford Street; with all the men smartly custom-tailored in latest Bond Street styles and patterns—then I am convinced that Britain has a predominant hand in shaping the cut of Buenos Aires. Once again I turn and gaze down the Avenida de Mayo, recently improved at a cost of \$10,000,000; or one of the two diagonals that have been cut obliquely through the heart of the priceless city real estate; copying the star-shaped pattern of Napoleon's Paris, with always an obelisk or a great monument in the perspective, and I pronounce it Paris! It is hard to think of these grand avenues today, brilliant with electrics throughout the night, as being once mean streets in Spanish times, lit only by smoky

lamps burning mare's grease produced from the excess wild horses of the Pampa. The one paved street of those early days was Florida, the now fashionable shopping district that is a second Rue Royale, that used to lead to the Bull Ring. Again, there are islands of German influence with Bavarian *Bier Lokals*, not varying a hair from those in Munich, and just as Nazi.

Yes, Buenos Aires is the most cosmopolitan city in the world; yet strangely not for one moment does it cease to be Buenos Aires.

Buenos Aires is a gay city. They carry their gayety like everything else, with an air of ostentation and sophistication. You can discern it even in the municipal subway. The B-A “underground” might be copied with credit by New York, London and Paris. The stations are not grimy and damp cellars. One could eat off the floor, while the walls are picture galleries with the history of the nation depicted by foremost artists, in colored tiles. The brightly lighted roomy trains move in and out without noise. It is only a small item on their cultural side.

The spirit of Old Spain stalks through all their gayety: the Grand Gesture. Their gayety and amusements, like their dress, are strictly formal. Even their sports are social institutions, faultlessly carrying through the impression that Buenos Aires is as rich as Croesus: mammoth banks, palatial residences, jeweled shops and jeweled women and a general air of opulence, above a certain stratum. It is dazzlingly reflected at the races, the theater, the opera.

All nations have a way of calling one another filthy-lucre names. England calls France parsimonious and franc-squeezing; France has always called England a nation of “shopkeepers.” We hear a great deal abroad—including in Argentina—about the dollar-crazed Yankee. Well, above the hum of every conversation on any conceivable subject one hears the periodic clink of the “peso—peso—peso.” All international relations, with European buyers and American creditors, are acutely weighed in the balance of pesos.

Just taxi out to Palermo Park—one of the hundred such garden areas—past the magnificent villas and mansions with gold-laced flunkies about the portals or grilled gates, if you want to get an

eyeful of Argentine wealth. Everything and everybody is so well-groomed that there is no impression of vulgarity. Even though their background is "trade," their Europeanized culture has equipped them to carry on as though they were to the manor born.

At least one breech in the walls of Spain has been accomplished by the more humane, sporting British in displacing the bull fight, and possibly cock-fighting, with polo and horse-racing. As a result the Jockey Club has become an institution of wealth. It is so managed that nearly every visiting American is led to climb the onyx staircase in the resplendent Jockey Club house in town and is "shown" the race-course at Palermo. Neither has the slightest resemblance to an American club or race-course. The whole show is European with a gilt edge.

Again, it is an obligation de rigueur to attend opera at the Teatro Colon on the part of every Buenos Airean once in his life, of every foreigner at least once and of every member of society who can afford to own a thousand-dollar box. It is the biggest, finest and costliest operahouse in this hemisphere, seating 3,650 auditors. Buenos Aires would tell you frankly that she has no desire to compete with the United States in such cultural enterprises—for obvious reasons—but only to emulate the best that Europe offers. Hence we see an ornate combination of the elaborate Opéra of Paris and the Opernhaus of Vienna. The Comedia Teatro Cervantes carries on the drama in another palace built in Spanish Renaissance style. Several of the expensive boxes are partially covered with black curtains, for the use of families in mourning, where the craped women peer out as though they were still behind a Hispano-Moresco grille.

It is a tradition that the Argentinians are the chief meat eaters of the world. Be that so or not, they have choice reason in the finest beef that I have ever set teeth in. According to a quaint table before me showing the world's meat eaters, the people of Buenos Aires win the blue ribbon by an annual consumption per person of 274 pounds of meat per annum!

Restaurants begin the evening meal late. While French cuisine predominates, there are typical Italian, German and English restaurants all over the city. The European taste is garnished with choice

wines from Portugal, Spain, France, Germany and Chile. Vin del País from the slopes of the Argentine Andes is popular.

Then there is "La Cabaña," of course. There are one or more inns like it in every capital in the world, including New York, Chicago and San Francisco—except for one particular: *la pièce de résistance!* Baby beef!

You take a taxi, or one of the mad little buses, around half-past nine. You dash madly down the Avenida de Mayo, passing the Congress Hall (a replica of the Capitol in Washington), also the Casa Rosada, or "Pink House," the Executive Mansion. Eventually you reach the end of all the civic grandeur and turn left into the dingy Entre Rios district. This is the Latin Quarter, or Greenwich Village, of B-A. Hereabouts are many bizarre eating-places, run by Italians for the most part. You identify "La Cabaña" by two white shorthorn stuffed heifers, on either side of the doorway. The coat hawk grabs your wraps. You find yourself passing three elevated booths, where red-faced men sit like judges on the bench and check off the "orders" that are served across the way where a hundred filets are rotating before hardwood fires. You proceed through this anteroom of viands into a vast interior where a couple of hundred diners are seated; eating, drinking, laughing, singing, scores of them in cozy corners. The walls are stacked and lined from floor to ceiling with "empties" of rare vintage wines and other reminders of gourmet revelry. You order your cocktails. Eventually, your order arrives: a filet of baby beef, three inches thick, still sizzling on its individual brazier with live coals within. Vegetable accompaniments are served separately. You are given a glimpse of your wine with the "vintage" date on the label. Dinner for one, complete: \$1.25. If this be the "bad beef" which we refuse to take from Argentina, then let me always be contaminated by the Argentina variety!

There was a time when I, too, thought of Buenos Aires as an exotic world, sparkling with black-eyed señoritas wearing high combs and lace mantillas, with always the sound of a guitar strumming in the background, with much passing around of the aromatic tea, mate.

To some degree I saw all these things, possibly in Mexico—but not in Argentina.

All this does not mean that the vivid life and romantic color of Spanish America has been reduced to European uniformity. Pretty women in Buenos Aires excel per capita any other place in the world! Like the good-looking men, they keep themselves looking smart.

The home life of most Spanish-Americans is still partially secluded in the patio. But the walls of Spain are breaking down, particularly in the great cities. Buenos Aires is no exception. Mothers still have a free hand in bringing up their children. Parents still choose their children's mates in marriage. There comes a time when the double-standard manifests itself. The boy on reaching the age of puberty flies to freedom. To only a lesser degree does the woman ever escape from the domestic cage. If she does, she had better watch out—in Argentina. The woman in the home is inviolate, beyond reproach and attack. The lone woman above the lower class on the streets becomes legitimate prey to the masher, whose name is legion in B-A. The lone woman at night is supposed by all the conventions to be out "hunting" too.

"But where are the Ladies of the Evening?" American visitors ask. I can't say that I ever saw one "cruising." I, too, was curious, because I had heard the tales of Buenos Aires having been the white slave capital of the world. Indeed, there seemed to be little or none of that sort of wild-women night life. I was told that the police themselves took a hand when the city's reputation was assailed and broke up the "market," and even cleaned up the infamous Boca District, and cleared the girls off the streets. The "floaters" are said to gather now in the waterfront cafés.

Now Buenos Aires has settled down to the familiar Spanish-American segregated districts of prostitution. Statisticians say that it has the largest districts in the world. They are widely separated and operate under three grades, according to the class and pocket-book of the patrons.

Prostitution is of such formidable proportions all through South America that it has become an integral part of their economy, and is accepted as an essential function in their social system. Americans

refer to it as, "That awful Spanish-American vice!" They retort, "No worse than the terrible Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy!"

All said and done, what does Buenos Aires-Argentina think?

Well, in the first place, she thinks very highly of herself.

Don't we all, rightly so, but in a manner that always irritates all other nations. How England's high and mighty opinion of her own importance gets our goat! Not to mention how the world-girdling exuberantly-boasting Yankee exasperates the rest of the world! By the same token, Argentina in her Spanish-American Grand Gesture manner of superiority, is just too much at times.

In the second place, Argentina thinks she is not only as good as the United States, but better! Finally, she hopes she will some day become nearly as good as a cultured European nation, like France, her ideal.

Jules Romains, on a visit to Argentina, said he felt almost as though he were in France. He liked the "reigning good taste and restrained elegance of manner." He was impressed by the middle-class interest in cultural and intellectual subjects. Much of their sophistication is no doubt due to new ideas and improvements constantly flowing in through the swollen currents of immigration.

Altogether, Buenos Aires is the most modern and sophisticated city in South America, which elevates Argentina head and shoulders above them all. The Paris of the New World! The basis for this phenomenon lies largely in the entire nation being 99 percent pure white, the strain untainted and unweighted down by black or brown bloods exerting their crude urge and influence. She has almost entirely escaped that native tinge of color and "culture" that is so prominent to a more or less degree in all the other Spanish-American countries. Thus Argentina has been able to remain almost wholly un-South-American. In contrast to Argentina's advanced sophistication, the others seem ingenuous. The Argentinians know and show this, and all her neighbors know it, too, and resent it.

These circumstances may contribute to their being the vainest people on the continent; and they clothe themselves smartly, render-

ing them the best-dressed people as well. A large number of them just bristle with self-importance.

Behind these Spanish walls, within the patio beneath the shadow of the Cloister, under all these layers of European culture, inured by stern vicissitudes of Spanish-American evolution, subdued by the constant pressure of an almost overwhelming foreign immigration, occasionally breaking through and substituting their own ways of life—thence emerges the complex but positive composition of our Argentinian!

Get Buenos Aires, and you will get the approximate slant of all of Argentina's reactions, today *and tomorrow*.

We are a nation of benevolent missionaries, always ready to pitch in and reform the world—whole or in part—to "our way of life." Remember Henry Ford's Peace Ship, that sailed Over There loaded with Modern Missionaries to stop World War I? That was us—you and me. You can't stop us from doing it, because we are built that way.

The impulse is irresistible, the motive is an honest one, and the object is sheer nonprofit-making evangelism. There is only one thing wrong with it: nobody or no nation on earth wants their way of life changed, no matter how imperfect, erroneous or inefficient we may assume it to be. You can't make a Spaniard out of an American, any more than you could reverse the process! Let us try to put ourselves in the place of the Buenos Aires-Argentinian. The very thought makes us wax a bit intolerant. If we know that we could never be his kind, we should also conclude that he never can be our kind. Then shut up. Don't let him know that we don't take any stock in all his Gentleman Jim cultural folderol!

Our way of life is out.

But, we can sell him the things that make our way of life pleasant, glowing and full-bodied, to benefit him by applying them to *his* way of life!

Book Two
FOREGROUND

CHAPTER VI

“UNITED STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA”

All ten South American republics not only are riveted to the continent, but also are tied to one another. None can get loose from this binding or bond, not even Europeanized Argentina. When you speak in general terms of Spanish America, its culture, the Church, the Indian and even the Afro influence, sooner or later you bring them all into the picture. As I have said before—and shall probably say again—you cannot discuss any single country intelligently without reference to its background, and you cannot mention background without inclusion of their common heritage and history. It may be invisible in some cases, nevertheless they are intrinsically and inevitably interwoven in the fabric. Of such penetration and depth is the Iberian strain!

South America is the most homogeneous continent on the globe. The only continent that is entirely dominated (with the exception of a handful of French, Dutch and English occupants of the Guianas) by one race, Iberians. They are far from being one united people, however, although their mentality is welded in a single Spanish (to a lesser degree Portuguese) psychosis, subconsciously inheriting and sharing all the Spanish grudges and gallstones. Because they are all bunched together on one continent, speak the same language and hold psychologically to Iberian tradition, does not mean that they are welded together with the same aims, ambitions, purposes, goodwill and even ideals, into one big amicable family. Never were Germans and French at greater odds with each other

than many of these South American nations with one another. Paraguay with Bolivia, Peru with Ecuador, Brazil with Argentina. In this respect, we might call them "the Balkans of the Western Hemisphere." This brings us back with a round turn to a reconsideration of the inescapable fact that South America is no more a single country than North America. Rather, the ten republics there are as different as the inhabitants of Scotland and Nova Scotia. Only the name and strain remain the same. In the case of South America, we find ten jealously belligerent nations.

In a single midnight adventure, I personally experienced a clarified reflection and refraction of the entire range of South American potentialities and dilemmas which the whole hemisphere must squarely face, ponder over, weigh and deal with, from time to time. Herein were outlined a succinct statement and review of the complex Pan-American problem and question. Throughout the experience, there flashed facets common among the people of all ten Spanish-American countries, that seem so bizarre and are actually foreign to the mentality and lack-imagination of the more practical and matter-of-fact Yanqui.

For a time during 1941 I was living as a paying guest in the home of an indigent widow of an architect, in Miraflores, the lovely suburb of Lima, Peru. One evening, at about eleven, the telephone rang and José, the Indian house servant, knocked and said the call was for me. The caller had refused to give his name. A voice on the wire told me that a car would call for me within the hour and wait just beyond in the shade of the pepper tree. I was to get in the car, and ask no questions, please!

I recalled how for weeks I had tried to obtain an interview with Sr. Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, Chief (Caudillo) of the Aprista Party. As a plotter, a powerful leader, and because of his divergent political views, he was a fugitive, not so much from justice as from the Presidente, with a price on his head. The police knew his whereabouts, but were afraid to take him in custody because of the rumpus, possibly a revolution, it might stir up. Many of them, I was told, were themselves Apristas.

I felt like a full-fledged medieval conspirator as I stood on the Spanish balcony looking down into the dim Valentian-tiled patio. Snatches of song, voices, strumming of a guitar—all were timelessly Spanish. Finally, through the grilled gate I saw the car draw up and pause. I hurried down. The car door opened and I was swallowed up between two dark figures; well-armed, I later had good reason to believe. I expected to be blindfolded, but wasn't. We drove in silence for a half-hour, before we paused before a garden wall with a heavily barred iron gate. It opened and I walked up a path to a gloomy house shrouded in darkness. The front door opened and we walked through a patio, turning sharply into a large room lit by a Spanish candelabrum on a tiled table. A chair was indicated and I sat down beneath the light where my every movement and change of expression were sharply etched on the surrounding darkness.

The only sound was the drone of the printing-press in the cellar turning out thousands of copies of *La Tribuna*, the underground organ of the movement, circulated through a "grapevine" of correspondents, the tendrils of which entwined cells, not only all over Peru, but also throughout all the republics of Latin-America. The official name of the movement was APRA (Asociación Pro Revolucionario Americano). The title is a Grand Gesture bark that is worse than its bite. Nevertheless, its implication is enormously significant.

Presently there was a springy step in the hall. All rose, including myself. Haya de la Torre stepped forward briskly and shook my hand. He was only about five feet eight inches tall, obviously softening and fattening under the clandestine cover of several years. His "United States of South America" plan was the subject of his talk of an hour or more, spoken in excellent Oxonian English, for he had studied political economy in both theory and practice in the universities and life in the United States, Russia, Mexico and England.

"I was legally elected President of Peru, with 30,000 votes," he told me with a shrug. "But my opponent threw me out with the aid of the army, claiming I was an 'internationalist' and a menace to the republic. I will tell you how. . . . I have the same ideas and ideals as Simón Bolívar, our great Liberator! He also planned to unite all our liberated people and the populations of Spanish America into

one grand Union. Only in such a federation can we muster strength to do what we wish without outside assistance or interference. For we are sufficient unto ourselves, could we only develop our enormous resources. By the leveling of all national borderlines and trade barriers, all our wealth would become common property. . . . Totalitarian Germany is dangerous in its Aryan superiority because we are a mixed people. . . . Here we are, the only free and independent continent on the globe, with a force not sufficient to fight a single first-class nation to uphold our Liberty! If we were one great country, with a commensurate army and navy, at least we would not be afraid to assert ourself. We *must* ask a great country, like the United States of North America, to protect us. Twenty Latin-American countries [note, that throughout, the United States is never included in APRA's Union] with twenty armies, twenty fleets, united, with raw materials sufficient to furnish armaments and war materials for the whole world, we could fight. . . .

"We have *sympáticos* with our ideas in every republic, organized into a Party which I founded in Mexico in 1934, when I was exiled from my native land. We have precisely the same idea as your great General George Washington, to make a federation of States composed of the same [Iberian] people, but, alas, we have not yet had the great statesmen or the decision to put it through. . . . After World War II, continents are going to take the place of countries. This modern problem alone will compel us to take refuge in some kind of a union. . . . We were glad when President Roosevelt announced his Good Neighbor policy. But we need something more than that. Some solution of the economic and other problems. You are a great industrial nation united, while we are a continent divided; made up of raw material-agricultural nations. Therefore the United States of North America must be radically and basically different, both economically and socially. . . .

"Furthermore, we should not be made to manifest an inferiority complex. If Democracy means equality of men, it should likewise mean equality of nations." (This statement antedates the precise duplicate made in the declaration of the Four Freedoms.) "Finally, the Panama Canal, the great inter-American highway. You ask us to help defend it, as though it were our common hemispheric prop-

erty. Then passageway should be free for all American countries. Instead, we must pay one dollar a unit. You pay thirty cents! That is not fair. For example, to reach our port of Iquitos, we must pass through the Canal, paying one dollar a ton, going and coming. Chile's exports of copper and nitrate are burdened with this dollar a ton. . . ."

Two days after my visit, I read in the newspaper that this hide-out had been raided the night before, the printing-press destroyed and two resisting Apristas killed—probably my companions of the motor ride.

In talking with South Americans in general and with Haya de la Torre in particular, I made a single deduction common to them all. When they spoke of Pan-America—as they did frequently and warmly—they did not mean it in the same sense that we do. They had in mind nothing more nor less than "Pan-Latin-America!" The United States does not appear in the picture.

To them Pan-Latin-America is the only true federation or union that can function. It would be made up of peoples with like minds and souls; a pattern into which the Nordic people of the United States—and Canada—do not fit. A family affair. For Latin-America—they all agree; the United States concurring—is quite another world. There is but one hemisphere, but there are two distinct Americas!

And yet, with the exception of members of APRA, there seemed little disposition to form such a tight and binding single-headed government as the "United States of South America," but rather a confederation, an alliance, a league, each nation retaining its sovereign rights and independence.

This type of thought and reasoning has been rekindled by the philosophies of the aggressive warring nations introducing a threat of continental domination through federation. "Europe for the Europeans!" (Under Nazi domination.) "Asia for the Asiatics!" (Under Japan.) Now we are stoutly reiterating the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine: "The Americas for the Americans!" "And what

does that mean?" ask the Latin-Americans, suspiciously. "Under the domination of the United States?"

With the Good Neighbor Policy infusing and confusing all our relationships with Latin-America, it becomes increasingly important that we know and understand what is meant by the terms, "Pan-America" and "Pan-Americanism." To most Americans, Pan-America is a Pollyanna term, connoting that the United States is interlocked in a happy union with the twenty Latin-American republics in a common oneness of everything. Danger lies in disillusionment. For example, when Argentina flatly refused to mirror our spit and image on the questions of War and Neutrality, we accused her of deliberately disrupting the d'Artagnan brotherhood. And Argentina retorted, in effect, that we have distorted the slogan of "One for all!" into "All for one!"

In just what are we all alike, or Pan-American? Politically? We are all democracies! This is debatable. Each country has its own peculiar problems and its own particular way of solving them that would amaze all the others. Economically? Can any economic standard ever be made applicable to all, save that they are all *off* the Gold Standard. Alike, we are all rich in buried gold; ours in vaults, theirs in the ground; both inactive. Culturally? We each have utterly different ideas of culture, and standards. Language? Not one-tenth of one percent of our combined two hundred and fifty million inhabitants speak Spanish *and* English. Business? "Good Lord, deliver us!" cry our experts of commerce.

Unwilling to investigate further, we conclude with, "Well, anyway, we're all Christians!" and let it go at that. But even on that point we are far from being unanimous. Pan-Catholic Latin-America is strongly opposed to any Union that is sure to be controlled by a Protestant United States.

Theoretically, it would seem that the APRA movement would become as workable as it is logical. Actually, its chances of unanimous

acceptability and ultimate success are as doubtful as the majority of Pan-American movements and schemes.

The reasons for this signal failure are evolutionary.

In the first instance, they stem from the temperamental individualism of the jealous Spaniard into which has often been infused the fierce tribal instincts of the natives. Second, it has been built layer by layer on the framework of Spanish-American socio-political economy, which has gradually and radically changed, over the span of four and a half centuries.

Originally, the set-up was simple. The King in his Divine Right was omnipotent. His Voice was heard through a spokesman, or Premier, sometimes more powerful than the King himself, and Vice-regal authorities with Royal powers, as in the case of the Spanish New World. His right arm were the King's Men, or the Army, that ruthlessly cut down any enemy at home or abroad. Conquered new lands were divided up among favored courtiers or conquistadors—liege lords with feudal powers of life and death. With a few exceptions, all other subjects were vassals or slaves. Above all these sat the Church—a fearful spiritual autocracy on earth, overruling them with all the powers of God in heaven. People did not count, so there were no politics in the modern sense, save in machinations in the Court for Royal favors.

Popular politics began to take form in Spanish America with the Liberation, in which a weak imitation of the Divine Right of the King was delegated to a republican State, with supreme authority vested in a President who ruled them with their consent. The people were made free by proclamation. Slavery and social inequality remained but little changed. The Church was no longer universally omnipotent, but still held sway with extraordinary powers and power.

As Haya de la Torre had told me, the glorious dream of Bolívar, the Liberator, had been to emulate the splendid achievement of Washington's United States of North America. Instead, history records a series of "civil" wars, followed by seemingly endless revolutions. Even the great patriotic generals who planned the battles and fought throughout the long, bloody wars of Liberation, turned their armies on one another, many of them betraying the great Cause to

shatter the continent and seize one of the many fragments for themselves. Bolívar spent his last years in exile from his native city, Caracas, and died almost abandoned, at Santa Marta, Colombia. The second greatest leader, San Martín, the Argentinian, spent his last days in exile, in Spain.

The decline of the absolute power of the crown offered excellent opportunities for courageous leaders to seize the reins of executive power. A new sequence of political presidential administrations arose, that have periodically continued. The Caudillo, or chieftain, with his clan, has become a power to reckon with, growing up in the purlieu of the white cities. These leaders, with their Grand Gesture, dash and courage, fit in perfectly with the spirit, temper and temperament of the Spanish-American. They belong in their own right to the breed of the "Little Generals." Out of their ranks have risen, by hook or by crook, and always by force of arms, some of the most extraordinary leader-presidents in Latin-America. Among Latin-American Caudillos were the Mexicans, Villa and Zapata of ill-repute, and a half-score other "Little Generals" who made themselves President by force. General Cedillo, who unsuccessfully opposed the presidency of Cardenas, was called "the last of the Mexican Caudillos." Their ilk will disappear only with their wild frontiers, just as a similar brand of outlaws did in our own Wild West!

Gomez, in Venezuela, was an outstanding example of the half-breed chieftain, as barbarous and as cruel as his forebears on either side, but nevertheless one of the ablest military strategists and statesman economists that Spanish America has produced. General Trujillo, a Mestizo, who made himself dictator-presidente of the Dominican Republic and thereafter reconstructed his tiny island republic following the earthquake, at one time quarreling with the Italian government and defying Mussolini in his prime, stands out as one of the most efficient executives this hemisphere has ever seen! We could go on for pages mentioning the names and feats of these upstarts that made political history for Latin-America. The roster would seem imperfect without the mention of General Getulio Vargas. General Vargas, like his forebears, was a fearless Gaucho; a product of the wild Pampa of Brazil. He, too, not only brandished,

but also wielded, a revolution, clinched the presidency and then abrogated the Constitution and made himself Dictator. Counting all the progress he has brought to Brazil through his executive domination, acts and promulgations, Getulio Vargas has proved himself to be not only the most shrewd ruler that Portuguese Brazil has ever had, but also one of the wisest men in all Ibero-American history.

This continuous revolutionizing, seizing of power by violence and becoming Chief Executive without the peaceful vote of the majority of the governed, on the part of republics supposed to be modeled on that of the United States, seems to the citizens of this North American republic a very sorry state of political affairs! It is so absurd that we write comic operas and movie comedies about it. In it all we find another stumbling-block to Pan-American solidarity. Once again, our missionary spirit itches to go down there and clean up their politics and impose upon them *our* political way of life. Fortunately, our sense of humor is greater than theirs and we write comic operas, like *Pd Rather Be Right* and *Of Thee I Sing*, about our own political absurdities.

The point is that South American politics are custom-tailored to fit the Latin-American subject and scene, just as ours are made to fit us. They merely have counterparts for our political gangsters, beer barons and ward heelers. Much of what they do fits in with the temper, temperament and tradition of the Spanish-American populace. Intrigue is a fundamental part of the Spanish-American political set-up, and not unjustly so. The whole system of governmental power is built up on individualism. The fellow with the greatest power, not votes, is the man who gets the job. Force, plus bravado, is the thing that counts and wins popular choice—or compels it.

A President, by whatever means he attains his office, is always being plotted against. A portion of all of his Executive experience and time is given over to thwarting his political "enemies." There is always a covey of Caudillos or "Little Generals" in the offing, waiting for "something to happen." This is no archaic procedure. It is going on all over Latin-America today. Read your daily paper. "Quito, Ecuador. Another revolution nipped in the bud this morning," says

my morning *Times*. Half a dozen similar announcements have appeared since headlines announced: "President Castillo, of Argentina, Flees to Safety Aboard Warship. General Pedro Ramírez Takes Over. Army Overawes Populace." Indian Ecuador, White Argentine; both are Spanish-American in their politics.

Sequence of political power: Plot, intrigue, uprising, force, violence, revolution, overthrow, flight or execution; "Viva el Presidente Nuovo!"

Time is right and ripe for a change in government.

Political means are shaped to fit the desired end, even in diplomacy. Occasionally, the Catholic device of Mental Reservation is resorted to. This is most important for American and Pan-American negotiators to bear in mind. Take the case of Admiral Vaughn (English name again) of the Argentine Navy, about whose negotiations I was informed by a person of authority. The word of Vaughn was taken by our Shipping Board as Gospel and he was treated like one of the Apostles, in his official capacity. There were dinners, speeches, felicitations, National Anthems. One of our big problems of shipping was in the bag! Hooray! A few weeks after Vaughn had left for home, our Ambassador in the Argentine coded the State Department to the effect: "Hope you didn't take Vaughn too seriously. All his negotiations canned by the Home Office."

We had taken Vaughn only at his face value, without taking into account predominant Individualism plus the Grand Gesture complex. In this respect, Spaniards are like Spanish actors. Nobody on or off stage pays more than cursory attention to cast or audience. Each is consumed by his own self-importance and carries on a little solo drama of his own. It is frequently the same with the diplomats. They are so polite and do not like to offend or disappoint and often say "Yes," when they mean "No."

Extending these examples, in the South American way, it is not impossible to conceive of certified promises, guaranteed negotiations and secured loans, involving diplomatic relations, rich resources and vast sums of money, being repudiated by Home governments, by the simple device of changing administrations, wiping the previous "government" off the slate, as though it had been, ipse dixit, a fraud

and impostor, and itself were, ipso facto, the absolute authority, Amen.

Many of the debts and obligations of pre-War I were liquidated by such political maneuvers. We have a word for that sort of thing, that they should be compelled to memorize, politics or no politics.

To be sure, we are all "Americans"—in quotations. This makes about as little sense as saying that we are all human beings. It becomes a service in the direction of better inter-understanding to debunk any slogan that makes it appear as though we were all one people. Haya de la Torre's APRA movement was caught in the spider-web of this same fallacy concerning a possible "United States of South America." The ten republics composing South Ibero-America are scarcely less disunited than Europe, though less closely related.

I remember one morning at breakfast in the Crillon Hotel, Santiago, Chile, the waiter serving me proudly announced that he was a *Peruano*. He began to discourse on the superior virtues of his native Peru. The other waiters standing round listening became so convulsed with ridicule that they had to go back to the kitchen.

A Briton told me that the Chileans decidedly "looked down their noses at the Yanquis." I had once had the impression that it was only the Argentinians, but gradually learned that all ten nationals did, on cultural and ancestry grounds. Only the proud llamas looked down their noses at the Britons, I was told.

Each nation has a very positive or a very negative, superiority or inferiority complex, in relation to every other nation on the continent. Argentina stands at the top, bristling with arrogance, leaving no doubt that she is head and shoulders above them all, in brains, sophistication, civilization and progress. Most of the others resent her rubbing it in, but acknowledge that it seems to be true. Chile is most displeased, contending that she, too, is a White Country and shares all the virtues of Temperate Zone intelligentsia, and is in many respects superior to Argentina, particularly in natural resources. Peru simply calls attention to the phrase, "The real Peruvians," referring back to her Viceregal status as the original domicile of Roy-

alty in the Americas. They all bow to this claim. Indian Bolivia and Ecuador stand apart on their tin and agricultural records. Colombia nurses the idea that she will some day be the Coming Nation with her great untapped wealth. Venezuela swaggers neck-deep in oil; money-rich, without debts, yet somehow poverty-stricken. Paraguay is the fightin'est of them all, ever ready to battle for first place. Uruguay, the pigmy, struts along cockily beside Argentina, with really more "firsts" to her credit than any of them. Brazil is the largest, the most populous and the richest, but is also not Spanish and is "black," and must suffer all the implications thereof. But Uncle Getulio Vargas takes care of them, personally, the Top of the Heap.

It would take a public accountant to add up or to subtract all the reasons advanced by South Americans why each should be considered Number One. West Coast rivalry and championship was settled once and for all time, it would seem, in 1881. Chile saw Bolivia as second in size of continental territory and resources. So Chile picked a quarrel on the familiar "Border Dispute" pretext, started the War of the Pacific and won it. She took over the coastal city of Antofagasta, the rich nitrate fields and a few million additional square miles of territory, and pushed Bolivia back a couple of hundred miles from the sea into Andean oblivion to manage as best she could with her tin deposits. For a decade, this coupe made Chile the cock of the continental walk. Then Argentina soared above them all on her chilled-beef economy. She maintains her elevation with a sort of "Aryan Race Superiority" technique, that excludes blacks and Asiatics, but has a "melting-pot" side that makes it less pernicious than the Nazi brand.

The last time I passed through the Andean highlands of Ecuador, citizens were training for war in the "Hayfoot! Strawfoot!" style of Green Mountain Boys of 1776, to fight the Peruvians in a second war over the same border dispute.

The greatest border dispute of all is yet to come, when five of the countries bordering on Brazil—Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, Ecuador and Peru—begin to lay substantial claim to that vast unexplored mythical area known as the Oriente, which they fancy is their borderline between them and Brazil. Already they are all quarreling over it without really knowing what they are fighting about. Ulti-

mately, Brazil is ready to battle all of them rather than allow any of their claims.

The Pan-American dream cannot be realized until this South American disease of border disputes be eradicated. It has kept them in periodic or continuous ferment and far apart. Indeed, it has been the greatest single impediment toward anything like unity.

I discovered for myself one of the greatest obstacles to a union of Pan-America, during my flight via air from Santiago, Chile, to Buenos Aires, Argentina. In the Andean Cordillera I found the most formidable barrier to Pan-Americanism. It always has and will continue effectually to divide West from East. It is their Wall of China, only a thousand times more difficult to scale. On top of this wall, the countries themselves have piled tariffs and political barriers. Mutual distrust growing into hatred for other "peoples who live behind walls" has grown up. In consequence, the inhabitants of Argentina know as little and care less, about their next-door neighbors, the Chileans and the Bolivians, their own Spanish people, than they do about the far-off foreign Czechoslovakians with whom they carry on a lively trade. Very intelligent Chileño—Señor Pinochet, head of the passenger department of the Transandean Railway—confessed to me that he knew next to nothing about Ecuador or Colombia, just over the mountains, and did not seem to want to know more. Less informed citizens with whom I talked scarcely knew that these countries existed. (I seem to recall that a similar ignorance on the part of Americans obtained a couple of decades ago, in relation to Neighbor Mexico!) I know, too, that all Chileans who have peered down from their own chill and rocky heights are envious of Argentina's vast fertile, stoneless plains.

The Andes have isolated West Coast countries into an assortment of national bottle-necks, as effectually separated as though they were thousands of miles apart. It was this circumstance that made Haya de la Torre sorrowfully refer to them as political entities, or "islands." Several of the West Coast nations in the Andes are further partitioned ethnically into three layers of people: high and middle mountaineers and people of the plains, often quite ununderstandable to

one another. The same contretemps holds in the tropical states, where the people of the jungle are a race apart. All this is not due alone to divergencies of elevation and vegetation, but more directly to another basic hindrant to the extension of the Pan-American principle—the woeful lack of communications and transport. I remember in both Venezuela and Brazil, I penetrated into regions, some of which had never been explored, where we found aborigines and even Africans, sealed up in the jungle, as primitive in customs and speech as any to be found in the heart of Africa.

It does seem a difficult hurdle, on the part of America, attempting overnight to become intimates and chummy neighbors with another distant continent full of South Americans who themselves are still far from knowing one another intimately. In many cases they have not even a working or a speaking acquaintance among their own fellow-countrymen!

In contrast, Argentina has an edge on all Pan-America, in that her communications and transport are perfect, not only within her borders, but also in fluid contact with the whole outside world. With the major part of the country a level plain, its enormous production flowing like a mighty river into one great capital city favorably situated on the oceanic highroad of the globe, it is at once the most centralized country on earth and the one best suited to limitless export.

CHAPTER VII

CONQUISTADORES—PIZARRO TO ROOSEVELT

Argentina was the first Spanish community in the New World to feel the cruel imprint of the iron heel of the conquistador in the relentless course of exploitation. Not only was her export economy restricted to meet its selfish ends, but also her Rio de la Plata was expropriated and made a highway to ferry the gold and silver booty from Peru and Bolivia on the way to Spain, to the exclusion of her own legitimate produce of the soil. Thus Mother Spain herself had already set the example of pillaging South America—that has never

paused altogether for a day since—making the continent a prey to both foreign and domestic greed.

Exploitation is but another word for “killing the goose that laid the golden egg.” It has been a lingering death, extending over a period of nearly five centuries. Until now, at the dawn of World Peace, following World War II, we find this Spanish-American continental bird showing healthy signs not only of life, but of resuscitation, with a fair chance of being restored at least to a semblance of its pristine potentiality and promise.

By a fateful stroke of perversity, the careers of the Two American Worlds, which we shall call Latin-American and Anglo-America, took almost diametrically opposite courses in their progress, following a given period in their history. Anglo-America, with particular reference to what eventually became the United States of America, took a decidedly upward turn and sustained its momentum; while Latin-America began its career and pursued it for some time in the same direction, and then slumped.

It will be argued that Spanish America's course was inevitably determined by that of Mother Spain, to whose apron-string the colonies were so tightly tied. In some measure, this was true, but not entirely. The disintegrating effects of exploitation unceasingly gnawed at the roots of the sprouting colonial seedlings as well as at those of the liberated saplings, and fatefully retarded any flourishing growth of that same degree that had been manifested in the North American colonies and later the States.

The motivating difference between practically all the people who came to the two continents was radically opposite and opposed to each other. From Pizarro to Roosevelt, Iberian colonial and the non-Iberian foreigner—immigrants, emissaries and traveling salesmen—coming to South America, all seemed to have a single aim and idea: “Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!” in the words of modern slang. To the contrary, the essential thought and lifelong action and activity of every North American conquistador and immigrant has been: “Give! Give! Give!” South America has always been like a very meaty bone, on which many nations have gnawed and gnawed. But has any one of them ever tried to put any flesh on the bone? How many nations have gone into South America, constructively

unselfish, ready to "Give! Give! Give!" Who is going to go in and help revitalize the continent, generously, for the continent's sake? Great Britain? Spain? Germany of the future? The United States?

The building of the Panama Canal was no greater feat than that first crossing of the Isthmus swamp and jungle by Balboa and his handful of heroic conquistadores! Nor were the wars of the Liberation, or even the worst battles of the World War any greater accomplishments than the conquests of Mexico and Peru. These conquistadores penetrated and encompassed successfully untrammelled fever-ridden jungle and No Man's Land—such as the vast unexplored Oriente of Brazil and contiguous countries, that make the South America of today more of an unexplored "Dark Continent" than Africa. Those conquistadores sometimes spent agonized years crashing through and conquering what for four hundred years since have been called "inaccessible" regions; weighted down with battle armor, with no fever serums or wheeled vehicles, or means of communication with the civilized world, like those of our modern-equipped explorers. Where today, mere man with all his mechanism of communication and machines of transportation so often fails, the Spanish conquistador with his extraordinary gift of stamina, was a notable and practical success. If he lived to tell the tale, he usually brought home the bacon—Gold! He had more guts but the same acquisitiveness, as we latter-day conquistadores, who often harshly criticize his avaricious cruelty. We have merely adjusted our methods to the times. For what interest have we in the feelings and other delicate susceptibilities of the South Americans—beyond gold, and its equivalents?

In looking over the backgrounds of the two Americas, we are bound to conclude that the roots did not stem from an identical idea. Our ancestors came to America seeking *freedom*, not gold. Here on this soil they found freedom, for which they later fought and died. Thus our United States was conceived in the crucible of freedom. Not new land, but a new life was gained. The element of greed and aggrandizement has always played a major role in Spanish America. It was the cause of a fatal disunion at the supreme moment

of Liberation from the Mother Country, which was the turning-point in their destiny. Instead of a grand union of all the fragmented provinces, they immediately began to fight among themselves to determine which would get the biggest pieces for greedy leaders—who started out with a common cause: to dominate. Bolívar alone seemed to have had and fought for the big idea of United New Spain. Haya de la Torre and his APRA came too late.

Both of us started from scratch, two European peoples, squatters on the two continents of this hemisphere. What have we got that they haven't got, that our two economic statuses should today be so different? Certainly, they had a head-start in so many things. They took over the whole continent as one Iberian people from the start. The Anglos had to drive out the French, the Dutch, and finally the Spanish, before they had conquered that part of the continent which their descendants hold today. The Iberians were favored by the element of a century of time, by superior culture, and by gold and endless resources of other treasure.

From the first, they were a single nation—with the exception of Brazil—and then they fell into the pit of division; which might have been our lot following an unsuccessful Civil War. Thus weakened at the start, they never assayed to go forth again wholly or severally on their own. They clung slavishly to the Mother Country and, though republics in form and name, they held fast to Old World patterns; to feudal ownership, to class system in which the "gentleman" lolled without labor; to the Church that gripped their mentality in a non-progressive medievalism. The New World of that day came and went on and left them behind. They took everything they could get out of their God-given bounty and gave little or nothing back. Like their forebear Spanish conquistadores, they were exploiters of the first rank!

Now, on the threshold of another New Era, following the Second World War, and of a Second New World, its members to be known and recognized by their achievements, we find the nations of South America poised anew, for a fresh start, to win world places of distinction to which they are entitled.

South America must be made to realize, however, that feudalism and medievalism are out. That the rules are no longer "each one

for himself," not even the united continent is on its own. A new status quo exists. The hope, the prosperity, the safety and the fate of one and all are tied up in the solidarity of the hemisphere! Whether they like it or not. Whether we like it or not. The United States of North America, and all the independent states of the remainder of the Americas must band together, plan together and work together, for common economic good.

Before it becomes possible to proceed on any logical or workable plan of hemispheric get-together, we must look the problem squarely in the eye and define the major hindrances to its success, then formulate a plan and take steps to try to eliminate them.

Having so frankly discussed the failings, the faults and the exploitations of the Spanish-Americans, it behooves us to examine both the doings and the misdeeds of the foreign exploiter.

One would naturally surmise that there would be more camaraderie between "Americans," North and South, than between South Americans and "conquistador" visitors and immigrants from Europe. It is part of the Great American Delusion—prevalent only among stay-at-home, newspaper satellites—that we are "all Americans alike." Nothing could be much farther from the truth. This fallacy is the basis—for home consumption at least—for the belief that our rapid-fire Good Neighbor policy as it stands has become an immediate success!

Its lack of immediate success is our own fault, due in a large measure to the fact that Latin-Americans are not as stupid as we would irritatingly assume them to be. Latin-Americans have the memory of an elephant for any injury done them, and even more vengefulness in paying off the debt with an added interest of venom. We are often deceived, by their innate Old World cultural politeness, into believing that "bygones are bygones"!

I remember being with a group of Americans in Europe, when we were joined by a courtly, dark-skinned gentleman, who said with a smile, "I am an American too."

"I beg your pardon!" said a Southern member of our party.

"I come from Curytiba," continued the dark stranger.

"Where is that?" one of us demanded.

"Brazil," he replied.

"Oh!" was all we said, but our looks down our noses spoke a mouthful. One of our party who did not snub the gentleman learned that he was a graduate of Salamanca, and of Notre Dame, U.S.A. He was too polite to show that he had been wounded. He would never forget it, though.

This case is neither the exception, nor the rule; nor is it uncommon.

In Buenos Aires, a German remarked to me, "It is a curious fact, don't you think, that this general antagonism against Yankees should have become most ingrained in a nation that is half made up of European immigrants?"

Before the war propaganda eventually made them unpopular, I found the German conquistador or casual visitor throughout the continent considered with greater favor than Americans. Widely speaking, only few Spanish-Americans could bring themselves actually to like us. "Neighbors," yes. But "good neighbors"? The intelligentsia plainly indicated they would have to think about that. And the more they thought of the idea, the less they thought of it.

Thousand-year-old-turf Britons look on and repeat, "I say! Trying to do overnight what it has taken us a century to do! Green grahss, you know."

And England has, to a well-earned point, succeeded. They have been so darned unimpulsively consistent. England's friendly commercial relations with most of the South American nations were instrumental in helping them win their freedom. Our bona fide friendship with the majority of them has yet to begin.

Rule Number One: Britain always attires and acts as a *European* gentleman would do; handles them with gloves and treats them with the greatest consideration. This sort of thing is always appreciated, even though not in accord with their diplomatic wishes. In this way England usually manages to get what she wants for herself—and for nobody else. It is against this suave England, past-master of diplomacy, friend of long-standing and always on the side of righteousness, that we shall have to contend in Argentina henceforth. Before World War II, the British were not backward in helping to point

Argentine diplomacy against us, and arouse fears of future American imperialism. During the war, England let us blunderingly pick our own chestnuts out of the fire as clumsily as we might choose. Entente cordiale between Argentina and the United States will not augur well for Britain, whose foremost Latin-American investment, affiliation and commercial ascendancy thus become imperiled. In nine cases out of ten, the British do this diplomatic job better than we do, for the simple reason that some of the biggest men and minds in the Empire are chosen to become diplomatic *career* men, in the conviction that it is all-important.

How important is South America, for example, in the future of our country's non-isolationist scheme? Are we going to continue to be served by little men in world affairs, though with big fortunes perhaps, amassed in packing pork, or in Wall Street, or in political manipulations; the appointment a sop for vote deliveries? I have seen and talked with a lot of these little fellows, not only in South America, but all over the world.

But, Norman Armour, our Ambassador to Argentina, is not one of the little fellows, thank heaven. He is top-notch, and a match for the best of them, if the State Department will play ball with him.

One of the outstanding "green grass" blunders of our Good Neighbor policy which I witnessed at close range, was the sending to Argentina, as a sort of plenipotentiary with the sanction of the White House, of young, handsome and debonnair Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., of Hollywood. Doug, Junior, as we all know, is an amiable young romantic actor. From acquaintanceship of many years' standing, I know him to be a person of more than average intelligence in a broad field.

Mr. Fairbanks's ministrations and good offices were especially aimed at the susceptibilities of two of the most intelligent front-rank nations on the continent, Uruguay and Argentina. I was in Montevideo, Uruguay, at the monster stadium, where he attracted and spoke to 40,000 enthusiastic "fans," the newspapers frankly called them. Uruguay took him for what he was and was grateful

for a Hollywood Holiday. Doug, Junior, spoke his lines in fluid, memorized, Spanish.

Argentina, however, took Doug, Junior, for what he was not.

Fairbanks was put up at the palatial Embassy like an Envoy Extraordinary. Mornings were devoted to Press conferences at which news representatives from all Latin-American countries asked Doug his opinion on all the Big Questions, and he told them the answers. The culmination was a grand reception to which all the foreign Diplomatic staffs were formally invited. It amounted to a Command Performance on the part of everybody who was anybody. Doug did his Hollywood best. He acted in warm-hearted consideration of his helpless hosts, the Argentinians.

I talked with Buenos Aires intelligentsia about the Fairbanks incident. They were irate. Some of them spoke of it as an "insult," and "Hollywood Diplomacy!" If the United States must send someone an envoy, why hadn't it been Herbert Hoover? Or Henry Ford? At close range, it did not seem as bad as all that. But as a page in history, it may appear like a sore finger.

Meanwhile, while Doug, Junior, was acting with such warm-hearted friendliness, Cold-as-Steel Under-Secretary Sumner Welles, from another pigeonhole of the Embassy, was treating them rough!

Nothing could have been more unpropitious than sending Argentinians an emissary from the ranks of the movies. The American cinema, next to wheat, corn and beef, is the subject of the bitterest competition. Were it not for the Hollywood brand of movies, the Argentine movies would have a clear and immensely lucrative field throughout Latin-America, with minor competition from Mexican and French sources. So, once again, we find Argentina and the United States at sword's-point on an export product in a field in which each could excel to the point of a Latin-American monopoly, were it not for the interference of the other.

The technique of the Argentine moving picture bears out all we have been saying concerning the European mentality of the Argentinians. It follows the French theatre pattern, or the *Comédie Française* formula. According to our school, it is thoroughly artificial

—which, by the way, is our general criticism of both French and Argentinian life. To them, Art is the thing—Art in conception, production and acting. A “story of life,” and the technique lies in making that fact artistically patent.

The American cinedramatic method is absolutely different. Footlights, camera, author, screen, are all blotted out, or rather they come to life. The proposition is, that what you see on the screen is life, real life, your life. The photoplay is successful only if the audience is compelled to live it; to be gangstered, to be raped, to be murdered, or vice versa, with the people in the play. Incidentally, there is no doubt left in the mind of the spectators that the depiction is not only real, but is the real America! *This is America!* The impressions and implications left in the mind of the audience become significant.

The suppressed women of South America brazenly strut their hour in Hollywood! Indians living dully amidst the ashes of a dream, momentarily become supernal beings. There are many instances wherein the grub makes pitiful efforts to become the butterfly! I remember seeing two pretty young Indian girls parading up and down the platform of a railroad station deep in the benighted interior of Ecuador. They wore sleazy silk dresses and high-heel slippers and flesh-colored stockings. Through the American movies they had discovered the way to wield the power of Sex. It had elevated them to a new position over the male in a cruel Man's World. It is only one example of North American movies recasting South American society in a new mold.

Our Consular and Diplomatic agents throughout South America will have to wake up to the enormous potentialities for good or evil, for benefits or harm, of the American movies. Something official must be done from Washington in controlling and censoring them, and, better still, in promoting certain types of them. During my round of the republics, I found only one Consular officer making a serious socio-scientific survey of the extent and effect of American movies throughout the country in which they were supposed to be looking after our interests.

It has been my experience, in traveling over the five continents of the globe, to find American movies moving the more provincial

and in some cases benighted spots, to a degree that was not always suspected. They may be numbered among the greatest social forces of modern times, in many instances more potent than the school or the Church. At no time in history were there ever such mighty conquistadores, with such widespread powers, for both good and evil. There is a very definite thing throughout the whole world—meaning darkest Africa no more than darkest United States—and that is, *movie culture*. Motion pictures have done more to educate the crass illiterates of the world than all but well-developed schools. It is the only system yet devised that teaches the adult ignoramus as well as the kindergarten and even gives ideas to the half-wit. Perhaps this is one reason why such a large number of Hollywood productions are geared down to the eight- and ten-year-olds and those who can read only with their eyes and understand only through picture *stories*. Their very potency in faintly touching the understanding while swaying the emotions, makes them dangerous.

"Your Hollywood movies are very instructive," an Argentinian told me maliciously. "They have taught us how to do two things well. How to kees, and how to keel."

The movies bring us back with a round turn to "our way of life," which they present with such convincing artistry that spectators know it to be the real thing.

British films, for example, are regarded as British ambassadors. They exhibit that same discretion, good taste and solicitude over their country's good name, as though they were on an official mission. Britons are shown to be nice in a European way and characters are never bad except in a rather nice way, like "Raffles," for instance, who was just old Robin Hood in modern clothes. Upper-class villainesses and gentlemen villains expiate their crimes in a way consistent with *Burke's Peerage*. Even German films are careful to preserve the Nordic caste and strain by laying any dastardly crime squarely on Semitic shoulders.

In a double-feature program offered in the new half-million-dollar Bogotá (Colombia) movie palace financed and leased by one of the big Hollywood combines, I saw the British *Sixty Glorious Years* (the life of Victoria Regina plumed with pæans of praise and triumph of the Empire). On the same bill was an American piece

called *Scarface*, a murderous gangster portrayed with a final touch of sympathy and nobility that brought a tear to the eye of a large part of the audience. I am sure if a vote had been taken a marked preference would have been recorded for *Scarface*.

There we have a national American foible of "washing our dirty linen in public," broadcast in the marketplace! Take but a single instance from among many, of a photoplay called *The Man Who Talked Too Much*, that I saw in Quito, Ecuador. While it ended in reformation and punishment of the individual characters, the play showed up our courts in a way that threatened to undermine our whole judicial system. The Judge was crooked, the District Attorney resorted to brutal Third Degree, and the Jury were a sorry lot!

But the movies, of which Hollywood dominates normally with as much as 90 percent, are responsible for another breach in the primary foundations upon which all Latin-American ways and culture were built and have been sustained. The movies are robbing Peter of his pence and paying it to Paul in Hollywood! The films are taking the place in the public imagination, the spiritual exaltation, the miracle play and carnival entertainment, as well as in the absorption of the scarce pennies, that the Church used to occupy.

In Potosí, Bolivia—one time the largest and the richest city in all the Americas!—I witnessed a photodrama called *Los Besos del Fuego* (Kisses of Fire), in the church building of the "Compañía," that still could boast of one of the loveliest and richest façades in the world. In a neighboring abandoned church, adorned with the tallest of double towers in chiseled stone, I saw *El Desafío* (The Unfaithful One—not for children!) These two one-time splendid temples of Christ had been abandoned and taken over by the movie people. It was the biggest crack in all Spanish-American culture, with at least a phase of United States civilization taking over.

We are guilty of other cinema imprudences that seriously disturb the course of our international relations. In many of the "Westerns," which are a perennial favorite throughout South America, I have seen in Ecuador and Bolivia, where perhaps half the spectators were themselves Indians, the incorrigible treachery, murderousness, thievery and bloodthirstiness of all Indians depicted. The maxim,

"only a good Indian is a dead Indian," was the *deus ex machina* of the melodrama! The Indians and other nationals remained stolid and silent. But not so, the Argentinians, when our movies trod on their toes—which they have done again and again. One Hollywood concoction called *Down Argentina Way* caused a riot when it was produced in Buenos Aires. The common people threw garbage at the screen wherever it was produced and at least one theatre was wrecked, after which the audience repaired to the gutter and sang the National Anthem. More intelligent persons demanded of the government that it be taken out of Argentina.

That particular film and several others of the same ilk were really guilty of nothing more serious than scenic misrepresentation and ethnical ignorance, a common Hollywood failing. The right people did the wrong things and wore the wrong clothes and appeared in the wrong places and were portrayed as being lazy and half-nigger! The same little indiscretions that stir up some of the biggest rows, especially in Argentina, that our diplomats and traveling salesmen ought to study likewise.

There are more encouraging and commendable phases of the motion picture in addition to their bringing a note of wonder and an hour of ecstasy into the lives of at least a million people, like the Indians living in a miserable state. For one thing, the films rank almost first among imports from the United States, and become a common source of income, well-distributed through urban, rural and even far interior localities.

I made it a point to visit motion-picture theatres in nearly every community, large and small, from one end of the continent to the other; from Barranquilla, Colombia, on the Caribbean, to Punta Arenas, Chile, on the Strait of Magellan, the most southerly town on the globe. Either in Ibagué, Colombia, atop the Andes, or in Manaus, Brazil, more than a thousand miles up the Amazon, the same condition prevailed: every performance crowded to the doors, an audience enthralled and enthusiastic over their Hollywood Holiday! Every capital city sports anywhere up to a dozen cinema palaces that cost nearly as much as the local cathedral, and is as ornate, but in a tawdry way. In attendance, the movie palace has the edge on the cathedral anywhere from ten to a hundred to one. Every local

newspaper is partially sustained by pages of Cine advertising. Millions of dollars are invested in cinema properties, and all are immensely profitable. Indeed, the mounting South American film market is said to have revived Hollywood's prosperity, following the European War loss.

And what city did I find the greatest patron of the Hollywood art? Buenos Aires. One great movie palace on Calle Florida holds the world film-footage record, of six hours' continuous performance without a change! Four features-plus, and, if my recollection is correct, all of them American.

Indeed, Hollywood holds the trump card in all Inter-American Affairs!

The motion picture, in the long run, is more effective than all the diplomats, all the naval bases, all the lend-lease operations, all the Good Neighbor policies, and all the Co-ordinators of Inter-American Affairs, because it is the only medium that has actually captivated all strata of the peoples and made them ready to forget the long-remembered injuries done them by the Colossus.

CHAPTER VIII

NEWS: MAN BITES DOG IN THE MANGER

The majority of the Pan-American Congresses and Conferences have sooner or later become kennels of snarling dogs in the manger, showing their political teeth.

The Congress came first and was an outgrowth of a common impulse to band together for the common welfare. At bottom it had some of the elements of the Bolívar plan so admirably demonstrated in the "E pluribus unum" of the North American States.

It is a long stormy history to the latest manifestation—put forward by the United States informally—under title of Good Neighbor Policy. Congresses and Conferences were often unsuccessful in their objectives due to the failure of some member to stand by the others,

in policy or principle. "Divided we fall," seemed to be their motto. More often than not, the United States was the weak sister.

Bolívar called a Congress at Panama, with no thought of inviting the United States to send delegates. Even when they were invited, the American delegates never arrived. Great Britain, however, sent an "unofficial observer" delegate! It took place in 1826 with only Central America, Colombia, Mexico and Peru represented. Argentina and Brazil were at war at the time over the formation of Uruguay into a separate state, which gave the Congress a black eye.

The "Congreso Americano," called the First American Congress, was held at Lima, Peru, December 1, 1847, to March, 1848. The failure of this Congress was due chiefly to the fact that the United States was engaged in a sanguinary war with one of its chief members, Mexico. The outcome resulted in the United States acquiring nearly half of what had been Mexican territory. The most solemn pledges of the Congress had been made against just such acts of "aggression" as this. The American Monroe Doctrine had been aimed at any such gobbling up of Latin-American territory—but only by an aggressive European power!

It was fear of domination by the United States, as well as by European nations, that alarmed Latin-Americans into a third assembly, which was called the Second American Congress, in 1864: U.S. Senator Douglas had given utterance to the famous "manifest destiny of our nation" statement. President Pierce had said something to the effect that "our attitude as a nation and our position on the globe render the acquisition of certain territory, not within our jurisdiction, eminently important for our protection." A South American—not an Argentinian—quoted to me in 1943 these very words, in referring to our demand for bases within the territory of certain South American republics, "eminently important for our protection." "After the war, you can say," is the way he put it, "Now we want this, now we want that!" You can say it with dynamite too, with your fortifications in our backyard and 100,000 idle war planes!"

Towards the end of the "Congress Year," 1864-65, four of the members burst out into a bitter five years' war—Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay against Paraguay, in which the latter's population de-

clined from 1,340,000 to 221,000, and progress went back about a hundred years.

The First Pan-American Congress was called by the United States and convened in the winter of 1889-90. The sessions seemed to have been taken up largely with bitter discussions and recriminations between the delegates of *Argentina and the United States*.

Over the Second Pan-American Congress, in 1902, like a crape hung the grievous shadow of ex-Mother Spain's ignominious defeat and ejection from the once-glorious New World and—most significant of all—the annexation of additional Spanish-American soil, Puerto Rico, by a member in good standing of the Congress!

The Third Pan-American Congress, called in 1906, had another unsugar-coated pill to swallow uncomplainingly. Three years previously, almost immediately following the Second Congress that had disbanded with renewed avowals of friendly co-operation, the United States had encouraged a revolt of the Colombian State of Panama and with its naval forces had prevented Colombian troops from putting down the rebellion. Three days after the revolution, the United States recognized the new Republic of Panama. Colombia thereby lost all her Isthmian territory, and adjured the Congress in vain for redress. President Theodore Roosevelt made no beans about it. "I took Panama," he boasted. "It was the only way at the time to get our Canal."

This international incident added two new phrases of opprobrium to be remembered, to the Latin-American dictionary of diplomacy: "The Big Stick" and "Dollar Diplomacy."

In 1915, President Woodrow Wilson made at the same time a damaging admission and a clarifying declaration: "The Monroe Doctrine was adopted without the consent of anyone concerned, except the United States. We did not ask whether it was agreeable to you that we should become your big brother. . . . Let us all agree that if any one of us, the United States included, violates the political independence or the territorial integrity of any of the others, all the others will jump on her."

Can you see "by the dawn's early light" any one or all the Latin-American republics "jumping on" the Colossus, and not getting the

licking of their lives, with imperialists among us demanding more territory?

The above Wilson pronunciamiento was made during the days when a war between Mexico and the United States seemed imminent!

This brings us abreast and athwart the series of "Neutrality" Conferences, more or less dominated by an Uncle Sam with his sleeves rolled up and fightin' mad. One by one—necessitating either economic pressure or largesses to bring them around—the whole of South America was lined up. All except Argentina. Ugly words were exchanged between the United States and Argentina that fired the press into long-winded discourtesies and whipped up public opinion versus Argentina into a dangerous mood. As early as 1940, reciprocal embargoes were declared. By 1943 boycott was proposed. Conferences became diplomatic brawls. Finally propaganda was turned on full-steam and all aims and ideals of Pan-American union were obscured in the clouds thereof.

It gives us pause to ask if we are slipping back to a militant medieval state of mind that decrees that any nation we can't get along with we shall go to war with?

Has that new-found twentieth-century boon and instrument of international peace, Arbitration, already become a lost art?

Thus far, Business conquest of South America—like attempts at Government conquest—has been anything but successful.

If you were to go into a thimble-sized shop in the high Andes of Venezuela—as I did not long ago—and find a strip of American zippers for sale, you would be hot on the trail of the American lack-wit and crying need of overwhelming success in the fertile field of Latin-American trade that could become ours for the asking, in the right way. Zippers in the Andes are no indication of "good business." Good business has its origin like a spreading oak, with the patient planting of a healthy little acorn earmarked by Nature and purpose to grow and grow, and at length to provide profitable foliage, shade and shelter for one's grandchildren. Ask the English.

Our Yankee traveling salesman who sold the simple Andean shop-

keeper zippers to rust on his shelves was "smart," but he wasn't clever. Selling a customer a bill of goods he doesn't want is only a "stunt"—that stunts. The Yankee trader has always prided himself on being something of a wit. Since the early days of the world-beating Clipper trade and his invention of the wooden nutmeg he has aimed to outsmart his customer. He came by his calling honestly from the tough old Arkansas Traveler days of touring medicine shows and local barter and swop. The horsetrading technique still holds good in some of the truly rural provinces of the Union. To continue indefinitely, however, to go after the billion-dollar South American trade, waiting on the horizon of the New World set-up, expecting those foreign nationals to understand, to switch over and to accept our Yankee notions and home-bred business procedure, would indicate that we hadn't outgrown our gangling pioneer stage. While we are not altogether as crude as all that, the point remains that in our foreign trade relations too often we are more "smart" than we are clever.

I remember steaming out of Barranquilla, Colombia, on a Mississippi steamboat that always got stuck during the dry season because it "drew" too much water for the Magdalena River. Our course lay through five hundred miles of more or less primeval jungle. We carried an assortment of the zippiest streamline combination coal-and-gas stoves I have ever seen. They had originally been consigned to Barranca, the modern American oil town. But well-to-do native consignees along the river had bought them. But the stoves were no darned good to them because there was neither coal nor gas in the jungle!

The smart American salesman told me he had "put over a double one," outflanking the dumb German salesman who had been selling them old-fashioned charcoal stoves for years.

"But why didn't your firm make a zippy streamlined charcoal stove for the interior South American trade?" I asked him.

"Because we would have to create new machines to make the new models," he protested.

As far as future sales on the Magdalena were concerned, the whole Yanqui fraternity was under suspicion—again.

Perhaps the German salesman can teach us something? First, he

learns the language. Then he makes a preliminary study and a comprehensive blue-print of *what the people want*. Then he offers the goods by catalogue—not in German, but in the language, the idiom and the manner, of the country.

Or, let us take that frontal assault I was told of, made some years ago against intrenched British competition in Argentina. It seems that those benighted Argentinians were still wearing those old-fashioned shirts that “pulled over your head, mussed your hair and ruffled your temper!” Why, these shirts, that the stupid English were still selling them, were as obsolete as your mother-in-law’s whalebone stays! The shirt people organized a battalion of slick salesmen, munitioned them with packing-cases of sure-fire coat-shirts, and sent them to Argentina to make a killing.

Of all things, Buenos Aireans, the fashion-plate sartorialists of the continent, if not of the world, being told “how to dress,” by a bunch of crude Yanquis! The Trojan cohort was sent flying back home again, like Little Bo-Peep’s sheep, with their coat-shirt tails drooping behind them!

We shall have to learn—particularly in Argentina—that the British stick strictly to their knitting while conducting business abroad. They do not attempt to mix it with “Wooster sauce,” or “our way of life.” To put it plainly, they mind their own business, “in the South American way.” When it comes to fashions in men’s dress, Latin-America—like Yankee America—is pre-sold British.

In Latin-America our salesman’s very proficiency counts against him. Those people have their own domestic brand or code of Business Procedure which the Yankee salesman must learn to honor, and like it. If we are going to continue to “bull” the South American market with our famous “American Sales Campaign” battering-ram, offering only the type of goods we insist they shall like, “or else,” from zippers to coat-shirts, we will lag in trade, just as soon as the other manufacturing nations get going again. Our back-slapping method of “How to win friends” at home, only serves to “influence people” adversely abroad. I have yet to find any South American trader who did not secretly or openly dislike our salesmen employing such typically Yanqui methods.

I met an oldtimer who had discovered the knack of selling Con-

necticut files to jungle natives with which to sharpen their Connecticut machetes. "These Latin-Americans buy what they want and pass by what they don't want," he told me. "That principle permeates every layer of trading, from jungle Indian to Argentine merchant. It is beneath the dignity of a good tradesman to try to sell you something you do not want and downright dishonest to pass off something that is no earthly use to you."

Alf Landon hit the nail on the head: "Nothing is clearer in our foreign policy than the fact that we have always proceeded on the wrong assumption that the world liked what we liked and wanted what we wanted. Such patronizing and paternalistic ways do not make us any too popular throughout the world."

Believe it or not, we have been woefully behind the times, in our South American small business dealings; still trying the old wooden nutmeg game in the midst of the Industrial Age, countered by astute competitors employing advanced psychological methods. Where we have won out, it has been mainly through monopoly or stranglehold technique.

One of our outstanding ineptitudes is the failure to recognize the fact that we are two Americas, just as sharply divided and widely separated linguistically as we are geographically. Pidgeon-English or pig-Latin won't do. Europeans, to the contrary, who come over to carry on either small business undertakings or to negotiate big deals, speak and write Spanish fluently.

I was shown a typical piece of advertising of a prominent American firm operating in Argentina. The copy in English was simply handed over by the American advertising expert, with the injunction: "Translate." The translator was familiar with Spanish, but not with Spanish-Americans. Due to untranslatable idiom of "sales appeal," in the entire method of approach, bulletins and language, a mere transposition of Spanish words for English, was inadequate. The phrase, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," was used in the sales argument. Translated into Spanish, it read, "The ghost is willing but the meat is weak."

If a New York firm decides to open a branch in San Francisco it

must consider only the money it risks on the venture. Literature, colors, sizes, credit contracts, wording of legal aspects, may be used without change, because we are commercially one country. Not so in South America. Everything is different. Every detail is scrutinized and challenged in the light of their preferences, customs, practices and understanding. The British trader has known this for two hundred years and practiced it meticulously.

Any failures on our part are not due merely to the fact that we are essentially provincial, but oftentimes we are either too sloppy or too overbearing. We assume that everybody else is just like us, because as isolationists we haven't been around enough, or it hasn't been brought home to us. Furthermore, we don't take the trouble, the pains or the care. That is what loses many a "sale" of both goods and goodwill, to British, German and French competitors; the American doesn't *bother* to do so many little, but oh so essential, things. Psychology again! So often what we assume to be the negligibly little things in life, are to them the serious big things. Their supersensitiveness tellingly records every breach. Therefore, Mister American Trader, although you may have highly desirable goods to sell, you have got to tune into the spirit of all their petty social amenities before you can do a successful competitive trade. Trade is secondary to *La Vida*.

"That is the trouble with you Americans," the English manager of Hotel El Prado, in Barranquilla, told me, "you don't learn the language. When you do speak it, it is indifferently, which they consider no compliment to them. You make them come to you. Why, there's one big fellow who has carried on business here for fifteen years without a word of Spanish. Swearing at them in English when they didn't understand him." I met the president of a Rotary Club on the West Coast, who had been in South America twenty years and had never bothered to learn Spanish.

The average American young man who takes on a job in South America goes down in a spirit of fortune-hunting adventure; to "make his pile," and come back home rich in a few years. He is impatient from the start and can't abide the proposition of becoming a "career" man. He wants to see results, and damned quick too—and often gets them! "A likable boor," I've heard them all call him.

Rough and ready and sometimes rowdy; but he really doesn't mean any harm. Our Briton goes down with placidity and stolidity, with the fixed purpose of serving the Empire first and himself incidentally as a public servant, until his usefulness ends and he is retired on a pension. He is a small British Isle abroad! Your German is quite another sort. He has a Plan. He studies the people and evolves a complicated, but more or less correct, Philosophy. He takes with him only the mentality of Deutschland and is willing to make any sacrifice, not for Germany, but for his ideas. He becomes an integral part of the people, and often intermarries. He is industrious and builds well, from the bottom up, with less capital than the Briton or the Yanqui, and is a good salesman of German goods.

"F.A.S." is an interesting facet on the way we invite loss of trade.

"F.A.S." means "Free (or Freight) Alongside." The minute a piece of American machinery (or its maritime equivalent) is lifted from our dock aboard ship, the South American consignee must assume and pay all risks and expense. The Argentinian—or other Latin-American—having already paid his cash in penalized United States funds, it may be seen that he is out his dollars during the trip to South America, plus unloading and transportation to destination. Between the lines, it says, "We don't trust you." Right. Second, the inference is that we don't give a damn about him, except that we want his money. Right again; that's one reason we don't meet him halfway. Third, the government steps in and says, "We won't give a license for the shipment of these goods unless you send them on board American ships"—where the costs are considerably higher than on foreign vessels. Still right, but American business is American business.

Let us compare the foregoing with a British transaction, let us say for the same bill of goods. The British firm will give our Argentinian customer terms, change designs to fit local conditions, convert measurements into the metric system instead of confusing "feet and inches." Throw into the sales scale for good measure the personal contact of the British, designed from the outset to be pleasant and

acceptable, in contrast with the American who has said in essence and substance, "Take it or leave it!"

This case fits heavy machinery—including agricultural implements—our chief export. In case the South American customer reckons in hectares instead of acres, using seven rows of corn instead of six, the British (and Germans) are quite willing to redesign their machines to meet local exigencies. England never hesitates to change their English right-hand drive, if necessary.

We call such Latin-American requisites, and all the rest of their "monkey business," silly. "Come and get it, our way. Take it or leave it!"

We have a way of demanding that all other nations bow down to our gods and our goods, just as we are annoyed when we discover that they don't follow our way of life—from Russia to Argentina. Sooner or later we organize a moral conquest and mix it with our goods, our colonial governments and even our tourism, for we are born missionaries. We are always going to "save" people. That is where the Monroe Doctrine came in. Only the anti-Colossus school of statesmen and thinkers insist that America was only saving South America for herself.

In the eyes of cultured Europe, including upper-class England, both North and South America are children. Both of us are a bit rude and crude, if you ask them.

Be that as it may, there are decidedly two sides to all this controversy. The North Americans are not always to blame. I have been glad to get out of more than one place in South America where it was considered smart to swat a Yanqui. They have told me so; that it was commendable to cheat one of us. Paris was always that way. Buenos Aires notoriously shows her anti-Americanism in this fashion. The whole of Argentina feels herself Queen Bee of all America until a single Yanqui comes buzzing vauntingly around like a hornet and sticks out his proboscis for a vicious swat.

I suffered for the sins of some of my compatriots, and the failure of the Neutrality coercion. When I crossed from Uruguay into Argentina, my passport was confiscated on the ground that the new

wartime passport which the United States had compelled all Americans to switch to, contained no fee stamps, although both new and old documents were officially stapled together into one book. Ambassador Norman Armour sent me to the government department holding my passport, with a special messenger and a courteous Diplomatic request. The Argentinian office force horse-laughed us both out of the place. After repeated solicitations, it was arranged that if I would repay the original passport fee of \$13, I might have back my passport; but not until. The Ambassador shook his head and said he would do everything in his power to get my just refund. I am still out \$13.

Again, on my second crossing the border into Argentina, my camera was confiscated and I was arrested for failure to declare it, and accused of smuggling. The proceeding was equally as rough as, I was told, Argentinians had suffered at the hands of our Immigrant Inspectors. Fortunately, I had a bill of sale on my person. There were a dozen other cases, of persons not so fortunate, pending at the Consulate. I had left several bags of clothing stored at the Avenida Palace Hotel during my absence. They had been rifled. Demands made both to the hotel management and the police for reimbursement were met with uplifted eyebrows. Later, I went off hurriedly, leaving all my precious photographs and some manuscript in a closet in my room at the twenty-two-story City Hotel. The management perfunctorily disclaimed any knowledge of what might have happened to them. After a month's frantic effort by influential friends to gain access to the junk-room in the cellar, they were found. Not to mention the brief trip made just around the corner from one hotel to the other, ten times overcharged by the taxi driver, thinking I was a Yanqui who didn't know his way around. As is usual in Latin cities the world over, the police was called and sided with the chauffeur, and I was obliged to submit to being cheated. True, this might happen in any great city. It was not the action, however, but the reaction, or absence of corrective action or regret, that is emphasized.

Siesta! Fiesta! Mañana!

Siesta means that they shut up shop during the heart and the heat of the day and the wheels of small business stop dead. *Fiesta* means Saints' Days—three in a row sometimes—national holidays, local holi-

days, carnival, or just fiesta, for reasons I have never been able to learn. *Mañana* means an exasperating alibi for not keeping their word, for putting off that business date for signing on the dotted line or for doing anything disagreeable. It may mean day after tomorrow, or it may mean forever. In other words, these monkey shines are not "our way of life." They are "old Spanish customs," practiced without abatement as well in modern, sophisticated Buenos Aires.

I have waited in Santiago for the photo shop with my films to open according to the sign on the door, "Closed 12 to 2:30." At three I was still waiting. The other first-class shops on the block, with a little group of prospective customers at the door of each of them, had dribbled open. Tradesmen were not showing up and customers were waiting all over South America. No one expected anything else, except hasty Yanquis.

"I've been here seven years, and I give up! I can't understand them!" fumed the manager of American branch office. "They don't play my game. They don't seem to understand me." He had the shoe on the wrong foot. He didn't play their game in their own backyard. It was he who didn't understand them, and never would. He didn't belong in South America. He was cursed with Yanqui impatience, an emotion quite unknown to them.

Obviously, there are two sides to the matter. More often, through sentimental writers, Good Neighbors and others with an ax to grind, we hear only their slant, complaining about the rude, crude Yanquis in general who are always pricking their thin skins and failing to regard their supersensitiveness. Possible provocations are not mentioned. Do you wonder that business men, diplomats and tourists get sore sometimes, when Latin-Americans deliberately break their promises, fail to keep their appointments or their word, keep appointees waiting hours or don't show up at all? Always "*Mañana!*" or "*Amanha!*" In other words, doing as they damned well please without regard to any country's formula or way of life. "We can't help it," they say. "We are a different people from you." You bet, they are different.

Oh, but what's the use? What are you going to do about it?

There is only one thing to do about it: When you are in South America, do everything in the South American way!

The grab-all tactics of certain American—and British—corporation interests in the early days, are bringing retribution on the whole field of Big Operations—in public utilities and national resources—past, present and future.

There is much to be said on both sides. Mexico started the ball of expropriations rolling; Bolivia followed. All twenty Latin-American countries are raring to follow suit, but United States lend-lease benefactions and the war have headed off any such drastic anti-Yanqui antics as that.

Anyone who has the opportunity, time and fortitude, to visit one of the huge American-conceived, -built and -operated (sometimes allied with the British) concessions—the Ford rubber plantation, the nitrate fields, the Chuquicamata or Braden copper, the Cerro de Pasco mines, or the tin mines or the Venezuelan oil fields—will find the most marvelous industrial works and cities magically wrought out of nothing in the most inaccessible spots on earth and operated with wrist-watch precision. Here are all the virtues of industrialized, mass-production America flourishing at their best! Executively as well as mechanically, they are objects to be proud of! If our trade and diplomatic people could only build and operate structures like these marvels of American skill, expertness, courage and guts, the Hemisphere Solidarity dream and scheme would become a glorious reality!

“Twenty years ago,” I was told, “practically all of these people were living in mud huts, barefoot, and possibly earning a scant pittance, often less in a week or a month than they are now making in a day.” And that applies equally in the case of the majority of these great American-financed enterprises.

These are dividends that South Americans should credit to our efforts, instead of always speaking derogatorially of “Dollar Diplomacy,” as though our sole interest were that of squeezing money out of them. “They can’t accuse the Telephone Company of making exorbitant profits,” the American manager told me. “We make

less every year, yet we go right on improving the service. Same with the Light, Heat and Waterpower Company. Not making their salt." I heard this all along the line.

These enterprises are such models of efficiency and run so easily, that local native politicians think they are more or less automatic. If in the future they should tamper with them, they will learn, as Mexico, the forerunner of expropriation, found out, that they require at their head a technical knowledge which they have not yet acquired, and a certain type of genius, with which all Latin-Americans are not gifted, when it comes to successful operation plus profitable management.

During a discussion of these elements, the president of another company burst forth with, "I get so damned sick of hearing them grouse! They can't do this and they can't do that, and, we mustn't do this and we mustn't do that! We've always got to take the big end of the stick, take all the risk—and take the rap! What if we should make a big profit—which we seldom do? We often lose our shirt and they benefit both ways. Probably nobody would have done it, if we hadn't done it first. I'm not speaking of mere Trade, but of the Trade-plus benefits that come from our big enterprises."

Our President said, "Let's be realistic!" And in the same breath, the Administration inaugurated the most stupendously romantic period in the history of finance. A Latin-American grab-bag containing five hundred million dollars was set up, and the United States was on with one of its "generous to foreign governments" streaks. When it comes to global charity, philanthropy and alms-giving, we'll take on a broken-down world and rehabilitate it, if it is in accord with us and our opinion. We'll even fight a war and continue to Give, Give, Give. But when it comes to Business—usually after our Good Deed grows cold—then we turn hard and become the Yankee of the wooden nutmeg days and drive a hard bargain. We are like the very kind Lady Bountiful who sometimes unwittingly robs people of character by a certain type of generosity. Our generous ways and our ledger credit are accepted without due con-

sideration of the future. They gurgle under our coddling, but when they rebel under our command we raise our hand ready to slap.

"Why," ask South Americans among themselves, "hasn't Uncle Sam been doing a tithe of all this generosity all through some of our toughest years in the past, if only for Democracy's sake? Why wait until a state of emergency exists?" Then, thinking of their nitrates, copper, rubber, tin—and even Argentine beef—and other desperately needed war materials, they mutter to themselves, "What big ears you have!"

If I am to believe what South American thinkers have said to me, they have been manacled by gratitude. And how they hate to be made beggars on horseback and saved from the poorhouse by domination—of Yanquis! Perhaps it wasn't so stupid, after all, becoming South America's pawnbroker. We have ample security, control of land, air and sea routes, tightly nailed down by military, naval, submarine bases—and debts.

Whether it is good business, or good for business, remains to be seen. Money-lenders are not popular. Peoples as well as persons come in time to hate their creditors. Ask England, after the last war.

Subsidizing is insidious. To the short-sighted and ignorant, it seems to provide means, money and wealth, but it also is implicit with debt. It robs the incipient individual or nation of initiative, of which there was never more than a modicum in South America, with the exception of Argentina. So, in thus so lavishly providing South America with unearned funds, we are actually making them a gift of future poverty. Curiously, individuals or nations, seldom earmark gratuitous wealth for the repair of the principal rifts in their lives. They eat cake instead of bread.

"We lent Colombia ten millions," the Commercial Attaché told me. "Two of them went toward equipment of railroads and road machinery—not the actual building of either. Eight millions went to liquidate old import accounts!"

In time, no one of the parties comes to feel quite right about subsidies. It comes to amount to a feeling of discord. "In the red" is a danger sign.

Emergency war conditions of lend-lease measures are in no wise comparable with the effects of the prospective meeting and fulfil-

ment of those monetary obligations that come with the let-down following the declaration of peace.

It was the American superintendent of the Swift & Company plant in Montevideo, speaking as an Uruguayan, who first told me that wisecrack which I afterward heard all over the continent: "If the United States sends one more Good Neighbor delegation down our way, we'll consider it a justifiable provocation to declare war!"

I cannot recall a single one of the many long and short inter-American journeys I made on American planes and ships, during 1940, that was not crowded by persons, families, groups, committees and commissions enjoying a free ride—plus expense-salary accounts in some instances—as guests and emissaries of some Government, Foundation or other Goodwill agency. Month after month, these junkets flowed in with every ship; flocked in on every plane. A distraught Pan-American Airways official informed me, "Our service is clogged and disrupted by these waves of Missions and Commissions. But we have our orders, so that's that." Due to Goodwill bookings with priority rights, I was often held up for days, in company with other wayfarers, many of whom were bound on missions and jobs of paramount importance to the essential business and welfare of Pan-America.

It did not follow that all these people were specialists or experts at anything in particular. They were delegates-at-large, chosen at political random because of either "push" or "pull," to become active members of the new inter-American profession of "Good Neighbor." Not too many had ever been in Latin-America before. Very few spoke the Spanish language. A handful knew a smattering of Spanish-American history. They were all studying South American geography. It is doubtful if even one percent had had any working experience in Iberian-American psychology or mentality. Many other things might have been overlooked, if even a small percentage of these well-intentioned folk had been either qualified or equipped for the job, broad and liberal as it was, from the South American point of view.

Each group was labeled and was supposed to draw the peoples of

the two continents together with the drawstring of their specialty: Trade, Technical, Research, Agricultural, Cultural, Congressional, Missions. Some remained discreetly anonymous.

I was present at several Goodwill gatherings. The procedure was graded according to advance "instructions." Distinguished guests were met by local and State officials. The commercial and business life of the honored community was solemnized by a "Good Neighbor Holiday." The time was largely taken up with receptions, banquets, luncheons, garden parties. I picked up one Goodwiller who had got lost. He told me that he was no inebriate, but he had been in an alcoholic daze since landing. All the Americans in town were among those present. They met their own kind. It was like Old Home Week in Town Hall. Local "Greeters" made carefully prepared speeches of welcome—in Spanish, of course—and Rotarian felicitations were exchanged, in both languages, so that comparatively little was understood by either of the principal parties. Everybody on both sides of the Pan-American fence were on their best unnatural party behavior. The guests were "shown" the nice side of everything in town but really didn't see anything thoroughly, especially what they had been sent to see. They met the officials of the Government but saw little of the life of the natives or the "people" of the nation. The rich resources and the more significant things that North America is vitally interested in usually lie deep in the interior and envoys were always in a hurry to catch their plane, perhaps at six A.M. *mañana*. But did they learn what made the continent Go—or Stop?

Old-timers looked on these amateur Ambassadors of Goodwill with a shake of the head.

Mr. Arnold, Chilean head of the I. T. & T., acting as chairman of several receptions, after "boning" the whole commercial community for contributions, told me, "I'm that disappointed! And I'm through!"

An American newspaper corerspondent covering these receptions in search of "news," made his point clearer and more hard-hitting. Said he, "Several somebodies up home have been most inept in their choice of Commissions what-you-call-'ems. They're all too much in a hurry to get out of the country. You can't get anything out of

these Latin guys by hurrying, soft-soaping or trying to bully them."

It was the old pressure, pressure, pressure superiority complex of the American showing up again in a new form; pressure of money, pressure of prestige and now pressure by Commissions. How these people hate their *mañana* and tropical tranquillity disturbed by Yankee pressure! Sending down more and more high-pressure salesmen of this and that, by plane; setting a day, an hour, a minute, for the signing of the papers!

And so it is with this procession of Commissioners on Cultural Relations ad nauseam, ignoring the first rule of Latin-American conception of culture. As Commercial Attaché Bohan said to me, "Absolutely lacking in tact! This private and official line-up of Commissions is going to injure the effectiveness of our public relations!"

The complete Good Neighbor circuit was upward of 15,000 miles. From Washington, and return, f.o.b., plus trimmings, for a robust Commission, it must have cost some "agency" not less than \$50,000. If it can be proved that any Commission was highly effective in a double-barreled way, the job would be cheap at ten times the cost.

I shall mention just a few of the doubtful exponents of either Culture or Goodwill who did not seem worth anything like the investment.

On the air journey from Buenos Aires to Rio, I met an old friend, a celebrated doctor. He and his wife and a couple of friends were making a Goodwill jaunt of 25,000 miles. They were all writing "papers" to be read to their several home clubs. A Hotel Men's representative, traveling with his family, was making a "survey" for the coming tourist rush and was being wined and dined ad lib and taking up valuable space, although there are only five cities in all of South America that could take on fifty or more extra hotel guests.

I discovered the classic example, however, while going around Argentina with an expensive Agricultural Mission, financed by the Carnegie Peace Foundation. Wherever possible, the group went about by plane. Due to their anti-capitalistic point of view, they did not think much of the social set-up of the estancias, or those

responsible for it. This was probably the instigation for one of the Goodwillers always speaking of the Argentinians as "These Sons-o'-bitches."

Finally, I come to the case of the two armchair-traveler Goodwillers whom I later met in New York. These two young women each wrote parts of a costly book for the cultural people—one on "Paraguay" and the other on "Ecuador," two of the most difficult countries to understand, without ever having gone farther than the Public Library.

As Mr. Grahame, of the Nitrate Company, said, "Nobody is of any use down here, *in any capacity*, until, first, he is in sympathy with all the South Americans, and, second, until he begins not only to speak the language, but to *think in Spanish!*"

Senator Hugh A. Butler of Nebraska came out with a statement, in November, 1943, charging that the government had wastefully spent \$6,000,000,000 in Latin-American junketing. Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, issued a counter-statement, stating that only \$600,000,000 had been spent in the foregoing three years, on all government projects in Latin-America.

Either of these figures is fantastic, in consideration of "value received"; bad business on a gigantic scale.

Summarizing, Senator Butler put it bluntly: "Such waste would be inexcusable in peacetime. It becomes criminal in wartime."

Many South Americans are befogged, as to just what it is we are up to; the majority of them are suspicious. This discovering their continent overnight, and being filled with surprise that it is there, with amazement, with wonder and with concern! Why don't we come right out in the open and say, "Look here, fellers, as a government, we've been mighty neglectful of you in the past and haven't been any too nice to you either. But we're going to turn over a new leaf and become good neighbors!"

We Americans have an unhappy faculty for driving home our relationships. We insist on our being GOOD NEIGHBORS in capital letters and harping on it, almost resorting to forced-feeding, until whatever modicum of spontaneous good neighborliness there might

have existed is smothered. They don't want a pal who is always calling attention to their abject helplessness in many particulars. They are going to get out from under any such onerous relationship. As fellow Pan-Americans, they demand that they become peers in every particular. This everlasting talk, talk, talk, of Yanqui Commissions, of what they are going to do and often never getting around at all to doing what they are talking about.

Haven't we slumped into our old "sales campaign" game, trying to "sell" a human commodity and a social amenity by the yard? Isn't announcing the Good Neighbor Policy a job of phrase-making, selling goods by telling in advance how good they are? The true and high Pan-American principle and concept ultimately will have been more endangered by all this Good Neighbor Policy business than if it had never been born!

We are a nation of crusaders. An official decree accompanied by pious propaganda and we enthusiastically join up and are ready to rescue the Holy Grail, without question or questions; without counting the cost.

Book Three

HORIZON

CHAPTER IX

THIS BRAVE NEW WORLD

The cycles of history and the inexorable law of Nature are very much alike. War and winter come regularly. Both the era of great production and the season's green produce suffer alike. One is destroyed and the other withers and dies. In our finite lack of wisdom, only a few comprehend; the ignorant wail that all is gone, forever lost. Peace and spring come round again, according to their own timing. The roots of the race still live; the seeds of the plants do not die. Youth revives and survivors build anew; green shoots fill the fields. A brand-new spirit and stalk rise and flourish. A New Order is created; a New World is born.

With the war over and peace come, the future is entirely in our hands. What kind of harvest we shall reap depends on the sowing.

The old world and all its vegetated status quo are as dead as the dodo. The struggle for existence, sustenance, wealth, power and supremacy, begins all over again. In every country, in every time—including the world set-up of today—the working plan is a system of economics. Economics underlies victorious war or a prosperous peace, it colors public opinion, it fosters all types of relationship, individual or national; it spells progress or deterioration, happiness or misery, morals, manners or behavior. In the final analysis, we are one and all shopkeepers. A little dab of imperialism and we become incipient shoplifters.

Nations that still cling to "status quo" and ideas of the past must inevitably lose out to forward peoples representing ideas of the fu-

ture. That is an axiom of the cycle of history. Governments, society, life, industry and the arts will have to be radically changed and adjusted to "This Brave New World," as Aldous Huxley wrote, in what then seemed a preposterous thesis, but which the late war has made a fixed fact.

A world so out of joint has got to be synchronized, allocated, South America is tremendously concerned with all these disturbances and Argentina is the pivot on which the continent will swing.

In warring days, we all are always Righteous, if not always Right. The Lord is on our side—if we keep our powder dry and our propaganda red-hot. Deception of the enemy and exaggeration of resources are legitimate strategy. Words are purposely given false meanings and clarion phrases are manufactured to make music and give hope in the darkling hours.

When the war is over, the sacrifices made and the victory won, it is wise to let dead men lie and foolish to question methods, motives and motivations. It will not bring them to life. What good can come out of asking of the grandest cliché of World War I, "Make the world safe for Democracy!" when the world was made absolutely unsafe for democracy and a happy hunting-ground for totalitarianism?

It will be best for our statesmen just to say, "The ways and words of war are not the ways and words of peace," and let it go at that. Nevertheless, unless we clear up and pin down some of the clichés of the late war as fallacies, we shall never have an honest peace, free from the bickerings and quarrels that followed the previous war and had much to do with the alignments of fighting nations. Again, South America is going to be involved, if not embroiled.

That loosely bandied-about cliché, "Democracy," is going to get us all in trouble, if we don't watch out. What do we mean by democracy? Are we a true democracy? Are any of the Big Four: Communistic Russia, claiming Free Poland, Finland, the Baltic States? Great Britain, refusing to give self-determination to 400,000,000 people under her and seeking the return of a million others formerly under her rule? China, that has been in a state of revolution

for a generation, the vast majority in a state of anarchy? The United States, by reputation in South America (having the treatment of the Negro in mind) the most intolerant of nations! No question is raised herewith that any of these nations are treating their citizens or subjects in a totalitarian cruel manner, only of their right to a clear title of being pure democracies.

"Not even the lowest peon would welcome democracy of the Anglo-Saxon brand!" a Peruvian haughtily informed me. And I could have added that it was largely because all Spanish-Americans are by nature dictators, who would often choose the feudal rather than the democratic structure, due to the background outlined in a previous chapter. It is a fact that many of the worst Latin-Americans dictators have made the most efficient presidents. Majority with these groups, more often than not, would be a confession of governing weakness. Consider who and what that majority consists of. Democracy, as we term it, simply doesn't work. The Argentinians especially fear democracy because of the pressure of both Labor and the proletariat. In Fascism they see the continuance of semi-feudal powers still controlling the governing functions. Anyone who has penetrated deep into the interior of Brazil would tell you how absurd a pure democracy would be. Again, it is true in the case of Bolivia and Ecuador, with 65 percent untutored Indians. Or sophisticated Argentina, for that matter, with Patagonia in mind. There is neither mental nor political get-together between Indian and White. The whole makes the matter of a practical democracy questionable. They all aim toward democracy, which fails, and wind up with dictatorship that succeeds for a longer time. Spanish-Americans are a politically incorrigible race, because they cannot tolerate someone over them telling them what to do. As individualists, they are born anarchists with a theory that all government is evil—unless they are doing the governing.

We hail Brazil as "the great democracy of South America!" By virtue of revolution, in the "South American way," Vargas made himself absolute dictator and for many years has carried on, in a totalitarian manner, the most successful and progressive government on the continent. When he abolished all representative government,

he told his people, "I give my people as much liberty as I deem essential to their happiness. That is my kind of democracy."

Unless democracy holds water economically, it won't work.

Pure democracy is as universally impracticable as pure Christianity. Each democratic state or person suits and adjusts it to the just needs of country, individual and situations. Like Christianity, it is benevolently elastic. Like Sects, it may be variously interpreted without impairing either motive or purpose. The more passionate we are in its practice and pronounced in our protestations, the more dangerous we become. *Vide* the Americano del Norte, who refuses to admit the Black Man, who has dwelt peacefully and usefully in the country for more than three hundred years, more than 30 per cent within his White Circle.

Whatever we may have essayed or said in the prosecution of the war, we will not wage the peace "to save Democracy." There are grave questions ahead, crushing problems to be solved, substantially out of the limbo of mere polemics and politics. There are dangerous rifts ahead—like the breach with Argentina, and the no less serious clash with England over trade, ships and sealing-wax. There are hemispheric adjustments that must be squarely met and solutions sought. The old danger of Good Neighbor Policy talk-fests and Commissions incompetency still line the "pork barrel." Keep the politicians and their parasites out of South America!

The peace, like the war, is no mere incident in world politics. We are all in the midst of a world revolution, or evolution. A full turn in the wheel of the inevitable cycle of history. It is a complete turn-over, with the ruling powers coming up from the dregs. It began to take shape with abuses from the top before we were born, and the swing of the pendulum won't reach a dead-center probably until long after we are gone. This New Dynasty is slowly but surely seizing the powers of government and state and engulfing peoples.

The New Power is passing into the hands of a hitherto submerged group, known as the Worker. It is called the Industrial World, organized into a collective omnipotence that is forcing government decision.

Throughout South America I saw it at work. The Church is no longer the socio-political arbiter, custodian and dominator of the common people, but has become a mere figurehead, with less and less credence.

It means that a new brand of domestic economy threatens to dominate each and every nation. It can't be talked down, or laughed off. It must be met, bargained with and at least compromised. The resultant economy will shape all our national futures. I hear an echo of it in Chile, in one of the great colonial houses. The *Patrona*, with a Grand Gesture of despair, told me, "The peons were bound out to us as children, as servant members of our family without pay. In compensation they received the patronage of the family: complete support and care and nothing to worry about as long as they lived. Now, we have a servant problem. Life has become so complicated; all a matter of government contracts, high wages, vacations with pay! Fancy! None of us are any longer happy!"

President Roosevelt was wise in his generation of rulers and early recognized the New Order in his New Deal. But the peace finds him in the compromising situation of trying to ride two horses going in different directions at the same time, by aligning himself with England, upholding her now obsolete system of world-wide imperialism and empire, while his New Deal languishes. All such empires must eventually fall, according to the rules and regulations of the New Order. This was decreed by Two-Men-in-a-Boat under the title of the Four Freedoms. By the same blanket action he abandoned an earlier principle of "America for the Americas" and made the United States godfather, step-parent and almoner of all the pauperized waif nations on the globe. South America, and North American opponents, feel that this is carrying the Good Neighbor Policy a little bit too far afield and that the big pieces once in Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard will probably all go abroad, from Abyssinia to Zanzibar, and they will find the cupboard bare. To them it seems that he is only giving lip-service to continental solidarity.

Youth is in the saddle; schoolboy Youth and arrogant Labor. They will ride hard and rough-shod over a world floundering in

the ashes of Victory. If we don't watch out, they will rise as dictators and administer the coup de grâce to Democracy.

All this may sound like Orson Welles' broadcast of an invasion from Mars; or H. G. Wells' forecast in *The War of the Worlds*. Like them, it is a warning fiction, based on scientific facts. It is designed from whole cloth to wake up the mature American and prevent these calamities from coming to pass. In a world with so little rumination and rounded-out judgment, we have need of so much fundamental knowledge.

There are too many who still prate nostalgically about "our way of life," over which we fought the war. Why, our way of life disappeared from the face of the earth the day America went into the war, December 7, 1941.

The New Life is here and we must either like it or lump it.

It will probably prove a better life for everybody concerned, high and low, if we will only tackle the problems of the peace with the all-out might and intelligence of America that won the war!

"Nationalism" is unmistakably written on the wall of security built in the minds of every South American republic. Each American head told me practically the same thing: "These birds are going to take over, when peace comes and lend-lease cools off. Already they are making it hot for us and unprofitable to hang on." We can't complain too much, as it is in accordance with the Atlantic Charter preachment so widely and loudly publicized, that says in effect that every nation and every soul within it is master of its own body and soul, property and destiny. Words that should bring regurgitation in the throat of the British Empire.

Again, it was Mr. Arnold, manager of I. T. & T. in Chile, who told me, "We are seriously handicapped in all repairs and new installations. As a matter of fact, I spend nearly all my time working on the political end, upon which our existence now hangs. One of the first moves of the Radical Left forces now in power was to declare for State ownership of communications, which of course includes telephones. In anticipation of forcing expropriation of our

properties and having to pay for them, they are depreciating their value from the actual thirty millions to six."

Even before World War II, Chile was most fiercely nationalistic and anti-foreign. It was this sentiment and fear of foreign domination that went strongly against her going into the war under the leadership (or "control," as they called it) of the United States. Chile had long since made it illegal to employ more than 15 percent foreigners in any enterprise, from hotel to nitrate mines. Despite the fact that the Guggenheim-owned nitrate people had invested more than sixty million dollars in their new process plant and were making a profit where Chilean concerns were taking a loss, they hinted that their days were numbered.

I found this same feeling of exclusive possession and ownership in every republic. Brazil gave foreign banking houses notice to get out, but later rescinded the order. Uruguay had declared a monopoly on the handling of oil and built a national refinery. Argentina was buying up British railway holdings.

Nationalism is only mass individualism, the strongest trait of the Spanish-American. Before the war, the South American politicians were the proponents of Nationalism as the logical means of taking over their rich resources and building up the national wealth. This program was going into high speed, when the war came along and interrupted it. The foreign enterprises, under alien good management, developing war goods, brought a wave of prosperity. The war over, foreign development of national resources takes on the aspect of the New World crime of Aggression. The Industrial Age, hastened by the war, has brought the People into alignment with the politicians on the question of Nationalism. The People's Voice is being heard for the first time; they are shouting that they have Rights and that they own the country!

Fear, too, has forged Nationalism into a defensive weapon. South America is sensitive to the phenomenon that relations between the two continents have been altered, not altogether to her advantage, by the exigencies of war, which she has supplied in no small measure. The new global set-up seems to be along the lines of continental solidarity, under leadership of a Dominator. With South America split up into ten contending camps, the United States becomes the

self-elected bi-continental Dominator. The dreaded thing has happened! The U.S.A. is actually, physically, financially, militaristically in control of all Latin-America! All this is given point and illustrated in press, in pictures, in movies and in radio, which, in league with the airplane, has shrunk this world into the proportions of a small town. They have seen the Dominators in action in war, and now dread the reaction in peace of these Powers and their millions of soldiers; drunk with power, hell-bent on conquest; a machine-gun in one hand and a grenade in the other and armored planes in their hair! In the forefront of battle, with a glint of imperialism in his eye, contends the Colossus of the North! It certainly looks as though the spirit of Peace might have some hell-fire in it too.

In ordinary domestic tyrannical situations unpleasant to face or difficult to surmount, the Latin-American resorts to revolution. In a case of this kind, whom would they revolt against? The philanthropic philosophy of the New Order shows them the way. It becomes hoist with its own petard. Nationalism! Stop dead the development of their own resources by foreigners. Take over the "national treasure," out of the hands of the alien exploiters. Have their cake and eat it too!

A Peruvian said to me, "When the war is over, you will come again as a tradesman to us, and say, 'You *must* buy from us!' even though you ask more for your goods. What shall we South Americans do? Would you call it good business to buy or sell under such terms?"

It sounds a warning that when peace comes to our hemisphere, then comes a new tug of war—Trade. The peace is going to witness some funny goings-on in the scramble for South American trade. Newcomers—Communism, radical socialism, labor unionism, the rising voice, influence and threat of the proletariat and common people in the New World—will all play a part in South America that is not foreseeable. Increased industrial installations will give all South American nations a certain freedom from foreign trade and by the same token decrease importations in certain lines. It is doubtful, however, if they can throw overboard foreign capital, managers

and technicians as successfully as Russia did. Russians are realists as well as Asiatics, whereas Spanish-Americans are romanticists and a diluted half-dreaming race. They lack both the technical knowledge and the endurance requisite for putting the complicated dream into a working, profitable reality. Therein, again, the tables are turned, but not, alas, until after a great damage to both men and machines has been suffered, and a great loss possibly to both friendly relations and finances has been experienced. For this New Age is the Age of the Titan, in which human wonders will have to match the miracles of science. In any such estimate, our South American industrialist is but a pigmy in stature.

And so, with the international war of arms and armaments over, the international war of trade begins. Again South America becomes the battleground of exploitation. We shall see how long Nationalism can withstand the onslaught.

The tug-of-war with Germany over, the tug-of-peace with England begins. For England owns or controls the great bulk of the foreign enterprises in South America. As in the case of American interests, Trade and the Flag follow the dollar, so in the case of the British, the Empire Trade and British pound and pence follow. The stakes are larger and the ground more dangerous than ever before, because possibly for a decade to come, England and America will be the sole contestants. Germany, France, Italy, Japan and Spain are out of it temporarily. Previous to the war German trade was rapidly expanding, but our only formidable competitor, both before and after the war, was and remains, Britain. That is putting the cart before the horse, because she was in the field first.

Even trade empires like Britain's South American commerce, as we have seen, do not spring up in a day. It was not her goods alone that won her South America. It was partially due to the Law of Conduct. In Latin-America they speak of "*Ahora Inglés*," meaning, "not your Spanish *mañana*, but according to the way an Englishman keeps his word." English honesty is equally appreciated and honored, and their goods are always as represented. The English do not flinch from their fine Tradition. They have a curious way of looking behind and

seeing ahead, while our American is always trying to get ahead and as often falls behind.

There is serious South American business ahead, between England and the United States. It will need a whole lot of hindsight. Looking backward, any seasoned diplomat can see it coming. Remember? "Who won the war?" And "Uncle Shylock!" They are going to have their repercussions again in South America. South American Trade has been one of the strongest links with the Empire. England does not know what to do about the United States, yet.

There are moments when England fears she might even have to relinquish her "white elephants in the Caribbean," her debt-begetting West Indies colonies, already mortgaged. This would hang them smack around Uncle Sam's neck. And since U.S.A. has already become a militaristic nation in joining the armed camp of the world at her bidding, now with the mightiest armament, the slightest impulse would veer the United States also into imperialism, seeking to unite the two continents against European trade or territorial possessions.

The trade imperialism quarrel that had much to do with bringing on the war, has now shifted from Germany versus Great Britain, to the United States vs. Britain. With the inauguration of the Good Neighbor Policy, Americans somehow feel that the Latin-American trade belongs to us. Indeed, we are challenging the Empire on world trade! In August, 1943, Eric Johnston, the new and energetic president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, after a series of conferences with British government, Labor and industry leaders, publicly warned the British on Trade. He frankly declared that there must be free enterprise and that we would no longer tolerate any of their cartel tricks. "The trend in England," he said, "is still in the direction of more and more controls, whereas the trend in the United States is toward a minimum, or even abandonment, of controls and restrictions and a maximum of free enterprise."

This is a bitter pill for England to swallow, since so much of Britain's empire trade and domestic wealth has been heaped up on the cartel and monopoly system, using the same imperialistic domination exercised in acquiring and building up her colonial empire. In fact, United States capital has more than once been a profit-sharing collaborator in British cartels, which are now branded as "unfair." In

the old days, the empire trade had a stranglehold on so many world commodities: rubber, tin, quinine, nickel, and so on. It was almost impossible to compete with her in cases where millions of natives in her possessions turned them out with coolie labor at a cost of less than ten cents a day. Such a challenge as Eric Johnston's is unheard-of in the annals of British-American trade relations, despite the oftentimes oppressive British monopolies. The United States has cut her apron-string at long last. Already there are sinister mutterings about "the danger of interfering with the course of a nation's [and an empire's] lifestream of trade!"

Incidentally, that is precisely what the Argentinians accuse us of doing to them.

Argentina will become the proving-grounds, if not the field of battle.

But even Argentina may not be counted on as the faithful-unto-death British ally that she once was. Already Nationalism has weakened the bond, in forcing Britain to liquidate her public utilities holdings too cheaply. The British campaign of earlier days of "Buy only from those who buy from you!"—aimed directly at trade of a reluctant United States—is proving a boomerang due to Britain's forced policy of buying more and more from the British Commonwealth and less and less from Argentina. It only goes to prove once more that the heart-strings and the purse-strings both lead to the same pocket. In fact, that has been an axiom of British Empire policy.

Our lease-lend policy is most disconcerting. For, in spite of our embargo and beef controversies and Neutrality quarrel—which was as much Britain's as ours, though she let us do all the brawling—our paradoxical loans to Argentina of fifty million dollars for Stabilization Fund did something peculiar to Argentina-British relations. At least, it showed the British that Argentina is preoccupied with her own economic affairs to the exclusion even of international politics. Indeed, this lease-lend business was raising hob with British relations throughout the whole of South America. Nor is England enthusiastic over all this Pan-American business—not while we continue to run

the show. It is a tie that threatens to become as strong as all her historical helpfulness. Is the "green grass" maturing into "turf"?

There are even greater threats than these to British domination of South America. Britain's almighty "bridge of ships," that has spanned the Seven Seas to the Four Corners, ever since the destruction of the Spanish Armada, has been superseded—in tonnage, at least—by those of another nation. As early as October, 1943, when both nations were engaged side by side in war, the British were told that we intended to remain a foremost maritime nation after the war. Admiral Howard L. Vickery, representing the Maritime Commission at a London conference, served notice, on British soil, that the United States aimed at nothing less than a superior place on the seas, commercially and otherwise, whether Britain co-operated or not. "His British auditors were somewhat shocked at his bluntness," said the *New York Times*, "but seemed to realize that co-operation would be advisable." Admiral Vickery confessed a fundamental weakness in his assertion. He said that, while we had been putting our emphasis on turning out strictly emergency vessels, like Liberty ships, of somewhat doubtful primary service in times of peace, the British were producing post-war "competitive" ships: well-built, large and fast vessels, which could immediately engage in commercial competition. Leave it to the British.

The coming of peace finds the United States holding first place in another carrier field that both promises and threatens—probably within a generation—to overtake and even surpass the carriers of the sea in every particular. The new rival element, the air, already through the severest of tests, the war, has brought air navigation into practical use for both the most common and the most extraordinary purposes. Scarcely in any particular is the air outrivalled or surpassed by the sea. It trails in carrying capacity, but this superiority seems but temporary. The super-plane and the "flying box-car" trailer train have already been successfully demonstrated. In the saving of time by traveling with incredible speed, and the shortening of space in eliminating all the hazards of both land and water, and moving anywhere in space, "as the crow flies," it serves the purposes

of commerce as no other vehicle has done since the creation of man.

While it is true that Britain may thus establish a "bridge of planes" and fly them with equal facility to New Guinea or to Argentina, it is equally true that the air fleets of the United States, being nearer, may reach there first. It is also true that the Pan-American Airways Company, having eliminated the powerful German, French, Italian and Dutch air navigation and navigators from the continent, through the stratagem of war emergency, stand balanced firmly in the air and on the ground, at every point of vantage throughout the length and breadth of South America. Furthermore, they are legally entrenched with long-range, long-time and air-tight contracts. Britain and all other future commercial competitors have been outmaneuvered. In conception and engineering, equipment and service, the Pan-American Airways and their allied lines, have done a job that matches any travel-transport project and enterprise in the world.

1943 saw the sixteen major American airlines signatory to a charter of "worldwide free competition." This was done partially to head off any British scheme for cartels of the air, by obtaining through national contract exclusive control of any internationally strategic air rights or landing-fields. The sixteen signatories were all strictly domestic in operation. They now nominate themselves international carriers for general commercial worldwide service and form a gigantic pool of equipment, acknowledged to be the best in existence. By arrangement, Pan-American Airways not only circles the globe, but also it retains exclusively the South American continental field.

The British are alarmed. They fear that it spells the beginning of the transfer of oceanic commerce into a new medium that knows no shorelines or restricted markets "on which the sun never sets," and one in which Britannia no longer will rule. Seeds of friction between the two Allies are already being sown, in and out of the House of Commons.

Subsequently, on November 5, 1943, the announcement was forthcoming for the early post-war establishment of a commercial airline link between the British Isles and the port of Valparaiso, Chile! Chile's leading paper, *El Hora*, comments favorably on the enterprise: "It is necessary rapidly to establish air contacts for commercial links and also for the means of communication and transportation

between South America and the British Isles. No one can fail to recognize the importance of the airline planned by the British."

If the United States comes, England is not far behind!

War conditions or no war conditions, it must have given Great Britain an ominous feeling, early in 1940, to see remarkable changes in Argentine commerce between the United States and the British Isles. The United States had taken a spurt forward; Britain had correspondingly slumped. The United States had replaced Great Britain as Argentina's principal supplier during the previous October!

Figures are not as important as the facts. The United Kingdom has always been Argentina's biggest foreign business connection. Compared with all Europe we have played only a minor part in her trade, for the well-known reason that Argentina lies in the temperate zone like ourselves and both of us export largely the same products for which there is no mutual market. Ironically, the agricultural machinery which she has so largely bought from the United States, keeps on increasing both agricultural and beef products and thus building higher and higher the ugly barrier between us! By the same token, Argentina's purchase of industrial machinery with which her factories are turning out consumer goods, is thus decreasing the bulk of manufactured goods she might otherwise purchase from the United States. Furthermore, during the years immediately preceding the war, Argentina was gradually steering her buying in the direction of her best customers. Our trade suffered. Nevertheless, we continued to buy largely of her flaxseed, wool, hides, quebracho and even canned beef, and she continued to buy up all the automobiles and trucks our manufacturers could afford to allocate to that market.

Thus at the close of the war we find a paradoxical and provocative situation developing in Argentina that has more dynamite in it than the Neutrality contretemps. British Empire interests were being edged out of Argentina! On many counts, such an outcome is both dangerous and undesirable.

In the first place, and it cannot be repeated too often, England was the pioneer and foremost builder-up of Argentina and all South

America, not unselfishly, but soundly and practically. Argentina was second-string to her Empire, and a stronghold of power and an anchor of her future in South America. Up to this point, all well and good. The two contending Powers are not satisfied, however: England with anything short of complete domination; America, without absolute control of Argentina's trade. Irresistible force up against the immovable body again, with Argentina being crushed between the two. Should the English trade be eliminated or even temporarily reduced, with the United States' factories overworked by the domestic demands and Germany bombed out of production, Argentina would suffer a great import stringency. With England buying mutton, beef, corn and wool mostly from her Empire markets, Canada and Australia, and Germany and other European customers of old starving, but penniless and crippled, what then? Come what has, Germany will continue to offer a permanent market for Argentina's exports that the United States refuses to buy. Will the usually generous United States be disposed to solve the three-cornered economic problem? Or will we continue to insist that Argentina lay off her life-saving market, in order to save our face?

We are back again to economy, the fulcrum that moves the globe and all things on it, nations and individual inhabitants, to shift positions, politics and policies. When we say "Nationalism," it always has an economic implication of "whose ox is gored." It is an indication of selfish grab or greed. It can succeed for a limited time. We have only to look back to what happened to our nationalistic self-complacency and self-sufficiency when it came right down to the moment when we needed them most. How many times had we said, "It couldn't happen here, in our Land of Plenty, overflowing with milk and money!" We had a feeling that we could lick the world with one hand tied behind our backs and could feed the universe without plowing under an additional acre! Actually, what would we have done without Bolivia's tin, Venezuela's oil, Chile's copper, and even Argentina's beef? It will be well to remember the times of "No eggs, no butter, no meat today," and hardly enough at any time in exchange for our ration tickets, and with all our pet gadgets out of circulation! Nationalism, in this New World of International-

ism, is nothing short of trying to lift ourselves by our own bootstraps.

Such Nationalism is an economic feat beyond the attainment of the United States of North America, the disunited States of South America, and most assuredly of a nation whose well-being and existence depend on an outside buying world.

The war over and the Axis eliminated as a competitor, South American trade becomes ours. Only England stands in our way! Here we both stand on the threshold of the Millennium for which we fought and bled side by side: the New World! The New World of the Peace shall be entirely of our own making. With nerves frayed, and in our gluttony for power, we could so easily miss our step again!

Lincoln said: "There can be no true Peace, with vengeance in our hearts."

That goes for our erstwhile enemy, the Axis; for England, our ally; for Argentina, our neighbor.

What kind of New World will we have?

CHAPTER X

THE CONTINENT OF TOMORROW

World War II has proved to be the greatest blessing and good fortune to betide the continent of South America since the Liberation. Through the fall of the East Indies, together with the many adjacent peninsulas, so abundantly rich in natural resources, into the conquering hands of the Japanese, the parallel riches of South America have been brought to worldwide light and utilization.

A broad strip of South America stretching out along both sides of the Equator are in the same zone of the richest mineral deposits and rarest vegetation, as that of the Dutch East Indies, Burma and India. If anything, the wealth of South America surpasses that of the "Indies," of both fable and fact. The forests contain the rarest and

most valuable woods of the tropics, including quebracho, sought by all the world for tanning purposes, of which the forests of Argentina hold the earth's major portion. The hardest and most commercial type of natural rubber, *Hevea brasiliensis*, was found only in the jungles of Brazil and the Oriente, until seeds were illegally filched in large quantity by Sir Henry Wickham, a British rubber expert, and finally transplanted in Ceylon and the British Indies. From this small beginning made in the latter years of the last century, grew up the big cultivated rubber forests of the Far East. The great and prosperous rubber boom of Brazil collapsed upon the appearance of the first harvest on the market from the carefully planted and high-yielding plantations, tended and cultivated on five-cents-a-day coolie labor. In this manner commercial *Hevea brasiliensis* rubber was wrested from its native habitat in South America and became a British-Dutch monopoly.

Perhaps it was due largely to this sequence that we have all the automobile luxuries and commercial uses that have so advanced our modern world, in war and peace. Out of the slipshod, "native" and jungle methods employed by South Americans in harvesting wild rubber, could never have been produced more than a fraction of the world's gadget rubber needs, leaving out entirely the "makings" of tires numbered by the hundred million annually. Here was a plain case of the inhabitants of South America itself exploiting their own resources; taking without giving. Already the rubber picture has been materially changed, to meet the needs of the New World ahead and to give substance to the Continent of the Future. Henry Ford's vast plantation has begun to produce rubber in annual multiples. Amazonas and all the rubber-growing jungles are being combed scientifically and systematically, for the first time. Taken together with our synthetic rubber production, the Americas need never worry about East Indian rubber again!

The same with tin. North Americans consumed the contents of 18,000,000,000 cans a year and threw them on the junk-pile, without ever questioning where the tin that entered into their composition came from. When the Japanese captured the British-owned tin mines of Malaya and Burma, we were horrified on learning that the war could not be conducted successfully without a vast quantity of tin.

Then came the eye-opening good news, that the bulk of the world's tin really came from South America—Bolivia—and could provide us with sufficient to carry on! Here again were commercial kinks to be ironed out. The world supply of tin had been British cartel-controlled. With the exception of a British smelter in British Burma, all tin used in the world was processed in England. This meant at least a 10,000-mile wasteful carrier journey for all tin ore, at least 60 percent of which was useless slag. It meant, also, that the land of its source never saw tin, until it returned to it filled with imported, high-priced foods and commodities. Here again was an opportunity to help build the Continent of Tomorrow, by erecting smelters and other processing works in Bolivia, and thus allowing one of the poorest countries in South America to share in the profitable and job-giving industry of the manufacture of her own tin.

With the war, another emergency arose in mineral resources: copper. I had been brought up on the tradition that our famous copper lodes could supply any ordinary or extraordinary needs, not only of the United States, but also of the world. Yet, when we reckoned up our urgent and immediate copper demands for World War II, we found them short by several hundred thousand tons a year! The American-controlled copper mines of Chuquicamata—the biggest open copper mine in the world—and the Braden, both in Chile, and the Cerro de Pasco, in Peru, more than filled the bill.

Again, it was the oil-fields of Venezuela, without a doubt, that saved the day for the United Nations. The Lake Maracaibo undersea field, yielding upward of 6,000,000 barrels of oil a day, I was told, is the greatest oil-field in the world. Yet, only an infinitesimal amount of this oil is refined on the continent of South America from whence it comes. The main refineries are located on the two Dutch West Indian islands of Curaçao and Aruba, profitably sustaining perhaps 10,000 non-South Americans. Sometime tomorrow, the Continent of the Future is going to balk at that sort of "milking" of its resources and carting off all of the milk and cream and leaving the cow only because it is buried udder-deep in the soil. As has been mentioned, Uruguay—although a non-producer of oil—has assumed the government monopoly of oil and built a modern refinery.

There are many other minor, but none the less important, mate-

rials supplied by South America. All have been given the exhaustive test of war emergency and found to fill the bill. For all that, the conclusion was only supplementary. The really great discovery—seemingly to the general public and particular groups as well—is the grand fact that South America has everything that we want! If we are missing, or short of, any namable, all-important or less important, commodity or essential, all we have to do is to go down to South America and get it! They will supply the needed raw material and we will supply the needed capital or finance! Perfect!

In regarding the mutual factual blessings of South America in such a selfish way, we quite miss the two-sided Truth. It is not nearly so important that we now know that we can both survive and progress to the *n*th degree, disregarding the rest of the world, as it is to realize that thereafter, in this brave New World ahead, *we can't rightly get along without each other!* Therein, truly lies the good hope of all hemispheric solidarity and of Pan-American unity.

The first lesson to be learned from the war, then, is "*Get together!*"

Two bugaboos have been dispelled. South America can nevermore rise to a state of absolute economic independence from North America, no more than North America can again deceive herself into believing that she can carry on in utter economic disregard of South America. This means in no sense that either is tied to the apron-string of the other, or like a millstone around the other's neck. All the shoddy fabric of petty jealousies, mean advantages, unfair exploitation, conference quarrels and pettish diplomacy, should be discarded to form a hemispheric league of mutual helpfulness, now that there has been a show-down of unqualified interdependence. South America need no longer be troubled with an inferiority complex, on the one hand, neither can she now throw off the United States, on the other. We have both come of age, hemispherically, through the war!

The great problem ahead is to seek a common beam upon which to balance and equalize each other's weight and interchange advantages. Live and let live! Each to let the other live his own life in his

own way and honestly support himself from the products and proceeds of what he has to offer.

The casual American onlooker, and the rapidly moving tourist, and even the Good Neighbor Policy holders and flying Commissionaires, photographically familiar only with the modernized capital plazas and concomitants, may fancy that there is but a shade of tan's difference between the peoples of the two continents and the life of their inhabitants, separated only by a score of American-made gadgets. Whereas, an abyss lies between us.

The economy of South America, for example, lies for the most part just as it came from the hand of God, following some prehistoric upheaval of the earth, buried in wellnigh inaccessible hiding-places throughout the continent. Whereas our economy in the North is chiseled down to Man's economy, that in the South largely remains Nature's, in which they are encompassed and possessed by their treasures, more often than possessing them and existing off their bounty. Their cities and larger towns outside the capitals are comparatively few in number. As we have already said, they are "islands" in a vast wilderness, often uncivilized and sometimes barely cultivated. I have traveled for hundreds of miles in the vicinity of the Equator, which might easily be made the kitchen-garden for the entire world, with countless thousands of people starving, for want of food or of vitamin-balanced foods, when all they had to do was to drop a few seeds in the earth, or to stir their lazy tropical-diseased limbs and reach into the lush jungle for the day's meal. To exist was easy, but to continue to live was a struggle. Mortality was high, and only the fittest survived. Thus an abyss lies between our two worlds.

Assuredly a continent with a future. All that is needed is to establish an economic balance in order to bridge the abyss that lies between us. The fabulous wealth that lies buried in their mountains and deserts and jungles is of sufficient value to ransom them one and all from their isolation that often belongs to the Dark Ages. A hemispheric balance must be established. They need not be beggars, nor the objects of lease-lend loans. They need North American capital and they need North American technicians, to translate the buried wealth into a rich living for poverty-stricken peoples. In provisioning and furbishing and furnishing at least the hundred

million underprivileged interior Ibero-Americans and their ill-conditioned communities, industrial North America will have created for herself one of the world's greatest markets, as well as helping to industrialize and so employ otherwise indigent South American nationals.

Of such potentialities is the Continent of the Future, when it gets together and pulls together with its sister-continent of North America.

The Spaniards were disappointed when they learned that they had not reached the "Indies," but had only discovered a new land! Now, it turns out that this South America has all the treasures which they were seeking in the Indies, but they got tired of developing them after they had dug a little gold and silver. It has been left to the people of the North to aid those of the South to realize the fabulous dream of their ancestors!

Reiterating and emphasizing all that we have discussed in preceding chapters concerning the stupendous difficulties of bringing the two continents together in anything like hemispheric accord, we now suggest ways and means—some of them already in operation.

One of the chief reasons for the failure to get together in the past has been a prolonged lack of definite knowledge of one another, and the building up of a long-distance fiction, sufficiently documented to produce a complete legend of misunderstanding. "Those South Americans!"—and we smiled tolerantly and amusedly. "Those Yanquis!"—and they didn't smile at all, but frowned vindictively. Neither continent had evinced much interest in the other, or a healthy desire to become acquainted or better neighbors, until the Government of the United States evolved the Good Neighbor Policy. ("Policy," according to Webster: "Procedure based primarily on temporal or material interest, rather than on higher principles; shrewdness.") Ignorance was confounded and compounded.

This state of mischievous and oftentimes malicious ignorance existed and was propagated not only between the distant continents, but also between contiguous republics and even between sections of a single state. What they didn't know about one another, they

made up, from travelers' tales, from occasional contacts and from certain notions and conclusions of their own, often based on prejudice. One in a million among us ever got down to an experience of the fine points, the excellent character and the good heart and hospitality of another nation. Not even home education concerning character traits of our Neighbors could have given us more than a perfunctory acquaintance with them.

What was the trouble? Why had not human relations improved during a period of centuries of living together in the same part of the world?

The reasons are not hard to find. We are already well acquainted with Anglo-North America's dissepapateness. In the case of South American states and communities that are literally "islands," it is due to the circumstances of geodesy, or those mathematics of the earth's irregularities that divide it into what we speak of today as "bottle-necks." Argentina is almost without bottlenecks or community "islands," while Colombia, for example, is made up of at least four bottlenecks, almost inaccessible to one another, due to physical barriers. Brazil is composed of a score of bottlenecks; hence the various States composing their Union, having little or no acquaintance with the central government, or other members of the Union, were united in name only and did as they severally pleased—until Vargas welded them together.

It took the conquistadores anywhere from one to three years to reach a given objective point overland. At the beginning of the twentieth century, communications and transportation had advanced comparatively little. There were the same old "beaten tracks" over the continent made by the conquistadores and their immediate successors, who had shown far more genius and progressive spirit, in reaching and conveying vast quantities of materials to build such extraordinary and difficult-to-reach towns as La Paz, Quito, Potosí and Bogotá. The feat of transporting countless tons of silver taken out of the famous Cerro Rico ("Treasure Mountain") from Potosí for five hundred miles over the highest Andes to waiting galleons on the Pacific, ranks with the erection of the Pyramids or the building of Machu Pichu by the Incas. Many a rich mine of gold, silver or copper, has been left lying fallow or was abandoned in mid-

production, due to lack of that same indomitable spirit, or to insurmountable obstacles to warrant a profitable undertaking. All over South America are lying great heaps of half-worked treasure awaiting modern methods of reworking and transportation to take it away.

The "main traveled roads" to the island cities, each in its isolation forming its own bottleneck, were gradually improved just before the turn of the century, in most cases, bringing the iron horse running on steel rails. The ancient side-trails, fading off into oblivion, remained. Itinerant prospectors, and often established miners with equipment and supplies, had to travel in caravans with a train of Indians and loaded pack-animals, enduring gruelling hardships and often taking months to reach objectives only a couple of hundred miles distant, as the crow flies. Little wonder that ignorance of one another prevails and even one's nearest neighbors are strangers.

Comes the revolution—this time a revolution of Peace. The bottlenecks are broken. The "islands" are bridged. The riddle of the centuries is solved!

In 1920, just to send a half-ounce letter from Lima, Peru, to Iquitos, Peru, it took more than a month: 1,000 miles up the Pacific coast, through the Panama Canal, across the Caribbean Sea, down the South Atlantic, around the "Hump" of Brazil, and finally 2,000 miles up the Amazon River! In that year, an American daredevil birdman, named Elmer J. Faucett, descended from the skies in what One-Way Corrigan called a "crate." He immediately took on the Peruvian Government's standing offer of 10,000 *soles* to the first pilot who would dare fly over the Andes and deliver a letter to the Alcalde of Iquitos, Peru's mining town just over the "Big Hill," on the headwaters of the Amazon River.

When I was in Lima, twenty years later, I flew with "Slim" Faucett aboard one of his fleet of semi-freight-cars, that carried not only passengers but also heavy mining machinery, tractors and even cattle on the hoof, across to Iquitos, every week or so. All of which does not sound very novel or startling today, but on that first epoch-making flight and a little later with his "flying box-cars" Faucett not

only had solved Peru's problem, but also he had become a New World pioneer in laying the chief jinx that had for so long obstructed the forward movement of the Continent of the Future! Both blocked and severed communications and transportation within, and to and from, South America, were already on their way to being repaired. There is an old saying in Ecuador: "Our roads are made for birds, not men!" Now the bird men have come!

We already have spoken of the Pan-American Airways' practical monopoly of the air trade of South America, in conjunction with national air companies. During my flight of some 25,000 air-miles on that continent, I penetrated some of the darkest and most inaccessible spots and corners. On two occasions, I came down within less than a mile of territory said never to have been trod by a white man. In both of these instances I was the guest of stupendous American enterprises that had transformed the primeval jungle into high-spots of modern civilization, with their macadam roads, pipelines and electric-lighted mine galleries. Already they were unearthing treasure unguessed a couple of generations before. The airplane and the twentieth-century American machine had blazed the trail through the wilderness.

Not only was the hazardous 25,000-mile journey around Cape Horn eliminated, but also the two-week trip short-cut through the Panama Canal. The Andes leveled and the jungle skimmed over like a soaring bird. A year's tour of South America curtailed to eighteen days! America to Buenos Aires in three days! Jump a plane from Anywhere to Nowhere and be there in a jiffy! That does not sound like Latin-America, but it is a fact. For South America became air-conscious in a big way and universally, long before America did. Perhaps because they had such great need for it. I have flown from one little hamlet to another known only locally, when American towns of like unimportance never dreamed of an air-stop. This was no doubt true, as I have hinted, because of a total lack of anything but the most antiquated forms of transport.

With airplane transport in its infancy—especially of freight carriers—with glider cargo trains, with giant luxury liners as large as sea-going steamers, with helicopters that can land on or rise from a head hunter's mud hut, and with a million aviators ready to man

a half-million planes inherited from the war by the peace, no spot in the whole of South America will be free from traffic—or trade.

There is another aspect of this breaking down of the communications and transportation barriers, of paramount importance, that has been given much absurd publicity, but too little sober consideration and actual construction. I refer emphatically to the Pan-American Highway.

For years, sporadic magazine articles have appeared discussing "the proposed Pan-American Highway." Most of them seem to have been written with the tongue in the cheek. Some speak of it as though it were "A Rocket to the Moon," and give fantastic figures of the mileage of the stretches already completed. They convey a double-vision impression: first, that the project is almost completed, and second, that the darned thing will never be finished. Few persons seem to realize how vast or how important the project really is. If it were only a motor road, say ten times the distance across the United States, that would only be the half of it. It is the old problem of bottleneck and "islands" that has stumped the roadbuilders of South America, that presents the real problem.

From the time the proposed Highway leaves United States soil it is in deep difficulties. I have traveled over it on that finished part that carries one over the mountains to Mexico City. I have bumped over a doubtful stretch skirting Zapotec temples in the neighborhood of Oaxaca. Soon after that it begins to plunge into the jungles of Central America and then flounder in the deep morasses that swallowed up thousands of workers on the French version of the Panama Canal that bogged under it. Beyond the Canal is worse and more of it! Then Colombia, the Land of Bottlenecks, is reached! The trek down and around the rim of South America begins. Only one who has traveled extensively over stretches of this terrific country, between "island" communities, can guess how bad the going is. I came face to face and foot to foot with it, where I rode between solid jungle walls through Henry Ford's Belterra plantation, and again through Standard Oil's six-mile six-million-dollar stretch through the Venezuelan wildwood, and again over the right-of-way of the Braden

Copper Mine that climbed above the Chilean clouds. The experiences told me two things: what a whale of job this Pan-American Highway is going to be, and how well the American engineers had mastered the terrain and done the job! Furthermore, these American achievements under the greatest handicaps that could be encountered in all South America, are a surety that the Pan-American Highway can be built—under American engineering, direction and effort.

The end of the war finds the Pan-American Highway “partially” completed. As though to prove that it was nearly finished, an occasional “pathfinder” adventurer appears in a car, Richard Halliburton style, proclaiming that he has motored nearly all the way from Rio! So have I motored through the Haitian jungle, and barely came out alive to tell the tale. A “stunt” motor road to Rio, will get us nowhere. A fair motor highway from the United States, down the West Coast and back, crossing the continent at the foot of the Andes, following the sea-level of the Chilean Lakes into Argentina, thence up the East Coast, through Brazil, Venezuela and Colombia, back to the Isthmus, would become the outstanding achievement of the Age. Such a major operation would knit the two continents, joining them together *by land* into one global body. This single agency would produce a miraculous transformation in our relations; psychological, commercial, social and probably political. It would insure a physical Pan-American union and good earth neighbors.

Imagine the possibility of hopping into your car and “rolling down to Rio!” We motor back and forth across the United States nowadays as though it were nothing at all. Rio would approximate twice that distance. Or, try to think of the small business traveling salesman, with his car full of samples. Most of all, consider a steady stream of motor trucks with trailer trains; loaded with manufactured goods going down, and with raw materials coming back! The picture can be built up indefinitely, in terms of communications, transportation, trade and growing friendly relations. It is the most practical promise of intercourse between the continents that has ever been conceived. A large portion of the Highway is completed, but not nearly so much as we have been led to believe. The “islands”

have merely extended their lines, but the most difficult units are yet to be laid.

As in the case of so many projects of paramount importance in Pan-American relations, there has been downright negligence of the Highway, while undue prominence has been given to half-baked and theoretical Good Neighbor schemes. If some of the hundreds of millions of dollars which Senator Butler claims were misspent in Latin-America, or even those acknowledged by the accused to have been expended, had been put into the building of the Pan-American Highway, it might have been completed long since. Nevertheless, no time should be lost in finishing the Pan-American Highway. It may take a billion dollars, maybe more. That is but a drop in the bucket, after the hundreds of billions we have been spending in the War.

With the phenomenal improvement and growth in the means and media of transportation, there is bound to come an astounding burst of tourism to a travel-starved people. Devastated Europe will be a sorry sight for years to come. There are thousands of travel-conscious people who assert that they never want to see it again! This brings us face to face with South America as the Tourist Continent of the Future.

Travelers will find a marked difference from the familiar European scene, in South America. They will miss the luxuries common over there, and have to put up with many crudities common over here. The distances between "sights" are immense, but the increased speed of the new passenger carriers will partially take up the slack. Speaking of "sights," they are confined mostly to "scenes," with Mother Nature as the showwoman. Certainly many touristic offerings belong in the first rank of "wonders of the world." El Misti, snow-covered mountain overlooking Arequipa, is larger and more beautiful than Fujiyama; a trip through the Straits of Magellan, with a fall of fifty feet in the tide between the two oceans making the waters a cataract, with mountain peaks protruding in the channel and glaciers within reach, makes the most thrilling water journey in the world; a visit to Machu Pichu, the dead city and stronghold on

a mountain pinnacle, vies with a visit to Pompeii, Timgad, the Colosseum; a flight over the Andes from Santiago to Buenos Aires, suspended for an hour over fearful mountain peaks and awful chasms, with "Christ of the Andes" faintly visible three miles below, has no parallel; the scenic beauty of the Chilean Lakes with volcanoes reflected in their waters equals anything you will find in Bavaria or Switzerland; the marvelous Lake Titicaca, 12,000 feet above the sea, dotted with Indian-manned balsa sailboats, is as picturesque as the Adriatic or the Red Sea; a journey of five hundred miles up the Magdalena River through the heart of the teeming jungle, with parrots and monkeys, crocodiles and orchids, thicker than castles on the Rhine, has no equal in Europe.

But, if this be America's tourist "horde," how are they going to take care of you? Where are they going to put you up during this Arabian Nights journey? As I have already said, I can count the possible tourist hotels on my fingers: One in Lima, two in Santiago, one in Viña del Mar, a new one in Puerto Varras (Chile), a half-dozen in Buenos Aires, several in Mar del Plata, possibly three in Rio de Janeiro, a couple in Montevideo and neighboring beaches, a little new one in Cuzco, the new so-called "Rockefeller" Hotel in Caracas, and the El Prado in Barranquilla. Not one could take care of a landing party of several hundred Cruise passengers.

Again, there is little or nothing to buy—souvenirs, gewgaws or gifts. Shrunk heads (mostly fakes made by Japanese), "Panama" hats in Ecuador, "unlawful" vicuña laprobes, an assortment of silver, both antique and new, and a few Indian-made goods in Peru, butterfly-wings, poisoned arrows and unset precious stones in Brazil—and so on. Miscellaneous objects that the intelligent tourist would call "junk." Another case of exploitation and popular laziness; letting Woolworth "five-and-ten" and Japan supply domestic toys and souvenirs, while the native arts and crafts are pretty universally neglected and allowed to die out. For the finer things, they have relied on Paris or London to supply them.

In Washington I talked with an official of the Inter-American Affairs Department. He spoke eloquently of the American tourist trade. He said that they were planning to shift it from Europe to South America. Already, he continued, they had prepared Guide

Books (I have mentioned a couple of books published through the beneficence of this organization, written by two stay-at-home young library authors) covering all the countries. Isn't this getting the cart before the horse? Ask Thomas Cooke & Son, or the American Express, what it means to organize, maintain and run, an international Travel Bureau. I have worked in conjunction with them from time to time, and have a fair idea. Of their thousands of employees, every one is an expert. Most of them speak several languages. They are familiar with the ins and outs of every tiniest spot on the map and its commercial equivalent in tourism. If the Inter-American Affairs people intend to compete with Cooke and the American Express, their plans should be well under way by this time.

There is a second and greater If. If the South Americans want to capture and hold the American tourist trade, they will have to hump themselves. American tourists spend lavishly, but they are exacting, and insist upon getting their money's worth. Some European governments created a Department of Tourist Industry. All spent great sums of money in advertising the attractions their countries had to offer. They planned tourist campaigns; festivals, carnivals, congresses, meets. Local enterprise saw to it that there were sufficient hotels and always Something to Do.

Incidentally, this American tourist trade used to amount to from \$500,000,000 to nearly \$1,000,000,000, a season, according to times, and no ignominious lease-lend strings to it either.

Nearly everywhere I went in South America, it seemed, God had been good, but so often man was quite inadequate. Such a state of affairs, it seems reasonable to believe, could be remedied, with the neighborly aid of an enterprising people, like the North Americans. Indeed, this has proved to be an axiom.


I remember visiting a little town just outside the wired enclosure of the Caripito Oil Camp, Venezuela. The community lived directly above what is probably one of the richest spots on the surface of the earth. Seventy million dollars of American capital had been expended all around it. Yet, it was without doubt one of the most miserable and poverty-stricken communities I have ever walked

through. Most of the several thousand inhabitants were squatters, absolutely lacking in any form of human energy or ambition beyond leaning against their mud huts and shifting out of range of the circling sun. Just inside the Camp fence were as many thousand of the hardest workers I had seen in South America, most of them, too, Venezuelans. It wasn't just American capital that had wrought the metamorphosis, or the Oil money. Some of the American spirit had been injected, or maybe knocked, into them. Venezuela is the richest country per capita in South America; in this Brave New World of today! They have no public debt or national deficit, yet I never lived in another country where the dollar could buy so little, and where less food per capita was produced for hungry mouths. In their economy, two and two made only three.

Colombia, nextdoor neighbor, is one example of many where because of its varied zones every vegetation flourishes and practically all the products in the world may successfully be raised. But they aren't. Here is a country rich in raw materials of every sort, for both luxuries and precision machinery. They mine emeralds, but their shops are filled with the cheapest gewgaws. What they need are artisans, artificers, capital. If there were only some basis where we could serve without intruding! Already they have expropriated our American Telephone Company in Bogotá, their capital!

Interior South American markets, as a rule, are picturesque, possibly, but depressing sights. Natives and Indians congregate from the surrounding country. With no "manufactures" and only a few crude domestic arts and crafts, they squat around, mutely offering a few handfuls of this and that which they have gleaned from the lap of an unusually opulent Nature. In many countries, for weeks I have traveled inland beyond the Europeanized "islands," largely African in character, where the only obvious advance since the coming of Columbus seems to be in the all-service use of the Socony can. I often tried to measure distance between them and their bounties of Nature, and the stone-clad bare acres of my Connecticut habitat, where colonist and Yankee wrestled the unfertile soil to a standstill, outlived the fierce blizzard-torn winters, and managed to build up the biggest gadget-making business in the world!

If we could only inject some of this get-up-and-get spirit into the



backwoods people of South America! Their forebears, the conquistadores, were brimming over with it. Many of their leaders have it—but not too many. With others it is only a figment of the brain that vapors off into the Grand Gesture reliving the accomplishments of Other Days. The only countries in which I could feel the vibrations of ambitious enterprise universally stirring the air, were Argentina and Uruguay. Without these virtues, galvanic quality, or whatever we may choose to call it, the majority of the South American states will simply remain out of step with the New Peace World set-up. Once in step with the Movement, the idea, the work to be done, however, and the Continent of the Future could have the world by the tail! Because in a stricter sense than in the case of any other continent, the East Indies, the British Empire, the United States, *South America more truly has everything!* She has everything in the raw that all the rest of the world wants and needs, except spontaneity, enterprise, capital, home industries and technical training. In all these respects can the United States give her inspirational and material aid, and incidentally give aid to herself.

This seems to be the most important step and direction for our Foreign Policy to take in the first days of the Peace, to the exclusion, if necessary, of the majority of the far-flung schemes in general and the network of foreign political complications and world succor—perhaps “sucker” is the word.

The Peace need is so grave and so wrought with consequence for Pan-American future, that every member of the Pan-American Union should be compelled to become signatory and co-operative, with no less determination, compulsion and threat of severing our benevolent relations and the use of all the other punitive pressures through which we “put on the heat,” to force them to come into the war!

If the Equator were used as a line severing that portion of South America to the north of it, taking in Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador and half of Brazil, we should have included that part of the continent where there is the least friction and the greatest opportunity for complementary trade with the United States. Within this area

are to be found practically all the more precious products of the globe.

Go south and competition begins. Southern Brazil and Peru are rapidly taking away from the U.S.A. the lead in cotton. In the Peace, we shall find Latin-America competitors in the export of petroleum, copper, silver and lead, just to mention a few leaders. It is important to note that only 6 percent of Latin-American export is distributed among Latin-American countries. This is due not alone to the circumstance that they are "islands" separated by barriers of Nature, but also to the fact that they must trade with other countries that not only are industrialized consumers of their goods but are able to pay cash for them! Herein is where the United States comes to the fore. But so will Britain, Germany and other European customers who hope to sell South America their goods. Some reciprocal plan of trade must be devised, wherein both Latin-America and the United States must buy from and sell to one another, as "favored countries." It has been done before.

All over South America, in the deep interior, I have seen the whole farming cycle being carried on in the archaic Biblical fashion: plowing with an ox drawing a wooden stake in the spring, the grain being threshed at the harvest by driving trampling cattle over the sheaves of grain, using the open fields as a threshing-floor, and then winnowing it by casting it in the air for the wind to blow away the chaff. The world seems to have got away from them on the wings of industrialism! Paradoxes that seem incredible and do not belong to our time. For the most part, a land of plenty with excruciating poverty everywhere; a land of lazy leisure and yet never was seen so much backbreaking labor; a land of promise, but with an air of hopelessness. They do not seem to have the power to elevate their spirits to a world pitch.

I am of the opinion that this is just a phase. South America once flourished, and then seemed to die. It needs resuscitation, and this the United States can give it, if we intelligently will it, and they permit us to.

A continent with millions of acres of undug, unsown, unplowed lands, of undeveloped wealth; blind spots in the light of a bountiful sun. Just send the giant clod to school if only to study agriculture,

give him a shining American plow and then bring on the tractor and the machine! South America will go to town—probably the same town the United States goes to and offer in competition the same merchandise. That would produce a more healthy state of affairs, bring money into their pockets and buying power and a growing trade with a hundred million steady customers that would go on and on.

That is one of the ways to win South America, without rancor.

Thus we find that there are *two South Americas*. They stand out in melodramatic contrast in every republic. Capital cities enjoying all the modernities of the most advanced communities in the world, while vast interior and disconnected areas lie in semidarkness; some districts in the aboriginal state of the Stone Age. How can we talk about South American democracies, under such conditions! Before any perfect or practicable Pan-American union can become a completely functioning body, each and every state must bring about at least a primary circulation of civilized advantages and a common understanding of what it is all about. Backward people of a vague "*Mañana*" would then become children of a real Tomorrow! A tired continent will be aroused. That and that only will wind up the works and make the clock go and keep both time and up with the times. Skyways and highways will change the map of South America. Production and trade will follow apace. Interminable markets for the United States would begin to appear.

Right up to the advent of World War II, South America's handicaps had been so many, for so long, that they had become an unhealthy habit of thought, of work, of life. The vast hinterland had become the tail that wagged the dog. The jungle was like a tin can tied to the tail. The bulk of population often untutored Blacks, Indians, Mestizos had only a hammock civilization not many steps from the wilderness. Even Nature seemed to have stacked the cards against them, making it necessary to ask the peoples of other continents to unearth their own treasures. They never seemed to come to possess them as their very own. Foreign exploiters from the earliest times had taken away their natural resources, without giving them more

than a smell of them! I had seen the ore being taken out of Bolivia, which was all they ever saw of their natural tin. Venezuela saw scarcely more than the pipes, and waiting tankers, and smelled the stink of their crude oil. Even their own alligator-hides and snake-skins they imported in the form of handbags and shoes. Foreign labor enjoyed all the benefits of high pay in the converting processes.

There were stirrings of a great change even before the war came and changed all that. South America was beginning to see the first streaks of the dawn of the Continent of the Future.

But suppose the improvement in transportation—in the increase of planes, highways and automobiles—does lighten the burden, perhaps lift it altogether off the backs of the millions of Indians, what then? The idle Indian or peon becomes more dangerous than the one bowed down with a burden. Here is a fertile, but deadweight, field for the intelligent efforts of this Continent of the Future. They must rescue their Forgotten Man; make more than half of their population useful. Actually, the early Church did more in that direction than has ever been done since. Carefree days are over, with the coming of this energetic New World!

One of the starters of the new spirit abroad in South America is the little factory of Pedro P. Diaz, which I visited in Arequipa. The Diaz concern made the best-looking de luxe leather goods in South America. A couple of pairs of his leather gloves bought for my wife, alas, showed the characteristic deficiencies of South American workmanship that must be overcome. They had a good appearance, but they were made inaccurately.

There was a building boom on throughout South America. They had torn down a large section of La Paz, and finally discontinued reconstruction due to lack of sustained enthusiasm, but not until no less than forty large modernistic buildings had been completed! In Santiago, Chile, the American manager of the Travel Bureau showed me his "card" certifying that he was a member (compulsory) of the White Collar "Association of Employees." It was a government organization, but not created to enforce collective bargaining terms on employers. Five percent of a member's salary was deducted, to which was added another 5 percent by the employer. From that point it takes on the complexion of the American Building and Loan

Society; the funds are invested in building homes and apartments. It is responsible for the greatest building boom Santiago ever had. Significantly, it is taking an active part in the widespread slum removal movement.

Chile, however, is suffering from political indigestion. It wants to get there too fast. It had at least twenty political parties in the field, all fighting-mad for Democracy. When the showdown came, it turned out that the Leftists were in and they were on the borderland of Russian Communism. Like Lopez in Colombia, they had put a "New Deal" into effect. At this point, we must remember that a South American New Deal is by no means an alliance with the Roosevelt New Deal, but usually intensely nationalistic and so, strongly anti-U.S.A. Like all New Deals, Chile remembered the Forgotten Man with such vehemence and violence that the voice of all other men was drowned. There was always the same cyclical danger of getting tired before the job was finished and slumping back into the old Spanish custom of "*Fiesta, siesta, mañana*"! One indication of this was a concession to the White Collars, in Peru, extending the "siesta hour" to three and a half hours in summer.

As an American mining engineer I met on the Magdalena told me from his observations, "They want to swing from trees into a Ford car!" There are too many cases where governments fancy they have settled the whole question of internal "civilization," and are now on a par with the U.S.A.; for example, when they have fulfilled their politico-social promise to the formerly underprivileged, of "a radio in every home." In 1942, there were 1,600,000 radios in South America. In more than one back country region I have been amazed on hearing a radio and finding Singer sewing-machines and a crude movie theater, while toilets were unknown. It was a move in the right direction of breaking down the jungle, nevertheless. Political economists must take into account the many conflicting forces, which we already have discussed, that have operated and influenced the people for so many centuries, and which will long continue to engage their faculties and waning attention, and possibly disengage their energies and interest, to the negligence of the growing appeal of more practical and modern matters and questions. Give them time!

As we have hinted, they can't jump from donkey-back directly into the Yankee Clipper, but they are doing pretty well, for all that. Especially since the war and largely due to some of the more intelligent lease-lend negotiations, they are catching up with the Industrial Age. Incidentally, its concomitant, the World of the Worker, is catching up with them. While it is causing widespread social revolt and overturn, yet, in many instances through political power it is effecting many reforms that are hastening the advent of the Continent of Tomorrow. "Welfare" is the universal political and popular slogan. In many respects they are leagues ahead of the United States in this particular. Commensurate with their greater need of it, the public benefits have been tremendous.

When, in Santiago in 1941, I spoke with Jan Bata, once the greatest shoe manufacturer in the world, now a refugee from his native Czechoslovakia, he said, "These South American countries have been without shoes, broadly speaking. Five years ago even, less than 50 percent of the population were shod. In barefoot countries at least 25 percent of the population succumb to diseases contracted and spread from bare feet." Then he continued, "They insist on only 15 percent of foreigners in factories. Very well, give me 15 percent of my trained foreign help as managers and I can make shoes just as cheap as the bad discarded rubber-tire sandals they wear."

Later, in Argentina, we talked again: "One trouble with all these countries, there are not enough people. They have everything at hand but people. In Europe, we have too many people, and not enough of anything to go around. 15 percent foreigners, however, is plenty, if they will have it that way. Three capable technicians could easily train a thousand, ten thousand. That brings us to their greatest need after population, which is the need to consume. But to be consumer nations without producing what they consume is bad. Their greatest need of all is for training and trade schools, to build up and man industries. They are by destiny industrial nations, with unlimited raw materials at hand—which they must ship off five or ten thousand miles to foreign countries."

They were on the road to becoming industrial nations, however, even before the war struck. In the windows of half the capital cities were scores of goods displaying the proud sign: "Made in Argen-

tina," for example. I saw "scales without springs," electric dishwashers and dynamos, "Made in São Paulo" (Brazil). President Vargas had the right idea. He was teaching his people not only how to work, but also how to live better so they could do more work. His Health Engineers reported that Brazil was "one great hospital"; 50 percent of the population were sick—syphilis, tuberculosis, ringworm, undernourishment. He propagandized the nation on the virtues of hygiene and the value of vitamins. He was the first Government Executive to get the horse before the cart. He went after slum-clearance in a big way. I saw 100,000 residents of the "Dismal Swamp" *macombos* of Pernambuco being moved into government-built sanitary cottages back in dry, healthy country!

Huge hospitals, modernly equipped to the least detail, one in Montevideo fifteen stories, rising everywhere; day nurseries for children of working mothers; dietary kitchens in public schools; associations for the protection of infants; workers' colonies, where homes can be bought on easy terms; labor laws going far beyond the Wagner Act. To be sure, there are many very bare and miserable spots yet to be covered, but in the aggregate, South American Welfare projects are more radical and advanced than those in the United States.

Public education is the great need of the Continent of the Future, and will become the most effective accelerator of the New Age.

Education has not the same meaning or implications in South America that it has in North America.

Culture, as we have seen, is quite another thing from education. "Culture" is a tricky term with many meanings. There is a common, or national culture, in which knowledge, taste and esthetics seep into native human beings without cultivation. Everybody in Spanish America had that, from *peon* to *patron*. Then there was the culture of the gentry, the Church and the Nobility, denied the hoi polloi, and acquired by birth, wealth, position, education and association. For centuries, none but the upper classes aspired to it or gave it a thought. It implied leisure and luxury. There were always Latin-American universities for those whose class and profession required

Learning. For those who could afford it, European university education was always considered an essential to Culture.

Common education, therefore, has been slow in making headway and has not been too much encouraged by Church, State or Higher-ups. There is a consistent individualistic jealousy running through every Spanish-American. It was a bold and difficult step—still on foot—to eschew the cultivation of an entire nation, instead of the culture of a few!

"Americans are educated," they say; "Europeans are cultured." Just so long as Latin-American children are going to be sent to school to attain Culture only, just so long are they going to continue to miss the boat. We have long since come to the realization that we are living in a commercial world and we send our children to school to obtain such an education that will fit them to compete in it.

When the trend definitely changes and they begin sending their youth to trade and technical, commercial and business schools in the United States, instead of to European colleges to make gentlemen of leisure of them, the tide will turn for good.

Just as they need more and more people, with new blood, and less suspicion and jealousy of foreigners and their ideas, so also are they in need of more great leaders with new ideas: students of Commerce, as well as scholars of Culture. They need good cheer leaders, Mussolinis to rouse and tell them—not, "Ye are Romans! Rise and conquer!" but "Ye are Conquistadores! Rise and accomplish!"

Within the three years immediately preceding the entry of the United States in the war, the countries of South America had changed externally—not fundamentally—more than they had during the preceding three centuries. Since that time, they have changed externally beyond recognition. Any mere previous acquaintance with them should be marked "Obsolete."

The United States need not flatter itself too much. The change has not all been in the direction of "our way of life," our business and our trade. It was too often veering away from the United States; toward Europe—England, Germany. The war, with its attendant prosperity of a continent surrounded by war, but not in it, the

debacle of the Far East and the new indication of the whereabouts of source materials, however, opened their eyes, through United Nations trade, to the values of hemispheric solidarity. So South America's eyes are now directed toward North America in a way they never looked before; not exactly with affection, but there is less the glint of suspicion that used to be unswerving and universal.

Let us greet them with *El Grito* and salute them with, "Wake up, South America!" Fill the sleeping giant with a sustaining sense of his own greatness. Assure and provide him with the gadgets to make the wheels of production, reproduction and conversion of his own natural resources. Let him throw off encumbrances, with the same spirit that inspired the conquistadores and later threw off the shackles of Spain.

But, make it plain that his power lies only in the might of the hemisphere; in teamwork, in collaboration with the United States.

CHAPTER XI

ARGENTINA AND THE PEACE

Not one word written throughout the foregoing pages was not concerned with the question before us: Why has Argentina acted toward us in the arbitrary way she has?

And it will be necessary for us Americans, one and all, to traverse this same sympathetic path of inquiry and enlightenment, if we honestly hope and intend to arrive at any working and practical plane of understanding, explanation and solution of Pan-American unity and hemispheric solidarity. This is the open road over which we shall have to travel in order intelligently to reach Argentina!

Argentina, too, like the United States, has her own structure to consider: body, soul and spirit, which are responsible for her personality, her politics and her policies.

Unlike her sister continental nations, as we have seen, whose glory now rotting underground cast her in the shadow for centuries, Ar-

gentina has risen up a self-made nation attaining ascendancy above them all, almost within the memory of many who have lived to see it. Despite her claim to superior culture, Argentina's glory is shiny, rather than shining, springing more from the sweat of the brow and shopkeeping, once despised. Argentina, practically alone among the South American countries, has recaptured some of that indomitable spirit of the conquistadores. Paradoxically, despite her close affiliation with and emulation of sophisticated Europe, her manner and methods are more than faintly reminiscent of the condemned Yanqui spirit. Whether it be coincidental or accidental, nevertheless I have always been intrigued by their eternal talk of "Money-money-money!" and of the "biggest things." Also, they move and negotiate with more Yanqui animation and punctuality. Perhaps similar emanations are the outcome of similar natural problems and products and the outgrowth of similar climate and seasonal temperatures. These all make me think of the Argentinians as the Yanquis of South America, with certain Anglo implications.

Stemming from this more than occasional parallel, are similar caprices and impulses, actions and reactions. We are both thin-skinned and arrogant, but we don't permit reciprocal arrogance. In this very habit of each nation, of standing squarely on its own—the Number One nation of South America vs. the Number One nation of North America—agreement and accord with concessions become wellnigh hopeless. With peace come, what we sorely need is our case submitted to arbitration, in which neither of us shall participate. But who could possibly become arbitrator? Only God seems big enough to be allowed to assume that job, and He would probably be overruled by that popular retort of, "Just let anybody tell us what to do!"

Both of us require such excruciatingly "special handling."

Common Sense is the only resource left to us to do the trick.

Argentina, naturally not only is desirous of not having the ill-will of any former customer (that is part of what all this bickering with the United States is over, but is not the essence of the matter), but also, with peace at hand, is most anxious to keep her potentialities of

peace production geared to its highest notch, instead of being wasted away by participation in the war.

But in trying to hold such a contrary position and such an advanced place of advantage in the ranks of world economy, Argentina consciously finds herself in the dilemma of being the most economically dependent country in all of South America.

An ambitious Argentina of the Peace is confronted with formidable disadvantages, handicaps and hindrances. While trying to maintain her place as Number One industrial leader she lacks so many of the essential raw materials to make the wheels of present and projected machinery go round. Before the war she had depended mainly on Germany and the United States for the great majority of her foundational machines and machine tools; upon Britain to a limited degree. Germany dropped out completely in 1939, for years to come at least. Britain also. With the beginning of lend-lease to the United Nations, the United States ceased the manufacture of any but war machines. It will take several years of the reconstruction period before we are able to fill home orders, let alone turn to export.

Another reason for Argentina's stubborn resistance to entry into a world war, was her recognition of these facts of trade and that the key to the peace lay in all-out industrialism; furious export and import; economic dovetail and interdependence. Above all, the United States and Argentina in the peace trade were scarcely interdependent at all. So, why permit the United States to rule and warp her destiny! Europe and the world market seemed her only solution. In that, the United States seemed destined to be nothing short of a perpetual competitor.

Argentina is acutely aware of a fact that has become patent to all nations: namely, that the Era of Peace is going to intensify and multiply the works and energies of the Machine Age, which was straining every wheel at the time the war began, and actually doubled its efforts in the subsequent manufacture of war materiel. By the same token, Argentina realized that her world supremacy in the production of grain and meat contributed little if anything to her mechanical advancement, a corollary of becoming important in this New World of the Peace.

The foundation and the sinews, the sustenance and the repairs, of

the modern machine, depend principally upon such raw materials as petroleum, lubrication oils, iron and rubber. Argentina is deficient in all of these key materials. Likewise, the country is lacking in so-called defense essentials. Although there is a variety of minerals, deposits of most of them are either poor or inaccessible. Her forced isolation due to the arbitrary stand on Neutrality that she had taken, bringing to the fore the fact that she is far from being self-contained, is a constant source of worry—in either war or peace. In war, there is the certainty of blockade; in peace, the danger of overproduction.

Argentina has made many new and encouraging discoveries of petroleum deposits, and rapid advances in establishing a complete petroleum industry within a couple of decades. The fact remains, however, that their best efforts cannot produce more than 60 per cent of the country's normal needs. Essential needs in lubricating oils fall down in this same situation. Iron, the body-material of practically all heavy machinery, is lacking. Rubber almost hits zero.

A country of cheap land and expensive coal. That has been one of the chief reasons why Argentina for so long has had to buy her goods abroad. Without means for running the machinery which mills require, the people have had to buy their goods from those countries where manufacturing has been developed, not only because of dense population and a knowledge of inventions, but also because of large supplies of iron and fuel.

As early as September, 1943, Argentina's rubber stock-pile was almost depleted. Cut off from pre-war sources in the Far East and able to import from South American sources only a fraction of her manufacturing needs, the country was waging a delaying and seemingly hopeless action. Synthetic rubber production was being considered, but only in terms of a long-range program. Where would they get the complicated heavy machinery for its manufacture?

Finally, there was water-power. For the most part, Argentine streams are not mountain torrents and therefore have no falls to be used for generating power. The potential hydroelectric power in Argentina is 5,000,000 horsepower. Of this only 35,000 h.p. has been developed.

We turn from natural resources to manpower.

It was not alone foreign capital but also the influx of European

immigration that played a most important part in the role of building up the country's economy and prosperity. It was not so very long ago that there had not been enough men to do the unskilled work, let alone the skilled. Newcomers had easily found work. And there had been plenty of tools and clothing and housing materials to keep them occupied. Italians, Spaniards, Germans, Jugoslavs, Czechoslovaks, Scandinavians, poured in. In all more than a hundred nationalities. They were no doubt accountable for Argentina's superiority in workmanship on domestic articles, whereas those of all the other South American countries were generally crude.

The first two great needs were for farmers and mechanics. After that, industry began to grow and absorb thousands of the newcomers. The common South American problem of a big country with too few people, seemed in a fair way to be solved. Argentina handled the matter in a more intelligent way than her sister-republics. When the war clouds appeared, however, the immigrant breed were instrumental in throwing a monkey-wrench in the whole beautiful works. In the first place, immigration ceased. In the second, thousands of those already there obeyed their country's "call" and went back home to fight. Those who remained, more or less violently took sides in their adopted country. They formed powerful groups, both over- and underground, and exerted great influence in behalf of both Fascism and Naziism. They contributed to the contretemps between Argentina and the United States, but were by no means the deciding factors.

To this extent, internally and industrially, at least, was Argentina in the red, in 1939.

In any discussion of Argentina, in particular, and of every other country in South America in general, one must always return to the basic problem, *Export*.

Argentina was the first South American country to appear in the world market, *on her own*. Export is the keynote of all continental prosperity. None as yet is overwhelmingly a consumer nation, except of imported goods. All could exist without imports, in a backward sort of way. But not one of them could exist long without

exports. They are all raw material export nations—except Argentina, which alone belongs in the industrial export column, because through her own industry she creates—and supports herself—on what she makes. The first development of industries on an export basis, however, was in forest and mining. Later, meat-packing, farming and dairying, were expanded into world-caliber exports. 96 percent of her exports are corn, wheat, meats, cotton, wool and hides. Her three chief customers were the United Kingdom, leading; the United States; and Germany, far behind.

When the Dark Hour came, the three great customers gradually relinquished trade relations and Argentina's prosperous outlook vanished. I spoke with a prominent Argentinian merchant not long after the first shot was fired on the Polish border. We discussed the merits of the trade of the three great customers.

"It is hard to say what will happen to Argentina now, for we depend on export trade. Come what may, our hearts shall be with the English. Why shouldn't we be? We can never repay our debt to them. The English were behind us and our Independence. They were the first to place trust and confidence in our future. They proved it by investing large sums in the development of Argentina. They built our railroads, at a time when railroads were little known and involved risk and enormous expense; laying the foundation for our growth and prosperity. They were always ready to defend us, perhaps because of investment of capital. Anyway, we did not begrudge them their earnings. They were always gentlemen about it. And, I might remind you, as a citizen of the United States, that England has always been our steady and biggest customer, for our sustaining products, wheat, corn, meat, which make the wealth of our country. Your United States buys none of these things from us! Which makes it impossible for us to buy from you, due to the unfavorable trade balance. And now, sir," he concluded, "you would force upon us a policy of belligerent Neutrality that would deprive us of our next best customer, Germany."

It was not so much what he said—which was not correct, for the commercial record of Argentine-United States Trade for 1939-40, showed a marked increase of export materials we had bought from Argentina—rather the manner in which he said it, in which hatred

was implicit, when he added, "The United States is trying to ruin us!"

Such abject dependence upon two or three key export products, which might be blockaded, shut off from their accustomed or any other market, might well lead to the ruin of a country thus involved.

Happily it did not, but the United States can lay no claim to coming to the rescue with mercy aforethought.

In many respects, the United States has gone back on George Washington and other great American statesmen. We are today playing once-despised Old World diplomacy poker with Old World experts. Woodrow Wilson took a hand in the game under not dissimilar circumstances, whereby they took us in for several billions in debts and I.O.U.'s. Later, Congress tried to get us out of the whole mess by formally withdrawing from the poker chamber of the League of Nations. Those guys are too smart for us, when it comes to the game of Old World diplomacy. Raising the ante with Dollars doesn't seem to help our game in the least.

An example of Old World diplomacy in this hemisphere has been the playing up of Brazil against Argentina. We did something similar in weaning away one of the "indivisible" states of the United States of Colombia in order to gain our economic end and objective, the Panama Canal. Not only Colombia and Argentina, but all other political-thinking Latin-Americans, see in the precedent and its repetition, what can happen to them should they refuse to grant a demand made by the Colossus on their sovereign rights and possessions. In Spanish American politics "intrigue" and conspiracy are the order of affairs; in the case of playing up Brazil, we have come mighty near to becoming intriguers.

If we could only be made to realize the enormity of this move as a diplomatic misstep, besides causing discredit of our Good Neighbor Policy and a serious impediment to the progress of Pan-American unity. To Argentina, it is an unfair blow struck below the trade belt.

It is a traditional fact, whether it is ever even mentioned among Washington representatives, or in any other mixed circles or not,

that Brazil simply does not belong! Brazil is not a member of the Spanish Family. To us North Americans, all of whom cut our family apron-strings on espousing this "Land of the Free," categorically making us brothers of the spawn of the world, this difference in nationality would appear to be insignificant.

Jealousy prevails between and among all the countries of South America, but in the case of versus Brazil, something more sinister is added. The ill-feeling is there at best. At the least provocation it takes fire. Little incentive is needed to gang-up on the "outsider" in their midst. Yes, this matter of Brazil alone is enough to upset the whole Pan-American union.

There has always been a rabid rivalry between Argentina and Brazil. War is always imminent between the two nations and has several times flared up. A look on the map will show the southern tip of Brazil thrust deep into the shoulder of Uruguay along the Atlantic coast, thereby expropriating an enormous slice of semi-temperate country and sharing the vast Pampaland perforce, and all its valuable pastoral and agricultural specialties, in annoying competition with Argentina. At least, Brazil is not at the mercy of Argentina in those respects. On the other hand, Brazil, encouraged and abetted by United States' diplomacy, may withhold several essential raw materials, like rubber, coal, and also coffee. Brazil would not be averse to crippling Argentina and seizing first place as an industrial nation.

Brazil is aggravatingly rich and superior in so many respects that Argentina envies—in territory, rare natural resources, iron, coal, rubber, harbors, three times the population! Nevertheless Argentina remained superlative leader, head and shoulders above them all—until Vargas appeared, for the first time giving sprawling, inarticulate Brazil design and a voice; and then this enlisting on her side the unlimited support of the Colossus! Before these two untoward events happened, outdistancing Brazil had been a simple matter. Now the outcome, for the first time since the Liberation, has become a little dubious, and maddening.

One of the holiest jobs the United States could perform, would and should be the bringing together of these two great South American countries in at least an economic friendship wherein their efforts

and materials, products and goods would complement each other's prosperity and progress. We cannot become a partner to anything less than all ten nations. To show favoritism is bound to be fatal to a sincere South American friendship. It is no part of being a good neighbor, to set one neighbor against another.

In time of war, a country is said to be in a sound state only when it is, theoretically at least, self-contained. To the contrary, in time of peace a country might be said, theoretically again, to be in some degree better off as a have-not. Having plenty of some things, and even overmuch, and little or nothing of others, stimulates intercommunication and commercial interchange with other nations; it creates enterprise and trade; it leads to export and import.

Some countries are designed by Nature to become the bulwarks of battle; others the arsenals of war. This circumstance has been proved concretely in the conduct of World War II. Half the nations of South America that had been drowsing for centuries woke to find themselves "in the money." Peace, especially a sudden peace, may spell calamity for more than one of these nations and put it back to rest and inertia again until another great war looms. This is a threat tomorrow to nations that yesterday prospered and flourished from the sale of war produce; particularly raw-material-producing countries, of Chilean copper (the United States could fill the needs of a peacetime world); of Brazilian rubber (synthetic rubber factories will be able to take care of non-military demands); of Chilean nitrates (atmospheric nitrate with a small supplement of natural nitrate will suffice). Even Bolivian tin is threatened by newly invented calcium processes. And Venezuelan petroleum may suffer, due to synthetic high-test fuels such as the Germans have fought a war with. Not to mention the fact above a whisper that the East Indian sources of all these materials may be back in British hands and our hands may be forced by cartels to buy from the Empire again.

None of this is in strict accordance with the Atlantic Charter or the Four Freedoms, of course, but already Peace promises are making "scraps of paper" of those documents.

Argentina of the Peace will not be numbered among these eco-

conomic casualties, because she is essentially a producer of peace goods. In the drastic shift to peacetime commodities there will be a new deal. The demands of war will disappear and trade will take on an entirely new slant and pattern; some of the richest products of several countries will become the poorest.

The first and greatest peace commodity will be food to feed a starving war-torn world. Food is Argentina's greatest yield and source of income. Corn, wheat and beef; the standbys of any empty stomach and the builders-up of an emaciated universe. For a few years, at least, not even an inimical United States would care to interfere, because Argentina will help relieve the load of feeding the world that has been saddled on her shoulders at the expense of the American stomach.

A few years of uninterrupted production followed by the necessary concomitant of export, will help a lot toward Argentina's realizing her dreams of complete South American supremacy, if the United States will not interfere with her destiny, is the earnest and anxious way she looks at it. She is all set and geared for the job.

For weeks, daily, I used to pass by the thirty-two-story Cavanaugh Building, an inset skyscraper, American style, in Buenos Aires. It became a yardstick by which at length I came to measure the Argentinian genius for "getting ahead" of all the rest of the continent. I went about summarizing her prodigious accomplishments.

If banks were a barometer, then Buenos Aires would seem to have a gluttonous share of trade and money. There were whole streets of banks (like Reconquista and San Martín) lined with monumental depositories, the First National Bank of Boston occupying a prominent place. *Cambio*, or foreign exchange houses, about which hung a faint odor of the Spanish lottery, each one posting a table and giving you a little more or a little less, indicating that there was finagling going on in Argentine finance, were as frequent as American drugstores at home. I had seen so much of this in countries in the throes of inflation. It was the only visible sign of possible instability. It all showed, however, that Buenos Aires was the hub of all Argentine finance and economy.

There was none of this fluttering pulse where Britain's three billions were concerned, that were the concrete foundation of the nation's public utilities, and seemingly as secure as "The Rock," until the Argentine government began buying them back! American capital investments of about a billion wellnigh ruled manufactures, and were aiding in the country's extraordinary growth in industry, comparable to that of the United States of the Spanish-American War era, with somewhat similar potentialities and opportunities for business enterprise. Extraordinary progress during the past sixty years, closely following on the heels of the "chilled-beef era," in industry, foreign trade, and social betterment, have led to a steadily rising advance in the standard of living, that has markedly affected the imports, especially of the past decade; the growing importance of consumer goods imports, and the rise of semi-manufactured goods, together with machinery and fuel to run it.

So we find Argentina ranking as one of the chief importers of American automobiles, trucks, farm equipment and building materials, motion pictures, steel, industrial machinery and office equipment. Meanwhile Argentine factories are turning out increasing quantities of formerly imported "luxury" foodstuffs, to meet the improved public taste. A hundred factories were producing fancy canned goods, dietary and baby foods, vegetable oils and tobacco, using both domestic and imported stock. Just before the war, shoes made in Argentine factories numbered about 54,000,000 pairs a year, 14,000,000 of which were of Argentine leather. Hundreds of mills, large and small, are turning out furniture, but only of ordinary grades owing to a scarcity of suitable lumber—notwithstanding the fact that 200,000 square miles of land are covered with trees of great industrial value! That shows up the pressing need for good roads before the more interior riches can be tapped! For all that, the Argentine highway system covering 250,000 miles is by far the best and most extensive on the continent, with one motor vehicle for every thirty-two inhabitants. Construction of new and better roads is being pushed with a speed and energy limited only by the supply of road-building equipment available.

It is this record of being the leading manufacturing nation in South America that Argentina is jealously guarding and constantly

increasing, against the rivalry of Brazil. There are more than 2,500,000 employed in 40,000 manufacturing establishments, the greater part of them utilizing local raw materials.

More oil refineries than in any country in South America—approximating a score—utilize a national petroleum production. Together with about one thousand electric power plants, they largely furnish the driving-power of the mills and in part the motive-power of the coastal and river fleet of 400 motor vessels and 26,000 miles of excellent British-built railways; railroads without tunnels, curves or bridges, linking every important commercial town and province with the capital.

War had accelerated Argentina's industrial development. By 1943, the country was manufacturing practically all of its cotton textiles out of its home-grown cotton. Granted, if it could procure the ore, it was now equipped to manufacture 40 percent of its pig-iron and 30 percent of its structural steel.

Of the total area of South America, comprising 7,500,000 square miles, Argentina consists of 1,150,000 square miles, or 16 percent. Of the total population, Argentina has 14,000,000, or approximately 15 percent. Yet, according to fairly reliable figures, Argentina has more than 40 percent of the railways and telephone installations; more than 50 percent of the foreign trade, of the railways passenger traffic, of the motor vehicles and of the consumption of newsprint; and more than 60 percent of postal and telegraph business, of the continent.

Doesn't all this warrant, when the time comes, that Neighbor United States should court Neighbor Argentina as an equal?

Right in the midst of the war, with the whole world already badly out of joint economically, good fortune overtook Argentina. Just as the raw war material states of South America, hitherto overlooked as being unimportant, became the mainstay in the shortage crisis, so Argentina, a peacetime producer, was found to be a life-saver, albeit with her hoof-and-mouth-diseased beef. They came almost begging, too, for her corn—when only a year before I had seen six million bushels rotting and unwanted in her bins! It was in this manner that

Argentina began to contribute her *life-sustaining materiel to the United Nations cause that was as mortally effective in winning the war* as the more deadly raw materials for the making of explosives and armaments obtained from the rest of South America! Whereas at the beginning Britain had begun to curtail beef orders, Argentina was soon working overtime to furnish enough beef for Britain and the entire British forces. On my latest trip from Buenos Aires to New York, the hold of the Moore-McCormack S.S. *Argentina* was loaded with canned beef for "Tommies." It was reshipped on waiting British vessels.

It was a happy turn of events, since Argentina had built its great wealth and importance on agricultural and pastoral *exports*, rather than on consumer industries. Diminishing markets for these exports, through lack of co-operation, could well have resulted in national and financial chaos.

In another foodstuff Argentina had built up a new market. The inability of certain European countries to furnish the United States with cheese, for example, led to an increase in imports from Argentina from 1,407,000 pounds to 10,406,000 pounds in a single year. There is reason to believe, from the public's immediate adoption of Argentine cheeses, that that country may capture permanently at least half of the European market, which amounted to 55,000,000 pounds a year before the war. Butter, that used to come from Denmark and other foreign countries, and seemed to be obtainable nowhere during the mid-war years, began to come in from Argentina. With the European vineyards cut off and American wines curtailed, we began to learn the taste of Argentine wines, of which she produces 150,000,000 gallons a year ranking fifth among the wine-producing countries of the world, and exports great quantities in refrigerated ships.

It made a novel item in the day's news, in 1943, to read that "Thanksgiving turkeys are arriving from Argentina, predominating in a shipment of 300,000 pounds of poultry." The news item continued, "Despite the diplomatic coolness between the United States and Argentina, butter and beef from that country are now being called for to supplement our dwindling supplies. Federal authorities were surprised at the prominent news display given to shipments of

Argentine foods which were supposed to arrive without public notice." This item alone reflects amateur duplicity in our treatment of Argentina. A store was opened in New York's high-class shopping district offering "Argentine Food Specialties"! Beef refrigeration for export was speeded up by a new method that takes six hours instead of six days, and saves 35 percent of shipping space. "By the new process," packers explain, "the meat is sucked into hollow metal tubes by vacuum, where it is frozen under a brine spray which is later removed by exterior heating."

Since agriculture and pastoral farming for export remain the principal activities, the country began rapidly to gain its economic equilibrium. By November, 1943, Argentina was enjoying a wave of almost unprecedented prosperity. The value of her exports had risen month to month and increasingly huge credit balances were piling up. All this material well-being and progress was being accomplished through the unwilling co-operation and collaboration of the United States, whose State Department and diplomatic circles simultaneously were working contrariwise, muttering curses, uttering dark threats that sounded a little like revenge, and exerting obstructive "pressure" whenever and wherever possible. For example, the Argentine government had made a request for a friendly gesture from Good Neighbor President Roosevelt, in the form of machinery for her oil industry. It was sternly rejected by Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who wrote as of August 30, 1943. The reasons given were that, in spite of statements by the Argentine President, General Pedro Ramirez, indicating adherence to the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro, 1942, the Buenos Aires government had not carried out the resolutions of the Conference for hemisphere defense, and that the armed forces of Argentina were not being used for the security of the New World. This was taken to hint that Argentina, having declined to co-operate during the war, might find herself out in the cold when arrangements were being made by the Powers for the postwar period! It sounded a little bit like Dog fallen out of the Manger.

Argentina might have responded that her food forces were doing every bit as good a defense job as her armed forces might have done, in aiding the Allied armies to victory over the undeclared "enemy."

Furthermore, Argentina, food armaments were being strategically employed for the security of the Whole World!

As Frederick E. Hasler, President of the Pan-American Society, put it: "We would have known real hunger in this country, as would our Allies, had it not been for the great quantity of [he happened to be addressing Chile's Minister of Foreign Affairs, so he used the product of that country] sodium nitrate, which Chile supplied to our farmers." If he had been talking to the Argentine minister and everything had been in diplomatic order, he had only to transpose the words "sodium nitrate" to "essential foodstuffs."

No three-dimensional view of international events is possible without due consideration of both the machinations and the far-reaching effects of "politics." Practically every nation seems to be guilty of the practice, whether in secret or openly avowed. While it does not seem to come under the British head of things "sporting," yet England employs it as much if not more than any other nation in "playing the game."

For instance, there is the case of the United States pretending not to be playing both ends against the middle, in the instance of building up Outsider Brazil versus Argentina. We are really playing up Brazil against all the rest of jealous South America, against whom they are more than commonly *unsimpático*. And over there, we find Arthur R. Guinness, the London banker, urging the United States to lower trade barriers between herself and the United Kingdom. For the final accomplishment of this purpose "to assist in the rehabilitation of backward countries," Mr. Guinness further suggests that the United States might use much of the \$5,000,000,000 in idle gold, now stored at Fort Knox, Kentucky, to back a central banking institution.

At almost the same moment that the magnanimous Banker Guinness was voicing the foregoing generous sentiments, Senator Harley M. Kilgore was assailing the British-dominated monopoly of quebracho, the invaluable leather-tanning extract, found chiefly in Argentina. "This cartel is run with the sanction and encouragement of the government of Argentina, a country not only unfriendly to

democratic principles for which we are fighting," railed the Senator, "but it is the only country in the western hemisphere which still maintains diplomatic relations with the Axis." (This, of course, was before Argentina severed her relations with the Axis early in 1944.) This cropping up of serious dissensions in wartime, among Allies, was a disconcerting reminder of the former British cartels on rubber, tin, nickel, spices, and other vital commodities, that only a war could break up.

At this juncture, the machinations of Argentina in South America were laid bare, principally through a revolution in Bolivia, in December, 1943. The surmises and suspicions of the United States government, that the overthrow of President Peñaranda—who had received the *abrazo* of the President of the United States in Washington within the year as one of the nine bulwarks in South America against the Axis—was to some degree inspired by Argentina, were without doubt correct. That it meant a restoration of Bolivia—always strong in its Axis sympathies due to the establishment of many prosperous German business firms in La Paz and elsewhere in the republic—to the Axis column, was not so plausible. Long before this, with the surrender of Fascist Italy, any hope of Axis revival or signs of really effective Axis activities in South America had been crushed. The Axis was done for in South America, even in Argentina, where an efficient corps of British agents, or "snoopers," as they were called, was constantly shadowing them.

This brings us to a psycho-political aspect of the feud between the United States and Argentina. Squirming under duress of the United States' heel planted squarely on her economic solar plexis, Argentina was behaving as most smaller combatants do when they are being licked by a big fellow. Spanish blood is particularly violent and intemperate in its reactions under such circumstances. Whether or not they considered the United States' methods unfair, they were mad clean through, which meant that they would stop at nothing. They would employ gangster methods, if need be. They did. In their pique, they no doubt co-operated with the Axis all along the line—letting Germany and Italy do all the plotting and dirty work—to the extent of sending them contraband goods, advising the Axis of sailings and directing U-boats in such a manner that Allied shipping

was sunk and lives lost. The United States had not spared Argentina's feelings; therefore Argentina would do everything in her power to hurt the United States.

"But that's not fair!" we said. "So you think you're being so fair with us?" she retorted. "Lay off!" If we had laid off, the matter would have ended long before. It was the old story of the Shield, that was gold on one side and silver on the other. "It's a clear case of hemisphere betrayal," accused the United States. "No. It is a violation of state sovereignty plus economic strangulation," insisted Argentina. The weight of evidence favors Argentina, in that it was common knowledge that the large majority of the Buenos Aires (which is a different thing from saying "all Argentina") were decidedly pro-United Nations, and an even greater number were pro-English. The impasse, we repeat, lay in the fact that only a small percentage were pro-Yanqui.

Certainly, United States Diplomatic Intelligence must have known that Argentina, for economic reasons, was always intriguing with Bolivia. Argentina favored the Bolivian side in the Chaco War, in which land-locked Bolivia claimed a river port, that would enable her to ship Bolivian tin and oil directly to Buenos Aires. It is not unlikely that Argentina instigated and inspired that war with Paraguay. The United States thrust an additional thorn in Argentina's side when the American treaty arbitrator decided against Bolivia's claim. Nor is it out of the question that Argentina inspired Bolivia later to expropriate American Standard Oil—which had done all the petroleum exploration and engineering in that country—in order that Argentina might obtain the major share of it without the perpetual interference of the United States. To this extent was the recent revolution in Bolivia, ousting the pro-United States regime, "a pro-Nazi coup." In October, 1943, both houses of the Bolivian Congress ratified pacts with Argentina whereby the latter country "will hereafter finance Bolivian railway and petroleum development."

As of December 11, 1943, we read of the "Argentine Government looking upon the visit of President Higinio Moríñigo, of Paraguay, as an outstanding diplomatic triumph." This was not so significant

at the time, as it might be a straw in the wind, of a defection that might take place in the Peace.

Argentina considers herself a nation with a "manifest destiny." She has had reasons to believe that she should enjoy an unprecedented boom period with the coming of World Peace. But that destiny, she contends, is being hampered by the United States!

Certainly there has been comparatively little poverty and unemployment in this food-producing country, so favored by Nature, at least in respect to climate, rich soil and level terrain.

An entirely new commercial field is already on the horizon, that will further change and enrich meat-producing Argentina. The "ice-box" airplane will soon be here. It is a post-war air express-freight, each plane capable of carrying a forty-ton pay-load of refrigerated food at the low-cost of eight cents a ton air mile. A lateral loading-device will permit containers of two and one-half tons to be lifted directly from trucks into the plane where once block-buster bombs were loaded! The ice-box plane will arrive wing-and-wing with the airmadas that will break down South America's bottlenecks. It will open up an enormous new market of nearly one hundred million mouths on the continent with a stomach capacity for millions of tons of Argentine beef. Some beef there already was, but of doubtful savor and quality. Vast tropical areas never saw wheat.

The long-projected intercontinental meat trade by boat saw the first shipment of Argentine meat in 1943. A Swedish ship equipped for refrigeration arrived at Callao with 550 tons of frozen meat. Refrigerator ships to Europe had been long common. The peace will see ships of the sea replaced by refrigerator ships of the air. Refrigerator devices being introduced to the larger towns will become common throughout the tropics to the edge of the jungle. An order for tons of meat can be delivered almost anywhere in South America within twenty-four hours, f.o.b. Buenos Aires. Continental neighbors in the hot countries will gladly turn from tough, tasteless jerked beef to juicy, incomparable Argentine chilled steaks. Dairy products will follow.

Argentina has other virtues besides corn, beef and wheat.

Argentina had been at peace with the outside world for sixty-five years when World War II plunged the world into darkness. Reluctance to break such a spell might have contributed to her determination to remain neutral. She had consistently resorted to the highly civilized course of negotiation and arbitration to settle all international questions. What a pity that the differences with the United States could not sooner have been settled in the same way! She had been free of social unrest and bitter minority problems and was still seeking to avoid them, when it seemed nearly every other nation in the world was being rocked by them.

Economically, culturally and politically, Argentina is vitally important, not only in the Latin-American, but in the world scene. After the United States, with 17 percent, Argentina is next in elementary school education, with a percentage of 14.4 percent. 91 percent of elementary school age are enrolled in 12,568 schools under 65,449 teachers.

Say what we may to the contrary, Argentina is the unacknowledged but nonetheless positive leader of a Spanish-American Brotherhood, composed often more or less disunited states with a unanimous, typically Spanish, subcutaneous antipathy—of long-standing, well-founded and documented, as we must acknowledge—against the great Anglo-Saxon Estados Unidos de América del Norte. To break down this unorganized but organic prejudice and suspicion is only one of the barriers we must encounter and eventually breach, not by forceful “occupation,” but by peaceful advances.

“Moreover,” said Alberto Gerchunoff, editorial writer of *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires, “Argentina must be included in any system of hemispheric unity because of its physical and spiritual values. The future of a nation of 14,000,000 people, of such vast territory and such rich and productive soil, cannot depend upon the whim of passing events.”

The war over, comes another great change in Argentina. Like all the rest of us, she must get in step with the New World. To do this successfully, she must right-about-face, turn from the East and Europe, and look North, toward the leader of the hemisphere.

CHAPTER XII

YANKEE DOODLE GOES TO TOWN

The war over, it is time to get completely away from Brass Hats and down to Brass Tacks! Let us take off our armor, our vestments, our wings and our masks. Lay off all this palaver about Anglo-American virtuousness and Who is the Great Democracy. Nobody has been fooled by Propaganda. They all know who we are. All we have to do now is to be as honest as we protest we are. Quit this everlasting talk about "Democracy" and begin practicing it.

Do we know just what to do with the peace, when we've got it?

Winning this Battle of the Peace, in a more humane way we hope, is going to prove to be fully as great a task as the brutal Battle of War. There is really no serious question in anybody's mind as to whether or not the United States *can* win the second battle just as it did the first. There lurks a doubt, however, in many foreign circles, that we will take care to so prepare and marshal our seemingly endless resources, our enormous powers and our imponderable forces, in the precisely right degree and direction to make them count for victory in world strategy. These well-trained and competent observers are basing their calculations and prognostications on our international relations throughout the world in general and those with Latin America in particular, *in the past!*

For example, too often we find ourselves working from the top, down.

Take the question of Good Neighbor. England has been working and worrying over it, for generations. England clings to a single stanch policy, like "The Empire." We change our policies every four years, if there be a change in the Administration. This year our Diplomat is "New Deal." The next fellow will be a "Democrat." And maybe the next will be a "Republican"; each bringing with him his political bag of tricks. Our government officialdom is like a house of cards. They are either "in" or they are "out." In fine, it means that we have no firm or established national foreign policy. No recipient nation knows from year to year what treatment or con-

sideration it will receive from successive incumbents, because our policies are largely political "policies" in line with the will, the won't and the whim, of the Administration of the moment.

The Big Job that lies almost wholly ahead of the United States is the winning of South America. This cannot be done by conquest or by bullying; not by authoritarian Good Neighbor Policy or by blandishments; not by lend-lease bribery or by smirking commissions and committees on a spending spree. Negative representatives or costly robots will only prove to be ineffective agents and destructive of goodwill. Even the highest government officials, grinning with goodwill and reeking with saccharine sentiments of the Millennium, will be no more effective than tinselled greeting-cards. Nor can it be repeated too often that until we win Argentina, our task shall be far from being consummated. Though we gain peace with the whole South American world and are still at odds with Argentina, it shall profit us little.

Furthermore, we shall have to contend with the spirit of universal distortion and exaggeration of the truth, which has become the common practice of our war-propagandized era; distortion in all forms of mechanical communications, of graphic representation and of art expression. We shall find it even in the reports of many agencies in South America trying overhard to impress us with too-favorable publicity that often leads to our government knocking its head against stone walls. Senator Butler, in his Congressional Investigation Report—exhibiting the same tendency to exaggeration—listed billions of dollars that the United States is purported to have spent, misspent and foolishly invested in South America's "goodwill" without any visible results or tangible returns. If it proves anything, it is that goodwill is not a commodity that can be bought or sold, by either government or private merchants.

It is at the same time both a tough task and a delicate job that confronts us in South America. It will require nothing less than the intelligent and sympathetic services of an army corps of *trained experts*. We need builders, not termites; therapeutic surgeons, not meat butchers. Well-informed, well-balanced and well-equipped

men; well-paid, if necessary, but not well-heeled. Above all, they must be non-partisan and *non-political* field workers, with a liberal sprinkling of understanding but unbiased Catholics, and as few professors as possible.

This business from the start must be two-way and co-operative, on the part of both North America and South America. Therefore, the choice of the right men for the right positions becomes imperative. Personality qualifications must include their being true Pan-Americans with a sympathetic flare for the South American viewpoint. This is a large order and specifically calls for broadminded and world-minded men.

This is a real man's Twentieth Century Crusade, not another one of those pitiful Children's Crusades of the Middle Ages.

One of the first things is to clear out the deadwood that impedes the way and put our house in order. In this job, plain talk is to supplant political argot. No more shouting "Democracy" from the White House porch while we continue to consign the Negro to a Black Ghetto in Harlem and ride him on Jim Crow cars in Virginia. We will have to begin to discard that kind of double talk when we seek to do business with a whole continent that is not Color-conscious but extremely sensitive to our abuse of Color. We must pipe down in our dictatorial ways of trying to put over on them "our way of life," even though we fought a war for it and are not so sure that we didn't lose it. Watch out! We are a nation of reformers and witch-hunters. The missionary in us breaks out like a rash under the impulse of such a grand crusade of "saving" a whole continent by becoming Good Neighbors! And our fervor has been known to cool overnight! The fact that Latin-Americans, too, are mercurial, does not simplify our task.

Finally, we must resort to psychology in the culture of the future, in peace in the same manner as it has been applied and employed in the strategy of war. We peaceful crusaders must give due consideration to the status of the inviolable personality of races and peoples, of nations and individuals, who inhabit South America. We can no longer afford to guess at the answers, but must carefully study their beginnings and backgrounds in order intelligently to arrive at their future and their end. Nothing that has gone before

may be considered dead as long as we all continue to live. Peoples, tongues, traditions and ideas have shaped and quickened us all and made us what we are: lingering entities of blood and bone, of motivation and mechanism, of thought and spirit.

For the first time in history, our modern inventions and expedients are bringing together the raveled ends of the earth and all the peoples who dwell in it, knitting their dead past with the living present, into a oneness never before dreamed of.

If South America as our good neighbor is to become anything more than a cliché, which we keep repeating over and over, parrot-wise but principle-ignorant, this proposed fine and binding relationship is doomed to be basically unproductive and futile of mature benefits.

There is not a single valid reason why the United States should not go into the South America of the Peace and score a gratifying success on all fronts.

Success of our Hemisphere New World of the future, is the sum total of many big and little things.

Trade is one of the big things. It offers American business, commerce and enterprise an opportunity unparalleled in its history.

The mere mention of "trade" raises a ticklish but decisive question at the outset: Is the United States going to develop South America, or exploit it?

Are we foolishly going to kill the goose that lays the tin-rubber-copper-quinine-petroleum-nitrate-guano-coffee-quebracho egg? Or are we only going to wound it and cause it to fly over the fence to Europe? Perhaps we are not going to be allowed any alternative, because South America is not such a goose as she once was. The states have devised a defensive weapon; sharp and deadly—nationalism. They evidently intend to see to it that their resources shall no longer be exploited by the United States with impunity, or by any other foreign nationals, and will insist that they be developed on the principle of "South America for the South Americans"! We shall have to respect this principle whether we like it or not.

Are we to conclude, then, that South America, its resources, its

policies and its future shall remain forever possessively and selfishly in its own hands? In body, soul and spirit shall they be the sole arbiters of their own destiny?

No. Unless Uncle Sam and his citizen merchants should make fools of themselves, either by making international nuisances of themselves, or by laying a mailed fist or an interfering hand forcibly on any part of their continent or its resources. Otherwise, isolationist philosophy is no longer effective. For this war has determined beyond peradventure that there is but "One World," as Wendell Willkie tells us, in general, and we Pan-Americans in particular have learned through economic insufficiency and a prolonged critical war experience, that hereafter we must be joined and taken together to make *one America*. Henceforth, there will be but a single America. We complement each other perfectly and depend on each other absolutely. Therefore the peace implies an entirely new perspective of world economy, and most decidedly of hemisphere economy, from what it did before the war. Each of us, North America and South America, for the first time in history, can say without fear of contradiction or misunderstanding, "This is *our* hemisphere!" We are all part of it together. We need all of it together, but none of us has a controlling interest. *We must share it together.*

We have seen the birth of an entirely new inter-American economy—an interdependence based not on gestures and kind words, but on practical action and above all on commerce profitable to all. The bridge of intercourse over which we shall everyone of us pass back and forth from one continent to another shall be trade. Each one of us has something to give to and take from the other, something to buy and something to sell, above all many things to share; in fair trade and barter. A good motto would be: "Live well and let live well!"

Before we can have trade, there must be markets, definite places to buy and sell one another's goods. Markets can't be forced; they must be actuated by the one incentive, the law of all trade: demand and supply.

The next question that naturally arises is: What shall we use for money?

This trying to buy trade, like purchasing goodwill, has already proved to be a failure. In intention it may be honest. In many cases we might have been better advised to make an out and out gift of our millions. Loans are burdensome with obligations of which gifts are free. Immediate objectives, in some cases, may have been attained under the pressure of critical war expediency through the medium of lease-lend. With the coming of peace, however, we shall live to learn that no friendly ties are ever made or strengthened by creating a debtor-creditor complex. "If you want to lose a friend, loan him money!" is a saying as old as the hills in all languages.

It is an unfortunate American inhibition, born of generations of prosperity, that anything and everything on earth can be "bought." This winning of South America is too refined and delicate a job for such a coarse treatment.

We don't have to be "charitable" with our South American neighbors. They can pay us in goods and raw materials for everything we have to offer them; and pay handsomely too. They all have something to sell. For the most part they are rich in raw material resources, which they must sell. They are poor in manufactured articles and heavy machinery, largely manufactured from their own raw materials. We don't seem to have learned the clever trade trick of our all-time competitors, the British and the Germans, of extending credits and a long time to pay. The United States merchant chokes over a cherry like comparatively small-sum "credits" to South American customers, while his government swallows million-dollar loans to South American governments without batting an eyelid. "We want your goods. We need them. But we have not the money to buy them. Give us time and we will pay you for them," they plead. And our competitors have always given them time and credit, and captured many orders that might have been ours. The war over, we have practically no competitors. What are our merchants going to do about it? Are they going to wait around for their government to fork out another 500,000,000 Something-or-other Latin-American Fund dollars to enable South America to pay for American goods

(and maybe buy any loose competitor goods on the side) with their own citizens' scarce money?

The most fragile of all bonds in the world is "boughten" good will, upon which the Administration was setting so much store and banking on, in our relations with South America. Among all peoples, they are the most suspicious and least susceptible to it, especially with the traditional Colossus. Finally, we propose to cement it all with trade, which is not mature deduction. Business is business. Like all money dealings in debit and credit—and politics—it is tricky, because it brings out the worst proclivities in nation or individual. Let any reader translate it for himself. Bring it home and lay it on his own doorstep. Try to buy or sell, borrow, lend or owe, the dearest members of his own family. Watch any existing goodwill weaken, possibly vanish. No, don't let's claim goodwill first and use it as a foundation of trade. Rather, build up a good and honest trade and a sincere goodwill will follow.

Let us look the market values squarely in the eye, pro and con.

Mr. American Trader, a New World for you to conquer has grown up overnight, meaning the war. The new market is not going to come to you; you'll have to go and get it. But first, you'll have to learn many things, and unlearn as many more.

South America's attitude toward North America has never been conceded to be of any importance, indeed if it has been considered at all. That supercilious opinion must be rubbed out on our part. We must regard South America seriously, both subjectively and objectively. South America is no longer the ugly duckling of the hemisphere. She has come of age—with a bang! We shall find her not only a buyer of consumer goods, but a producer of them. In this respect, she is a growing competitor for goods that we once had a controlling market in. This is the subjective Continent of the Future aspect.

Our commercial policy of exploitation in South America has always been "Get more than you give!" There was no limit. That used to be an axiom of good business. In the new game of "Live well and let live well" mulcting must be cut out. A new principle

has been inaugurated; no longer are we to consider South American resources en bloc as North American negotiable properties, but rather that our greatest treasure in South America is trade. If we know which side our bread is buttered on, we not only should ask, "What can those countries give us?" but diligently seek the answer to "What can we give those countries?" Lasting trade is never one-sided. It must be reciprocal and retroactive—which is largely what it was not with the United States in the past. When the inevitable day of reckoning came, the United States was left holding the bag and shelling out millions to keep its customers solvent.

At least, at the beginning of the peace, we shall find South America sitting pretty, with practically all the rest of the world about her exhausted, and possibly knocking at her doors supplicatingly. That will be a funny reverse on the usual situation. For, without giving of her vitals, South America in her era of war material prosperity may be said to have had her cake and eaten it too. Her treasuries should be far from empty and her proclaimed poverty well-subsidized by Uncle Sam. Her potentialities have been built up, even to the importation of complete mills and factories, to aid the United Nations, as she could never have built them for herself in a hundred years. Oil, tin, copper, rubber, nitrate, all reenergized, reorganized and remechanized, giving impulse and motivation to progress never known before.

Up until 1940, American trade interest in South America was largely a sporting interest. Perhaps that is why we often took a "gambler's chance" that was called "exploitation." Bond and share utilities promised their bond and share holders fabulous profits. Instead, they took a fearful licking to the tune of several hundred millions in the crash, and Latin-American countries repudiated their obligations. So, there are two sides to this "exploitation" business.

Have we visioned the incredible South America of the peace? Every way we look at it, the implication is not only double and reciprocal, but also blooming and favorable. For the first time in its existence, the continent is for the most part autonomously solvent and prosperous and on the way to becoming economically independent. Each country is definitely out to buy up or appropriate public utilities and nationalize her rich natural resources. It seems in

almost psychic collaboration of "advantages" that the airplane should simultaneously arrive with a promise to break down the Andean barrier, and bridge the scattered bottlenecks and make the continent, for the first time, one big Iberian community.

Already, by mid-war, United States trade was far in the lead in all lines and was climbing to unprecedented levels, despite the fact that many commodity goods had been curtailed because of prior war needs and lack of shipping space. War and blockade were part of Providence, practically eliminating former competitors. There seemed little doubt that the United States could hold first place as long as we proved ourselves worthy of it.

Of course, there was a great outcry from all of our hard-won South American customers, for the gadgets we had taught them to use and which they had ordered in great quantity: building materials to back up the building boom; brass and copper pipes, bathtubs, lighting fixtures, stoves and refrigerators, not to mention machinery to take care of their growing home industries, like textile mills. It all gave brilliant promise of the rapid progress that was already being made in the modernization of South America. Just give us the few years' advantage, which are indubitably within our grasp, and all will be hunky-dory, with Uncle Sam sitting on top of the Latin-American world.

We can now drop that irritating slogan of "America for the Americans," and substitute—in trade, at least—"America for Americans *First*"!

We have at last got the ball right in our hands, and to muff it now would be criminal!

This brings us right down to the biggest question confronting and challenging the United States of the Peace: What policy of thrifty reconstruction have we to offer, contra and to match and to repair the ruinous and spendthrift era that immediately preceded, and perforce continued throughout, the war? As a suggestive query in line with that significant thought, we might well ask: What is this business of winning South America—and holding those winnings—worth to the United States, anyway?

Scarcely had the war begun, when "Victory Planners" began to appear in shoals, it is true. A single agency, known as the UNRRA, was designed, manned, funded and implemented. Its purpose was to rescue practically the whole world of unfortunates downtrodden by the war. UNRRA proposes to raise the living standards of countless peoples accustomed only to substandards, which may somewhat lower the living standards of some 140,000,000 American citizens by the law of average. Without for one moment opposing such a Gargantuan scheme of worldwide philanthropy, promising rehabilitation and elevation all the way from "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," I should like to say a word in behalf of many millions of equally unfortunate peace victims in our own hemisphere, not included. I saw representative thousands of them submerged in poverty and disease, malnutrition and ill-being, in at least half the countries of South America. Each and every one of these unfortunates comes under an especially intimate relationship and title which we have bestowed on them: "Good Neighbors," a term implying solemn and prior obligations. They are prisoners, bowed down ironically in many instances to an earth filled with some of the richest treasures beneath their bare feet! Miserable Bolivian Indians hovering over Andean fields of tin; ill-nourished inhabitants buried in the Brazilian rubber country; impoverished natives cut off in the Venezuelan oil jungles; barefoot creatures marooned among the emerald mines of Colombia. These people in the main are inarticulate. For the most part, they have neither spokesman nor leaders. They have not asked for charity and it is doubtful if they would welcome it. Nor is the foregoing a plea for charity, on my part. It is only a graphic external aspect of mutual benefits to be found implicit in the Perfect Hemisphere Solidarity Plan.

Such a presentation may be said truly to be thinking in "hemisphere terms," or an all-out approach to "Pan-American unity."

Only a prosperous South America is valuable. Just how valuable South America may become depends on just how prosperous she may become. With such vast wildernesses and wild frontiers filled with people of a "machete civilization" who need practically everything that manufacturing genius can supply, the possibilities are endless. Here is a potential trade covering 6,750,000 square miles,

now made accessible by the helicopter and on the crossroads of a Pan-American Highway that most of us will live to see. We hewed a frontier once and it was the civilizing of that heart of America and building it up that wrought the Greater America. We can help build a greater South America. A few strong leading men have to start these things; soon they begin to grow by themselves. Today, the Middle West is pulling its forebear New England out of the mire!

Imagine 75,000,000 customers each beginning by buying an aluminum pot and a mirror and a picture-frame commodity and then working up to so-called luxuries of an oil stove and maybe to a porcelain toilet someday. And so on, a welfare-conscious government legislating bathrooms and dentistry and what not! Once they get movies and radio and there would be no stopping them. It may sound fantastic, but that is the trend of events and the direction in which this New—call it cockeyed, if you like—World is moving in leaps and bounds in redeeming the Forgotten Man. Our aim at the moment is not so much the promotion of welfare schemes, as to call to the attention of those who may not long hence be wailing again over “overproduction” and “widespread unemployment,” and looking in vain for a “world market,” to give serious consideration to a potential New World market that the war has laid on our doorstep. A continent of the future, in so many ways: its surface scarcely scratched, its resources undeveloped, its riches barely touched; its people waiting for a Messiah.

If the United States would only create another peace agency on a par with the mighty UNRRA for “putting over” South America, with ample appropriation of funds! Not a government-executed job at all, but one wholly enlisting Big Shots and Brain Busters, who should be beyond and above politics and partisanship. It takes so much higher caliber men to conceive and maintain a plan to earn and make money than it does to create job-holders to dream and scheme to spend it.

The real conquerors of South America are not those “who won the war,” but those who shall win the peace. And that is not alto-

gether so simple and so easy as our written words may have implied. South American trade will not belong to us for the mere asking, but for the taking.

For one thing, there will be competition, and plenty of it, as time goes on. What will Señor John Bull have to say to all this? Despite our claims of being non-isolationists, we have the notion that we as Americans belong in South America, and that Britain does not. But Britain *will* horn in, in accordance with her ancient "Freedom of the Seas" code. For instance, one of our best markets is potentially for spinning and tool-making machines, but in normal times we run up against sharp competition from England and Germany, with none too favorable results. Competition will in time become savage and throat-cutting in a trade-starved world.

Now is our opportunity, as it never was before, and it never will be again. The bird in hand is wary and wild and hungry too, having for years been deprived of the gadgets that the big competitors first taught them how to use and then, because of the war needs, failed to deliver. If restrained too long by us the trade will be bird out of hand, managing somehow to fly away to other sources of goods, leaving only its tail-feathers in our empty hands.

We have the bulge on all competitors for awhile, but not for good. Are we gearing and steering our machines and motors with a view to all contingencies? We may count on it, England and Germany are gearing and steering with a view to future trade, come what may.

The treasure-hunt for big game is going to slow down, but there will be no end of middle-sized and small game. War has made South Americans resourceful and already they are adopting the machine everywhere that does ten times the labor in a fraction of the time it used to take the manpower and hand-labor. This means that our manufactured goods will suffer. It will follow, as always, that certain types of machines make more work by multiplying new types of consumers' goods. In lands of "too few people" it will help take up the slack.

We shall find South America taking over her great natural resources, one by one: oil, nitrate, copper, rubber, and so on, denominating them as "national treasure." Why not? Foreign private

capital will lose, but I think American trade may gain. In some cases, we shall see state owners and operators glad to farm them out again. The profits from these enterprises are surprisingly small and require masterful handling or they find themselves in the red. Americans—and British too—excel in that sort of “Big Business.” Indeed, there is a general movement that might be designated as “anti-foreign,” which will slightly retard any American “boom.” This movement will be accelerated for awhile by any upward turn of South American prosperity, as a result of two common Iberian characteristics: “getting square” and a frequently unholy triumph over one’s former adversary. It will be part of a Psychology Committee Plan to iron out kinks of this kind.

The world ahead is bound to be a world of Machines. Every machine we shall sell South America will reduce our export trade in manufactured goods; in some cases in a multiple ratio. Already many countries are filling their own needs for cheap shirts, work suits and dresses. As has already been indicated, there are concerns, like “Light,” in Rio de Janeiro, one of the greatest corporations in the world, where under the astute and economical management of Charlie Barton, of Worcester, Massachusetts, I was shown dynamos and heavy machinery made in their own foundries, together with trolley wire by the mile. Even when we were running into high-gear and spilling over into overproduction, South America was out of the running because she had no machines to speak of.

Our ace that has enabled us to compete successfully in a competitive market has been mass production and the assembly-line, turning out millions of one-pattern goods, thus reducing the piece-cost to a minimum.

Several things have happened, or are imminent, that will greatly affect our world leadership due to mass production. For one thing, the great industrial nations have either been taught the open secret—Russia, for example—or, they have copied it, particularly Germany and Japan, two of our greatest rivals in export manufactured goods to South America and elsewhere. The margin of our production lead had been considerably diminished when the war broke out.

The trouble with giant mass production industrialism is that this prized Machine which we possess in time comes to possess us

and turns out to be a Frankenstein overreaching our control. Union Labor is the *deus ex machina*. Never was this more graphically illustrated than during the most critical days of the war, when Union Labor struck again and again, like a savage "enemy," inflicting hardships and losses in material output, in the conduct of the war, in every battle then in progress and in the consequent loss of soldier life. Withholding their "contribution" to Victory for a few more cents an hour and less time on the job, although drawing as much pay for a week as the common soldier was paid in a month, for "not more than 40 hours a week" and living in automobile luxury in smug safety. The future of American foreign trade is in the same hands.

New machines will quickly fill the gap of manpower destroyed by the war. Then we will take up the peace battle where we left off to fight the war. The build-up of overproduction will slowly but relentlessly proceed. When the stock-pile of goods spills over, the ranks of unemployed will grow apace. It seems to be the unavoidable pay-off and penalty of the Machine, each unit of which throws out of work from ten to one hundred workers. Again, in due time, a world depression seems to follow a great war, in which world economy automatically seeks to fill up the pit gouged out of its vitals, by leveling off all men's gains of a lifetime to pay for their folly. Europe, the United States and South America—all will be on the same footing of exhaustion of financial resources. Will we look forward and prepare our trade to face this unpleasant contingency? Will Labor become flexible to meet the situation and maybe save the day?

Meanwhile, a critical foreign trade situation may well have risen. Any strategic advantages we may have gained in the South American market—through being on the job first, through being able to supply demands for goods over a protracted period of reconstruction, and through economy of the shorter haul, maintaining that lead through mass production—might easily be forfeited and lost by already too high, or skyrocketing wages being demanded or paid in all branches of the export industry. Other stumbling-blocks are: Our merchant marine carrying our export goods at nearly double the cost of that of any other nation; contrasting coolie labor costs

of production and manufacture generally prevalent among our competitors, particularly in Japan and the British Colonial Empire; government subsidy grants common in foreign merchant marine.

Another cloud looms on the horizon. Suppose Russia should prove to be a super-recalcitrant victor in Europe and revive the old *Internationale*? It might bring about a resurgence to Fascism as a weapon to ward off being engulfed by Communism, in which all or part of South America might join. This, too, might make it awkward for us as a democracy in trying to carry on our Solidarity Trade Plan!

We have men like Major George Fielding Eliot, under date of Christmas, 1943, writing a lead article in the New York *Herald Tribune*, advising, "Nothing would be simpler than to blockade the ports of Argentina and bring to an end the lucrative export trade of that country, thereby bringing the strongest sort of pressure on the commercial interests within Argentina which are supposed to be the chief props of the Ramirez government."

A few months before, Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, of New York City, in a nationwide broadcast, had proposed that we take Argentina "by the lapel of her coat," give her a good shaking and tell her where she would get off *after the war*, if she did not immediately break with the Axis. Granted, the sentiment might have had foundation, but fancy such intemperate and half-baked utterances, stirring up international hate, going unprimanded by the Government. All South America has a thin-skinned mental habit of taking unto themselves any "insult" offered any other Pan-Latin-American, even though they may not be on good terms with the recipient. On the other hand, more can be wrought by *simpático* treatment than this United States world dreams of.

Suppose Argentina, with or without good reason, were to seek to incite twenty fellow Pan-American nations against the twenty-first member, the United States? Whatever resentment we should feel under such instigation is but a modicum of what Spanish-American Argentina feels toward the United States.

These points are mentioned among the obstacles, large and small, that stand in the way or oppose our way in seeking perfect Pan-

American solidarity. Until they are one and all dissolved, smoothed over or cleared away, our objectives—in trade, in diplomacy and in goodwill—will continue to remain lamentably incomplete.

There may come an undeclared armistice, during which Argentina will profit enormously feeding a starving world, while the United States is also occupied in minding world affairs. Both could afford to be amicable during such a hiatus. Then will come an approach to normalcy and the old sore will be opened, revealing the important fact that, in war as in peace, the great difference between them is their likeness, principally in trade; in being Gemini in the same Zodiac but in different hemispheres; in raising the same crops and producing the same meats with the same prospective export markets. Let any American wholesaler try to buy Argentina wheat, corn or meat, if he wants to hear a snarl from the West and the blocs begin to grind in Congress. Any of us would do the same; most certainly Argentina, if we tried to jump her home market.

The trouble lies in the dilemma that Argentina wants to buy things from us, but she can't. The trade sheet showing the unbalanced commerce between the two countries with imports greatly exceeding exports to the United States, could always answer for so much of the unpleasantness between the two countries. Pan-Americanism was conceived in terms of trade, so when there is any serious kink in trade, the whole scheme of solidarity becomes correspondingly disjointed. It represents a perfect admixture of deals with ideals; psychology with goods.

The pith of much of our foregoing discussion, indeed as well as the burden of the entire trend of This Brave New World, including the war, has been that there shall be no aggressors grabbing too much, nor shall it be allowed that any individual remain unprovided for who has too little. That is the essence of the New Deal. Of South America we may say, *together, we have everything*; separately, some of us have too little and others have too much, of this and that. Specifically, South America has overflowing resources, while the United States is blessed with abundant engineering brains to develop them. They have a plentiful supply of products, visible and potential, while

we have ample means and machines for their production. They have collateral and we have capital sufficient to finance the job. In other words, North America and South America are complementary, but only through the combination of their resources and raw materials with our money, mechanisms and trained executive ability can we be said to be self-contained against any emergency, in peace or in war, for generations to come.

While the above categories are one and all scarcely in a formative state, some of them only attractive theories struggling in the brains of forward-looking economists, others no farther advanced than plans-on-paper, there looms a substantial opponent and adversary in multiple form already poised on the horizon and blocking the bright future. History is dramatized with a succession of its victories. Peace has been shattered by it. War has been its ultimate weapon.

For want of a better name, we might call it human selfishness in-born in the individual and expanded in the nation. An undemocratic Nature has connived and collaborated with this sinister phenomenon by her uneven distribution of natural riches and acquired wealth all over the globe. Greedy individuals and aggressive nations have connived and conspired to acquire an unequal, perhaps an unfair, share of this global treasure. They emerged as Capitalists or Crœsuses, or as World Powers or Empires. At the other extreme we find the Have-nots and the Colonies. This is at once the Law of Human Exploitation, the Law of the Jungle and the Law of Wall Street. To a more or less degree, it is the Law of You and Me.

With the moral or ethical issues, we have no concern.

Now in our modern world and especially in the New Era of Peace, all poised with its political and social sleeves rolled up ready to jump in and redistribute the world's uneven assets in a grand "new deal," a new and upsetting complication appears. We discover that the world has overreached itself, has gone too fast, too far and too deep into the much-vaunted realm of Progress. Our miraculous machines instead of being a godsend to the toiler are hell-bent on throwing him out of work by the increasing thousands, providing him with so much leisure that it is proving a social menace and sooner or later plunging us into an overproduction of goods and foods beyond what we can sell or eat and threatening us with finan-

cial ruin and consequent starvation. Such is the trend in the wealth of the lucky nations today. Deprived of their help, the weaker nations will starve to death, anyway.

Coming down to our own time and place in the picture, we find that for all our admirable spirit of world and hemisphere get-together, our mutuality, our Atlantic Charters, our Four Freedoms, our Leagues of Nations and our Co-operative Societies, the world has never been in such imminent danger of blowing up again and again. War, with its toll of death and destruction by cutting down our Towers of Babel and stock-piles of overproduction and digging a pit that occupies our machines for a generation to fill up, seems our greatest remedy.

That is not true. What we need and, sooner or later must come to, is a Plan of Allocation, or World Welfare Economy. We are already nationally familiar with its operation in time and conditions of war, when its strict enforcement and observance was the essence of effective defense and offense, of civil and military food and maintenance, and was the assurance of Victory. The mechanized menace of the war was no more sinister than the outlined menace of the mechanized peace.

For example, there is Argentina, the vast fertile Pampa, which has been barely scratched. With the marvelous agricultural machinery—being improved annually to multiply its current productive powers—that, ironically, the United States, her great competitor, is providing her with, she alone will be enabled to provide the whole prospering world market! Meanwhile, the United States' agricultural-beef products are increasing. Like South America, Australia and Canada are in their agricultural-beef-mutton infancy, and when they come to maturity Mother England, 75 percent of whose consumption is Argentina, will have no further need for that country's product. The New Era South America lying in the more temperate regions will be going in for the same products. What then?

We saw the same thing happen to sugar throughout the West Indies and coffee being dumped in the sea by Brazil.

Greed and want are the incentives to war and revolution. World war was an emphatic gesture attempting to suppress greed. Why not the organization of a worldwide Plan for Allocation to anticipate want?

There could be a World Allocation Body. And, in the name of heaven, no fooling, no politics, no "favored nations," no left-over hates, no Empire game—again! Well-grounded authorities and genuine economists would sit at a Table and impassionately discuss the merits of their cases. No Argentina vs. the United States, but a plain statement of the case that the United States and Argentina were both raising too much of the same products and the whole world was suffering thereby—particularly the Pan-American union.

What is the answer? Experts alone can answer that. One might suggest, however, that the United States is talking and planning the *creation of work* to absorb threatened unemployment. No AAA or NRA Alphabet phantasies of killing the pigs and plowing under the cotton-fields that lost us the world market, subsidizing a school of paupers. Just as there were half-starved Americans who could have eaten the buried pigs and there were ways the wasted cotton could have been utilized, so throughout this troubled world there will always be starvation plague spots, like China, India, parts of Russia, Whitechapel, Tobacco Road. American zealots are always on the lookout through the wrong end of the telescope and we are always happy to succor them. Then there is this submerged part of South America that has been mentioned. And the natives of nearly all of Britain's colonies could stand a little more nourishment. Let the whole world through this Body turn to welfare and see to it that not only one's home town but the whole world was being humanized. Incidentally, it would be solving the question of absorption of overproduction and keeping in abeyance the causes of war—at half the figure that the United States usually contributes to world welfare schemes that are sometimes scandalized by politics.

The British Empire—leaving out its motives and methods—might well serve as a system of allocation.

It all seems simple enough, since the United Nations world has gone "international" and welfare is the social order of the day.

Some years ago, I was a member of "A Cruise Around South America." It was a deliberate and de luxe affair, dubbed "The Millionaire's Cruise," because more than half the passengers were said to be millionaires. Their ignorance of South America, before and after taking, in the great majority of cases, was proverbial. Their pilgrimage in a "personally conducted" body, was equivalent to entering a darkened house and inadvertently stumbling over and breaking some of its treasures, often incurring bad feeling.

Let us examine ourselves honestly. Just what does South America mean to each one of us? The war over, and our economic interdependency laid bare, does South America mean a darned thing to us outside of what we can get out of it? Frankly, we have not that fundamental and substantial sentimental feeling for it that we hold for England, for Ireland, for France, for Scandinavia; and even for Italy and for Germany, in untroubled peacetimes. Nordic, Anglo and Teuton ties seemed to come more or less naturally. Ancestral and blood bonds made our hearts beat in tune, if not always in accord, with them. Waves of immigrants continuously knotted the ties. Innumerable contacts and communications were made with them from day to day. A hundred thousand of us annually trooped abroad as tourists and gazed upon their national shrines as though they were our own. All of them were our "cousins" in a living sense.

The Hispanic race, however, has always been remotely and emphatically something else; even those dwelling in a land that touches our very doorstep and stretches continuously beyond. Our contacts, personal or national, have been few and far between, and unfortunately, seldom *simpático*. We simply *did not understand them*; anything they said or did, felt or were. What is more significant, we didn't give a tinker's.

Such ignorance is a stupendous handicap, that no mere Executive decree or governmental Good Neighbor Policy can overcome. It becomes a personal task and a solemn duty that each one of us must overcome for himself. We claim to be seeking teamwork. Then we should do everything within our man- and brain-power and statesmanship to foster it. For they expect us to lead the way; not spec-

tacularly, like a drum-major, but more like an intelligent pathfinder seeking a common ground of understanding.

President Charles Seymour, of Yale University, at the abbreviated ceremonies attending the University's 242nd Commencement exercises, declared: "A heart-breaking war is being fought because opinion controlling democratic government was completely uneducated in foreign affairs. . . . The only hope of choosing a foreign policy that will ensure the peace and security of the nation lies in educating the nation in the facts of foreign relations."

Go anywhere in the United States and ask the first ten people you meet, "What do you know about South America?" All may shake their heads, or one may reply that all he knows about South America is "geographical." Like smoke he does! Unless he be one in a hundred thousand who could answer five out of ten simple questions, like, "Where is Curytiba?" (A city in Brazil of nearly 100,000, capital of the State by the same name and center of cocoa industry.) "Pronounce, and tell all you know about Potosí." (Once the largest and richest city in the New World, from whose Cerro Rico mine came the silver that paid for the Armada. Pronounced, Po-to-see.) And so on.

Tourist guide-book perusal or casual adult book reading *about* South America seldom "takes" permanently. It does not result in anything more than an "apologetic knowledge" of a broad—but not really profound—subject. It comes under the head of "Information, please" gamey fun. It simply won't do, if the citizens of the United States are really in earnest about becoming good neighbors. Not merely Good Neighbors.

I have seen and heard this lack-education at work in South America: "Oh, aren't they the funniest people! Stone walls [Spanish patio] without windows! Not like our front porch back home, eh, Maria? Poor, dumb clucks!" Without thought, without reason, without knowledge of background or even a rudimentary South American education. Our educational system has got to be debunked of the grammar school habit of studying and estimating history in terms of maps, possibly of climate and "our way of life." Any discussion of South America is summarized: "Well, let's see. Dark-skinned people—jungle—tropics—coffee—condors and buzzards—the Andes—the In-

cas—Pizarro—Patagonia—Straits of Magellan. . . . I guess that about hits it off, doesn't it?" Like a fortune-teller looking into tea leaves at the bottom of a cup.

It is not to our credit that scarcely one North American in a million can state a single important historical fact or structural commentary about Argentina, in particular, or even South America in general. As far as most of us are concerned, Argentina "jes' growed," like Topsy. Many of us suspect that she is as black as Topsy. Inferences like that get Argentina's goat to the point of committing mayhem on visiting American ignoramuses. This lack of understanding has contributed its share mischievously to a more incomprehensible "misunderstanding." Catechize the average American about Argentina. "Why? Because we don't like them. Why don't we like them? Because they don't agree with us, the—" (not printable). Do we know why they don't agree with us?

If this matter of winning South America and achieving the high plane of Pan-Americanism is important to us, we should take up South America as seriously, as a matter of common education, as we do the study of all phases of the United States.

Begin in the kindergarten and the nursery, with children's colored picture-books and blocks depicting—factually, not fairy story, yet—the wonders of South America. There is the time and place to begin to sow the "good neighbor" seed. Create the impression, that we are just One Big Family, really.

Education proceeds, from primary to grammar school. How many of South America's national heroes do we know? We have heard of Bolívar, the Liberator, vaguely, perhaps. Even as stories they make fascinating reading; as history they should become imperative studies. There might be a "Children's South American Reader." Or "Stories of American Heroes, on both sides of the Caribbean," beginning with Washington, for juveniles. It certainly could match in every way—except nonsense—the present-day output of "Superman" literature for boys. "A Gallery of Patriots," maybe, who fought and suffered that their countries might be free!

Not only in schools, but in every home, there should be available

"A Table of Dates and Events That Every American Should Know." It could all go toward making up a compendium of *our* World Political Economy History. But we should not stop at memorizing dates and events. We should continue, and learn what they signify and what if any implication they may have on our history and lives. In this respect, every adult should be provided with a leaflet of negative information, entitled, "Reasons Why Spanish-Americans Distrust and Dislike Us," with an addendum, of course, suggesting ways in which we may overcome these prejudices. At an early age I learned the meaning of one of the greatest events in United States socio-political economy, when my father told me of the Battle of Gettysburg and then I insisted upon knowing Why. In the same manner every American should not only be informed of the Battle of Carabobo, but also how and why it banished Spanish power forever in South America, and resulted in their freedom. How many Americans ever heard of Carabobo?

All this may sound very childish. It is; because we have been such children in the face of one of America's greatest enigmas—now become one of America's greatest opportunities. Our education in Latin-America must begin at scratch, for the simple reason that we don't know anything worth knowing about the people next door, a nation of immigrants from Europe like ourselves who walked in and took possession of what we both call today, our homeland, America! Without taking the trouble to learn more than a few almanac facts about our fellow-Americans, we evolve a Policy (commercial really) and hail them as our "Good Neighbors." All we know is *where* they are, very vaguely.

If that be the case, then we have to be elementary and put ignorant adults in the primary grade.

In any case, it is not suggested that the entire American public be made to *study* South America. Only an infinitesimal percentage of us continue to be students of anything after we leave school. The idea is rather to *popularize* South America. Anything can be made popular in the United States, from chewing-gum to cathartics, by

the simple process of publicizing it. Propaganda, we call it in wartime; advertising, in peacetime. It costs big money; but it works. One of America's large and efficient advertising agencies could take over this whole Pan-American Project and make that work. If the Government would only make use of such an agency occasionally on some of their Projects that have failed! But politicians must live!

Returning to the Project of Popularizing South America as a public duty, there are so many directions in which every organization and company could aid in ways not unlike those employed in the prosecution of the war. Those three great spellbinders of world communications, the press, the radio and the movies, can put over anything, anywhere, anytime. No one doubts or denies their power to mold public opinion. The united press should be willing to perform a daily Good Deed. Perhaps mentioning South America instructively or informationally; adventure-covered news propaganda or sugar-coated instruction. A department or a "box": "What Do You Know About South America?" Periodic "shorts" in the movies depicting the "Wonders of South America" would carry themselves. Already one or more of the big American radio networks is carrying on down there. All it needs is a little of the "high-pressure" American salesmanship wrung out of it. They all require the friendly touch of the censor without censure. There is so much exciting and extraordinary material in both countries to tell and show the other about! For South America could and should co-operate and match each publicity service from their end. These all could be made effective "Ambassadors of Good Will."

Ambassador Bowers, of Chile, told me of his plan of exchange newspapermen. He had been instrumental in sending a number of South American journalists to North American journals. It worked wonderfully. As trained observers, they sent their impressions back to South America. Other private agencies arranged for them to travel all over the country. As long as they lived they would tout and toot for the United States! The exchange was one-sided, however, because practically no American journalists could be found who spoke Spanish!

Our mutual problems can be reduced to very simple terms, in

that we are only *two* great peoples, racially and linguistically: Iberians (mainly Spanish) and Anglo-Saxon Americans; speaking Spanish (true, 44,000,000 Brazilians speak Portuguese, but they do understand Spanish sufficiently as a means of intercommunication) and English.

Understanding each other's words, however, should not be considered the be-all and end-all of the matter. As Mr. Grahame, of the Chilean Nitrate Company, put it, "So many Americans come here and know so little Spanish and act so superior about it. I remember, thirty years ago, when I first got a book and studied the language. The more I studied, the less I seemed to know. Then all of a sudden I began to think in Spanish; finally, to feel! Only then do you begin to know them as you know a friend. Exchange students, between the universities of the United States and those of South America, in which many of the commercial enterprises and Foundations have co-operated, come to have this invaluable feeling for the country and the people in which they live and study. As we have said, South America used almost universally to send her Youth (the future leaders of the nations) to Europe. In this New World of the Peace, they are going to be sent for the most part to the United States. Perhaps they will learn all the 'Yanqui tricks.'"

At least one of the good works carried on by the Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs (a bit gilt-edged, at a cost of \$37,500) was the examination of 1,000 textbooks, 300 motion pictures, collections of songs and other material available to school children. The survey concerned itself much with misspellings, accent marks and Spanish idioms carelessly misused in a wide variety of the publications. They found a great deal of what they called the "Kiplingesque condescension toward Latin-American peoples and states." A general prejudice hampers a rise toward better understanding.

Education will help, at least in bringing knowledge of South America. Perhaps knowledge is all that is necessary on the part of the great American public. But for the men and agents who are going to accomplish the big job of Hemispheric Solidarity, we must have persons of understanding.

We suggest a sort of sieve through which all human candidates must first pass, and come out as refined, commercially usable material for laying the foundations, constructing the floors and cementing the walls, of the concrete, intelligible and pleasing structure that we may call Edificio Pan-American Hemisphere Solidarity. We shall denominate our refinery the University of Latin-American Affairs.

Following the first Commencement exercises of the U.L.A.A., no one will be permitted to participate, to hold any minor or major position or to occupy any active or honorary office or membership, with or without pay, on the Big Job, unless he has been graduated and received a diploma from said university. This condition shall especially be applicable to jobholders going from one continent to another to take up sustaining positions.

A complete course in the University of Latin-American Affairs may take a year or as many years as are deemed necessary or essential to fit one to assume apprenticeship, at the discretion of the Faculty or Board of Governors.

In the curriculum, the first essential shall be the intensive study and mastery of (1) Spanish and (2) Portuguese. The second shall be history. World history, United States history, the history of Spain, the history of South America—pre-conquistadores, colonial and of the republics, separately.

Third: According to general and especial requirements, *ad lib.* Commerce, international law, political economy—and whatever else they study to become members of the consular or diplomatic services. All with emphasis on their relationship to Spain in the Americas. There should be side-courses on European culture and customs, including a stretch on deportment and etiquette. Some time should be given to a study of the Roman Catholic Church in Spanish America and a look into American Indian theology, witchcraft and voodooism. Finally, a perusal of the South American Indian and African slavery, from its introduction to its abolition.

All of the foregoing are copied at random from notes, set down upon seeing urgent and sometimes flagrant cases where a study of the proposed "subjects" would have saved American diplomacy, business or friendly relations from a jagged blunder.

And while we are on the subject, we might even go so far as to ask if this matter of Inter-American Relations doesn't even warrant the consideration of a Department of Latin-American Affairs with a Secretary in the President's Cabinet?

I came upon an "exchange" feature in full swing carried on by the Germans. It could be copied to the advantage of both North and South America. The concern which controls Agfa dyes, chemicals, electrical and mechanical machinery (equivalent to Dupont in America) "invited" young Chileans to come to Germany and take a practical course in one of their varied industrial fields. They gave the young apprentices every possible aid and made their stay in Deutschland comfortable, pleasant and profitable. The boys returned to Chile thoroughly Germanicized. They were spread over Chile as foremen and proprietors. They taught others until the field was pretty well saturated with expert artisans "Made in Germany." They knew German goods, machines and tools, demanded them and would work with no others.

Why could not our great firms inaugurate an "Industrial Exchange" and pursue a similar course? Let our great industries be their hosts. Set up special shops for them or take them into their own. Pay their way up here and support them for a minimum, so they won't be pauperized and so lower the dignity of the undertaking. Here is an opening for a "University of Works." South America's most urgent need is for technically trained men.

Further suggestions, based on observations and experiences in South America, are numerous. Latin-American Free Trade, a nominally free Panama Canal to both continents who have given the world the great project, all speed ahead with the Pan-American Highway, the proclamation of a new holiday by all twenty-one republics, to be known as Pan-American Day.

The Pan-American Union, and other societies, organizations and Foundations, have not been mentioned, because they are already functioning and performing splendid services to the furtherance of solidarity and will readily find their place in the Greater Pan-America of the Peace.

Come peacetime, the crux of the whole solidarity situation—problem, solution and execution—rests with the relations existing between Argentina and the United States.

The war over, let's find out how we are going to get *on* with Argentina, not how we are going to continue to get *out* with that nation. There's no such thing as "peace by force." As Dorothy Canfield Fisher puts it: "Civilization suffers from the fallacy that to dominate or be dominated is the only possible way of human life."

The war over, the friendship of Argentina should be speedily encompassed, in the nonmilitant ways of peace, by the United States. According to the New Political Philosophy of the day, as long as any one country or any one group or continent—or the whole world, for that matter!—is out of balance, the whole group, continent and world, remain out of joint. We were ready and did fight a war because "Mad Dog Hitler" broke out of bounds and unbalanced Europe. Should we not be equally willing to struggle to maintain the peace, to the point of restraining ourselves, at least?

Argentina is by no means helpless, and her very great potentiality may cause her in the peace—just as she did in the war—to take very arbitrary and even dangerous action, if she is opposed or frowned upon unwarrantably or unjustly, in her opinion, by us in the future.

Both Argentina and ourselves are important members of our own Pan-American community. Argentina's problems are our problems; our problems are Argentina's. What Argentina will do in the future depends largely on what the United States will do for Argentina, for or against. Being a friend or a foe lies within the sphere of our determination and accomplishment.

The great lesson this war has taught the Americas is that we are physically and congenitally part of each other. But, if we want to surpass the world, we have got to stick together, to pull together and to pool together. Nothing less than *all* together will suffice; and that includes Argentina.

Thus Argentina becomes the pivot of Pan-American Peace.

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HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS is one of America's foremost world-girdling journalists. Over a period of twenty-five years he has crossed and recrossed the seven seas fifty times, visiting and lingering in and about high spots of current world interest.

Phillips is not a "hot" news reporter — although he has covered foreign news for several of the greater newspapers of New York and London. His work has been confined mainly to digging wide and deep into the field of current history; seeking and studying the Why and Wherefore behind the news, and offering constructive notes on what is going to happen the day after tomorrow.

Ten years ago, Phillips made his first visit to the continent of South America in search of material. Half a dozen visits to South America followed. Then a year was spent in the (Spanish) West Indies, another in Mexico. Finally, a year and a half was devoted solely to the continent proper. With the indispensable aid of the airways, every significant corner and cranny was investigated 27,000 air-miles alone were traversed, in addition to journeys via mule-back, railroads, river-craft and automobile.

The Andes were crossed and recrossed a score of times. The Amazon, the Orinoco, the Negro, the La Plata and the Magdalena Rivers were more or less explored. Jungle, llano, pampa, desert, Andes, Magellan Straits and Montana were penetrated.

Besides living the life with all these people, Phillips had his ear to the ground. He found out what makes Latin America go. His interest and inquiry were always slanted towards inter-relationship with North America.

Several hundred special articles have been printed from Phillips's findings, in foremost magazines and newspapers, such as National Geographic, News-week, This Week, New York Times, New York Herald Tribune, New York Evening Sun, London Daily Express. The current book — **ARGENTINA: PIVOT OF PAN AMERICAN PEACE**, is Henry Albert Phillips's fifteenth. Other books concerned with the Latin American scene and current history are "White Elephants in the Caribbean" and "New Designs for Old Mexico."

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